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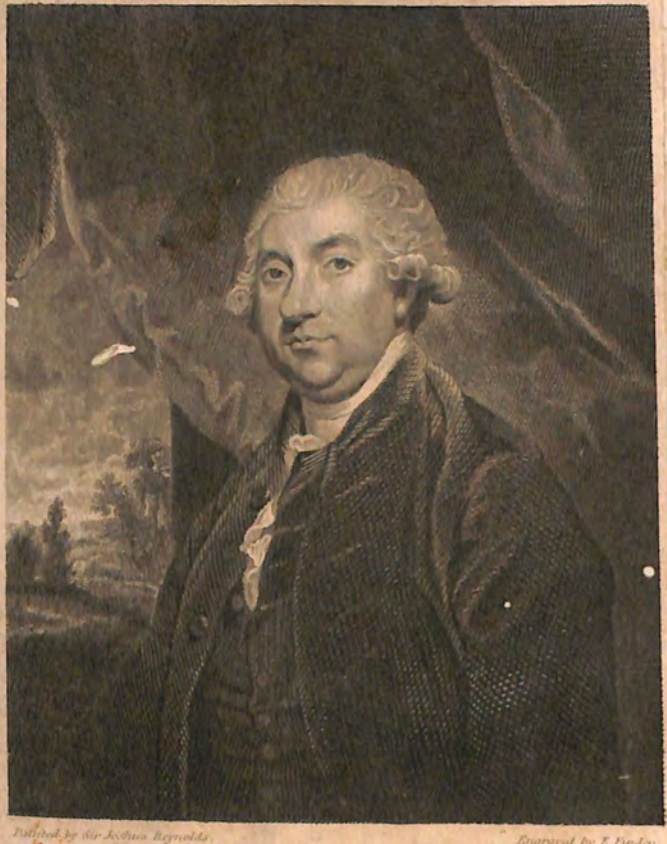

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JAMES BOSWELL, ESQ.

OF AUCHINLECK.

London, Published by John Murray, 1830.

THE LIFE

OF

SAMUEL JOHNSON, LL. D.

INCLUDING

A JOURNAL OF A TOUR TO THE HEBRIDES.

BY

JAMES BOSWELL, ESQ.

A NEW EDITION.

WITH

NUMEROUS ADDITIONS AND NOTES,

BY

JOHN WILSON CROKER, LL. D. F. R. S.

23068

——— Quò fit ut OMNIS
Votivâ pateat veluti descripta tabellâ
VITA SENIS—— HORAT. 1 Sat. lib. ii.

IN FIVE VOLUMES.

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ADDITIONS AND CORRECTIONS IN VOL. III.

Page 1,—line 7, ... "On horseback in a ship"—borrowed from the jests of Hierocles.
— 5, note 1,—line 5, . *after* death, *insert*—and.
— 57, note 1,—line 12, . *after* "notes," instead of the present reference, *read*—*ante*, vol. ii. p. 313, and *post*, p. 95.
— 93,—line 26, . . . *for* aeliciis, *read*—deliciis.
— 126,—note 2, . . . *add*—afterwards wife of Dr. Spencer Madan, bishop of Peterborough.—HARWOOD.
— 208,—line 13, . . . *for* Hales, *read*—Hailes.
— 249, note 4, . . . *for* painter, *read*—printer.
— 286, note 1,—line 6, . *for* degree, *read*—desire.
— 309, margin, . . . *for* Harw. MS., *read*—Gent. Mag. 1797, p. 455.
— 379, note 1, . . . Perhaps the squabble between the disputants at the end of *Jupiter the Tragic* was meant.
— 384,—line 22, . . This gentleman was probably Mr. Joseph Fowke. See Miscellaneous Letters, General Appendix; and the letters mentioned p. 387 were probably those referred to in that correspondence.
— 386, note 2,—line 5, . Lord Lucan and Bishop Porteus should also have been excepted.
— 396, note,—line last, . *for* 629, *read*—626.
— 442, note, ... *for* seems to have been the grand niece, *read*—was the cousin germain.
— 463, ... The editor doubts whether this extract should not be placed under the year 1779. See vol. iv. p. 271, note.
— 470, note 1, . . . *for* Dr. Barclay, *read*—Dr. Marlay.
— 489, note 2,—line 3, . *after* "gave it," *insert*—but see vol. v. p. 22, note 2.
— 490, line 38, . . . *for* any, *read*—an.

THE

LIFE

OF

SAMUEL JOHNSON, LL. D.

Wednesday, 13th October.—Col called me up, with intelligence that it was a good day for a passage to Mull; and just as we rose, a sailor from the vessel arrived for us. We got all ready with despatch. Dr. Johnson was displeased at my bustling and walking quickly up and down. He said, "It does not hasten us a bit. It is getting on horseback in a ship. All boys do it; and you are longer a boy than others." He himself has no alertness, or whatever it may be called; so he may dislike it, as *Oderunt hilarem tristes.* Tour to Hebrid.

Before we reached the harbour, the wind grew high again. However, the small boat was waiting, and took us on board. We remained for some time in uncertainty what to do; at last it was determined, that, as a good part of the day was over, and it was dangerous to be at sea at night, in such a vessel, and such weather, we should not sail till the morning tide, when the wind would probably be more gentle. We resolved not to go ashore again, but lie here in readiness. Dr. Johnson and I had each a bed in the cabin. *Col* sat at the fire in the forecastle, with the captain, and Joseph, and the rest. I eat some dry

Tour to Hebrid. oatmeal, of which I found a barrel in the cabin. I had not done this since I was a boy. Dr. Johnson owned that he too was fond of it when a boy; a circumstance which I was highly pleased to hear from him, as it gave me an opportunity of observing that, notwithstanding his joke on the article of OATS, he was himself a proof that this kind of *food* was not peculiar to the people of Scotland.

Thursday, 14th October.—When Dr. Johnson awaked this morning, he called "*Lanky!*" having, I suppose, been thinking of Langton, but corrected himself instantly, and cried, "*Bozzy!*" He has a way of contracting the names of his friends. Goldsmith feels himself so important now, as to be displeased at it * * *[1].

Between six and seven we hauled our anchor, and set sail with a fair breeze; and, after a pleasant voyage, we got safely and agreeably into the harbour of Tobermorie, before the wind rose, which it always has done, for some days, about noon.

Tobermorie is an excellent harbour. An island lies before it, and it is surrounded by a hilly theatre. The island is too low, otherwise this would be quite a secure port; but, the island not being a sufficient protection, some storms blow very hard here. Not long ago, fifteen vessels were blown from their moorings. There are sometimes sixty or seventy sail here: to-day there were twelve or fourteen vessels. To see such a fleet was the next thing to seeing a town. The vessels were from different places; Clyde, Campbell-town, Newcastle, &c. One was returning to Lancaster from Hamburgh. After having been shut up so long in Col, the sight of such an assemblage of moving habitations, containing such a variety

[1] [Here followed Davies's anecdote about Goldsmith's displeasure at being called *Goldy*, which will be found *ante*, vol. ii. p. 242.—ED.]

of people, engaged in different pursuits, gave me much gaiety of spirit. When we had landed, Dr. Johnson said, "Boswell is now all alive. He is like Antæus; he gets new vigour whenever he touches the ground." I went to the top of a hill fronting the harbour, from whence I had a good view of it. We had here a tolerable inn. Dr. Johnson had owned to me this morning, that he was out of humour. Indeed, he showed it a good deal in the ship; for when I was expressing my joy on the prospect of our landing in Mull, he said, he had no joy, when he recollected that it would be five days before he should get to the main land. I was afraid he would now take a sudden resolution to give up seeing Icolmkill. A dish of tea, and some good bread and butter, did him service, and his bad humour went off. I told him, that I was diverted to hear all the people whom we had visited in our tour say, "*Honest man!* he's pleased with every thing; he's always content!" "Little do they know," said I. He laughed, and said, "You rogue!" Tour to Hebrid.

We sent to hire horses to carry us across the island of Mull to the shore opposite to Inchkenneth, the residence of Sir Allan M'Lean, uncle to young *Col*, and Chief of the M'Leans, to whose house we intended to go the next day. Our friend *Col* went to visit his aunt, the wife of Dr. Alexander M'Lean, a physician, who lives about a mile from Tobermorie.

Dr. Johnson and I sat by ourselves at the inn, and talked a good deal. I told him, that I had found, in Leandro Alberti's "Description of Italy," much of what Addison has given us in his "Remarks[1]." He said, "The collection of passages from the Classicks has been made by another Italian: it is, however, impossible to detect a man as a plagiary in such a

[1] [See *post*, 7th April, 1775.]

Tour to Hebrid.

case, because all who set about making such a collection must find the same passages; but, if you find the same applications in another book, then Addison's learning in his 'Remarks' tumbles down. It is a tedious book; and, if it were not attached to Addison's previous reputation, one would not think much of it. Had he written nothing else, his name would not have lived. Addison does not seem to have gone deep in Italian literature: he shows nothing of it in his subsequent writings. He shows a great deal of French learning. There is, perhaps, more knowledge circulated in the French language than in any other. There is more original knowledge in English." "But the French," said I, "have the art of accommodating literature[1]." JOHNSON. "Yes, sir; we have no such book as Moreri's 'Dictionary.'" BOSWELL. "Their 'Ana' are good." JOHNSON. "A few of them are good; but we have one book of that kind better than any of them, Selden's 'Table-talk.' As to original literature, the French have a couple of tragick poets who go round the world, Racine and Corneille, and one comick poet, Moliere." BOSWELL. "They have Fenelon." JOHNSON. "Why, sir, Telemachus is pretty well." BOSWELL. "And Voltaire, sir." JOHNSON. "He has not stood his trial yet. And what makes Voltaire chiefly circulate is collection, such as his 'Universal History.'" BOSWELL. "What do you say to the Bishop of Meaux?" JOHNSON. "Sir, nobody reads him[2]." He would not allow Massillon and Bourdaloue to go round the world. In general, however, he gave the French much praise for their industry.

[1] [Mr. Boswell probably meant by "*accommodating* literature," making it more accessible and readier for ordinary use.—ED.]

[2] I take leave to enter my strongest protest against this judgment. Bossuet I hold to be one of the first luminaries of religion and literature. If there are who do not read him, it is full time they should begin.—BOSWELL.

He asked me whether he had mentioned, in any of the papers of the "Rambler," the description in Virgil of the entrance into Hell, with an application to the press; "for (said he) I do not much remember them." I told him, "No." Upon which he repeated it: Tour to Hebrid.

> Vestibulum ante ipsum, primisque in faucibus orci,
> Luctus et ultrices posuere cubilia Curæ;
> Pallentesque habitant Morbi, tristisque Senectus,
> Et metus, et malesuada Fames, et turpis Egestas,
> Terribiles visu formæ; Lethumque, Laborque[1].

"Now (said he), almost all these apply exactly to an authour; all these are the concomitants of a printing-house." I proposed to him to dictate an essay on it, and offered to write it. He said he would not do it then, but perhaps would write one at some future period.

The Sunday evening that we sat by ourselves at Aberdeen, I asked him several particulars of his life, from his early years, which he readily told me; and I wrote them down before him. This day I proceeded in my inquiries, also writing them in his presence. I have them on detached sheets * * *[2]. I have now a vast treasure of his conversation, at different times, since the year 1762, when I first obtained his acquaintance; and by assiduous inquiry, I can make up for not knowing him sooner.

> In the gate, and in the jaws of hell,
> Revengeful cares and sullen sorrows dwell,
> And rueful discontent, and trembling age,
> Want, fear, and famine's unresisted rage;
> There toils and death, death's half-brother, sleep,
> Forms terrible to view, their sentry keep.—DRYDEN.

[2] [Here in the original text came the following announcement of the Life of Johnson:—"I shall collect authentick materials for 'The Life of Samuel Johnson, LL. D.;' and, if I survive him, I shall be one who will most faithfully do honour to his memory." To which this *note* was appended: "It is no small satisfaction to me to reflect, that *Dr. Johnson read this*, and after being apprized of my intention, communicated to me, at subsequent periods, many particulars of his life, which probably could not otherwise have been preserved."—BOSWELL. [This is a conclusive answer to those who, in the character of friends of Johnson's memory, affected to blame this publication.—ED.]

Tour to Hebrid.

A Newcastle ship-master, who happened to be in the house, intruded himself upon us. He was much in liquor, and talked nonsense about his being a man for *Wilkes and Liberty*, and against the ministry. Dr. Johnson was angry, that "a fellow should come into *our* company, who was fit for *no* company." He left us soon.

Col returned from his aunt, and told us, she insisted that we should come to her house that night. He introduced to us Mr. Campbell, the Duke of Argyle's factor in Tyr-yi. He was a genteel, agreeable man. He was going to Inverary, and promised to put letters into the post-office for us. I now found that Dr. Johnson's desire to get on the main land arose from his anxiety to have an opportunity of conveying letters to his friends.

After dinner, we proceeded to Dr. M'Lean's, which was about a mile from our inn. He was not at home, but we were received by his lady and daughter, who entertained us so well, that Dr. Johnson seemed quite happy. When we had supped, he asked me to give him some paper to write letters. I begged he would write short ones, and not *expatiate*, as we ought to set off early. He was irritated by this, and said, "What must be done, must be done: the thing is past a joke."—"Nay, sir (said I), write as much as you please; but do not blame me, if we are kept six days before we get to the main land. You were very impatient in the morning: but no sooner do you find yourself in good quarters, than you forget that you are to move." I got him paper enough, and we parted in good humour.

Let me now recollect whatever particulars I have omitted. In the morning I said to him, before we landed at Tobermorie, "We shall see Dr. M'Lean, who has written the History of the M'Leans." JOHN-

SON. "I have no great patience to stay to hear the history of the M'Leans. I would rather hear the History of the Thrales." When on Mull, I said, "Well, sir, this is the fourth of the Hebrides that we have been upon." JOHNSON. "Nay, we cannot boast of the number we have seen. We thought we should see many more. We thought of sailing about easily from island to island; and so we should, had we come at a better season[1]; but we, being wise men, thought it would be summer all the year where *we* were. However, sir, we have seen enough to give us a pretty good notion of the system of insular life." Tour to Hebrid.

Let me not forget, that he sometimes amused himself with very slight reading; from which, however, his conversation showed that he contrived to extract some benefit. At Captain M'Lean's he read a good deal in "The Charmer," a collection of songs.

Friday, 15th October.—We this morning found that we could not proceed, there being a violent storm of wind and rain, and the rivers being impassable. When I expressed my discontent at our confinement, Dr. Johnson said, "Now that I have had an opportunity of writing to the main land, I am in no such haste." I was amused with his being so easily satisfied; for the truth was, that the gentleman who was to convey our letters, as I was now informed, was not to set out for Inverary for some time; so that it was probable we should be there as soon as he: however, I did not undeceive my friend, but suffered him to enjoy his fancy.

Dr. Johnson asked, in the evening, to see Dr. M'Lean's books. He took down "Willis de Anima Brutorum," and pored over it a good deal.

[1] [This observation is very just. The time for the Hebrides was too late by a month or six weeks. I have heard those who remembered their tour express surprise they were not drowned.—WALTER SCOTT.]

Tour to Hebrid.

Miss M'Lean produced some Erse poems by John M'Lean, who was a famous bard in Mull, and had died only a few years ago. He could neither read nor write. She read and translated two of them; one a kind of elegy on Sir John M'Lean's being obliged to fly his country in 1715; another, a dialogue between two Roman Catholick young ladies, sisters, whether it was better to be a nun or to marry. I could not perceive much poetical imagery in the translation. Yet all of our company who understood Erse seemed charmed with the original. There may, perhaps, be some choice of expression, and some excellence of arrangement, that cannot be shown in translation.

After we had exhausted the Erse poems, of which Dr. Johnson said nothing, Miss M'Lean gave us several tunes on a spinnet, which, though made so long ago as in 1667, was still very well toned. She sung along with it. Dr. Johnson seemed pleased with the musick, though he owns he neither likes it, nor has hardly any perception of it. At Mr. M'Pherson's, in Slate, he told us, that "he knew a drum from a trumpet, and a bagpipe from a guitar, which was about the extent of his knowledge of musick." To-night he said, that, "if he had learnt musick, he should have been afraid he would have done nothing else but play. It was a method of employing the mind, without the labour of thinking at all, and with some applause from a man's self."

We had the musick of the bagpipe every day, at Armidale, Dunvegan, and Col. Dr. Johnson appeared fond of it, and used often to stand for some time with his ear close to the great drone.

The penurious gentleman[1] of our acquaintance, formerly alluded to, afforded us a topick of conversa-

[1] [Sir Alexander Macdonald.—Ed.]

tion to-night. Dr. Johnson said, I ought to write down a collection of the instances of his narrowness, as they almost exceeded belief. *Col* told us, that O'Kane, the famous Irish harper, was once at that gentleman's house. He could not find in his heart to give him any money, but gave him a key for a harp, which was finely ornamented with gold and silver, and with a precious stone, and was worth eighty or a hundred guineas. He did not know the value of it; and when he came to know it, he would fain have had it back; but O'Kane took care that he should not. JOHNSON. "They exaggerate the value; every body is so desirous that he should be fleeced. I am very willing it should be worth eighty or a hundred guineas; but I do not believe it." BOSWELL. "I do not think O'Kane was obliged to give it back." JOHNSON. "No, sir. If a man with his eyes open, and without any means used to deceive him, gives me a thing, I am not to let him have it again when he grows wiser. I like to see how avarice defeats itself: how, when avoiding to part with money, the miser gives something more valuable." *Col* said, the gentleman's relations were angry at his giving away the harp key, for it had been long in the family. JOHNSON. "Sir, he values a new guinea more than an old friend." Tour to Hebrid.

Col also told us, that the same person having come up with a serjeant and twenty men, working on the high road, he entered into discourse with the serjeant, and then gave him sixpence for the men to drink. The serjeant asked, "Who is this fellow?" Upon being informed, he said, "If I had known who he was, I should have thrown it in his *face*." JOHNSON. "There is much want of sense in all this. He had no business to speak with the serjeant. He might have been in haste, and trotted on. He has not learnt

Tour to Hebrid.

to be a miser: I believe we must take him apprentice." BOSWELL. "He would grudge giving half a guinea to be taught." JOHNSON. "Nay, sir, you must teach him *gratis*. You must give him an opportunity to practise your precepts."

Let me now go back, and glean *Johnsoniana*. The Saturday before we sailed from Slate, I sat awhile in the afternoon with Dr. Johnson in his room, in a quiet serious frame. I observed, that hardly any man was accurately prepared for dying; but almost every one left something undone, something in confusion; that my father, indeed, told me he knew one man (Carlisle of Limekilns), after whose death all his papers were found in exact order; and nothing was omitted in his will. JOHNSON. "Sir, I had an uncle[1] who died so; but such attention requires great leisure, and great firmness of mind. If one was to think constantly of death, the business of life would stand still. I am no friend to making religion appear too hard. Many good people have done harm, by giving severe notions of it. In the same way as to learning: I never frighten young people with difficulties; on the contrary, I tell them that they may very easily get as much as will do very well. I do not indeed tell them that they will be *Bentleys*."

The night we rode to *Col*'s house, I said, "Lord Elibank is probably wondering what is become of us." JOHNSON. "No, no; he is not thinking of us." BOSWELL. "But recollect the warmth with which he wrote. Are we not to believe a man, when he says he has a great desire to see another? Don't you believe that I was very impatient for your coming to Scotland?" JOHNSON. "Yes, sir; I believe you

[1] [If Miss Seward's story of his having had an uncle hanged had been true, Johnson *could* not have made such an allusion as this.—ED.]

were; and I was impatient to come to you. A young man feels so, but seldom an old man." I however convinced him that Lord Elibank, who has much of the spirit of a young man, might feel so. He asked me if our jaunt had answered expectation. I said it had much exceeded it. I expected much difficulty with him, and had not found it. "And," he added, "wherever we have come, we have been received like princes in their progress." Tour to Hebrid.

He said, he would not wish not to be disgusted in the Highlands; for that would be to lose the power of distinguishing, and a man might then lie down in the middle of them. He wished only to conceal his disgust.

At Captain M'Lean's, I mentioned Pope's friend, Spence. JOHNSON. "He was a weak conceited man[1]." BOSWELL. "A good scholar, sir?" JOHNSON. "Why, no, sir." BOSWELL. "He was a pretty scholar." JOHNSON. "You have about reached him."

Last night at the inn, when the factor in Tyr-yi spoke of his having heard that a roof was put on some part of the buildings at Icolmkill, I unluckily said, "It will be fortunate if we find a cathedral with a roof on it." I said this from a foolish anxiety to engage Dr. Johnson's curiosity more. He took me short at once. "What, sir? how can you talk so? If we shall *find* a cathedral roofed! as if we were going to a *terra incognita:* when every thing that is at Icolmkill is so well known. You are like some New England-men who came to the mouth of the Thames. 'Come,' said they, 'let us go up and see

[1] Mr. Langton thinks this must have been the hasty expression of a splenetick moment, as he has heard Dr. Johnson speak of Mr. Spence's judgment in criticism with so high a degree of respect, as to show that this was not his settled opinion of him. Let me add that, in the preface to the *Preceptor*, he recommends Spence's Essay on Pope's Odyssey, and that his admirable Lives of the English Poets are much enriched by Spence's Anecdotes of Pope.—BOSWELL.

Tour to Hebrid. what sort of inhabitants there are here.' They talked, sir, as if they had been to go up the Susquehannah, or any other American river."

Saturday, 16th October.—This day there was a new moon, and the weather changed for the better. Dr. Johnson said of Miss M'Lean, "She is the most accomplished lady that I have found in the Highlands. She knows French, musick, and drawing, sews neatly, makes shell-work, and can milk cows; in short, she can do every thing. She talks sensibly, and is the first person whom I have found, that can translate Erse poetry literally." We set out, mounted on little Mull horses. Mull corresponded exactly with the idea which I had always had of it; a hilly country, diversified with heath and grass, and many rivulets. Dr. Johnson was not in very good humour. He said, it was a dreary country, much worse than Sky. I differed from him. "O, sir," said he, "a most dolorous country!"

We had a very hard journey to-day. I had no bridle for my sheltie, but only a halter; and Joseph rode without a saddle. At one place, a loch having swelled over the road, we were obliged to plunge through pretty deep water. Dr. Johnson observed, how helpless a man would be, were he travelling here alone, and should meet with any accident; and said, "he longed to get to a *country of saddles and bridles.*" He was more out of humour to-day than he has been in the course of our tour, being fretted to find that his little horse could scarcely support his weight; and having suffered a loss, which, though small in itself, was of some consequence to him, while travelling the rugged steeps of Mull, where he was at times obliged to walk. The loss that I allude to was that of the large oak-stick, which, as I formerly mentioned, he had brought with him from London.

It was of great use to him in our wild peregrination; for, ever since his last illness in 1766, he has had a weakness in his knees, and has not been able to walk easily. It had too the properties of a measure; for one nail was driven into it at the length of a foot; another at that of a yard. In return for the services it had done him, he said, this morning, he would make a present of it to some museum; but he little thought he was so soon to lose it. As he preferred riding with a switch, it was intrusted to a fellow to be delivered to our baggage-man, who followed us at some distance; but we never saw it more. I could not persuade him out of a suspicion that it had been stolen. "No, no, my friend," said he; "it is not to be expected that any man in Mull, who has got it, will part with it. Consider, sir, the value of such a *piece of timber* here!" Tour to Hebrid.

As we travelled this forenoon, we met Dr. M'Lean, who expressed much regret at his having been so unfortunate as to be absent while we were at his house.

We were in hopes to get to Sir Allan Maclean's, at Inchkenneth, to-night; but the eight miles, of which our road was *said* to consist, were so very long, that we did not reach the opposite coast of Mull till seven at night, though we had set out about eleven in the forenoon; and when we did arrive there, we found the wind strong against us. *Col* determined that we should pass the night at M'Quarrie's, in the island of Ulva, which lies between Mull and Inchkenneth; and a servant was sent forward to the ferry, to secure the boat for us: but the boat was gone to the Ulva side, and the wind was so high that the people could not hear him call; and the night so dark that they could not see a signal. We should have been in a very bad situation, had there not

Tour to Hebrid. fortunately been lying in the little sound of Ulva an Irish vessel, the Bonnetta, of Londonderry, Captain M'Lure, master. He himself was at M'Quarrie's; but his men obligingly came with their long-boat, and ferried us over.

M'Quarrie's house was mean; but we were agreeably surprised with the appearance of the master, whom we found to be intelligent, polite, and much a man of the world[1]. Though his clan is not numerous, he is a very ancient chief, and has a burial-place at Icolmkill. He told us, his family had possessed Ulva for nine hundred years; but I was distressed to hear that it was soon to be sold for payment of his debts.

Captain M'Lure, whom we found here, was of Scotch extraction, and properly a Macleod, being descended of some of the Macleods who went with Sir Norman of Bernera to the battle of Worcester[2]; and after the defeat of the royalists, fled to Ireland, and, to conceal themselves, took a different name. He told me, there was a great number of them about Londonderry; some of good property. I said, they should now resume their real name. The Laird of Macleod should go over, and assemble them, and make them all drink the large horn full, and from that time they should be Macleods. The captain informed us, he had named his ship the Bonnetta, out of gratitude to Providence; for once, when he was sailing to America with a good number of passengers, the ship in which he then sailed was becalmed for five weeks, and during all that time, numbers of the fish Bonnetta swam close to her, and were caught for food; he resolved, therefore, that

[1] [M'Quarrie was hospitable to an almost romantic degree. He lived to an extreme old age.—WALTER SCOTT.]

[2] [See *Macleod's Memoirs, ante*, v. ii. p. 555.—ED.]

the ship he should next get should be called the Bonnetta. Tour to Hebrid.

M'Quarrie told us a strong instance of the *second-sight*. He had gone to Edinburgh, and taken a man-servant along with him. An old woman, who was in the house, said one day, "M'Quarrie will be at home to-morrow, and will bring two gentlemen with him;" and she said, she saw his servant return in red and green. He did come home next day. He had two gentlemen with him, and his servant had a new red and green livery, which M'Quarrie had bought for him at Edinburgh, upon a sudden thought, not having the least intention when he left home to put his servant in livery; so that the old woman could not have heard any previous mention of it. This, he assured us, was a true story.

M'Quarrie insisted that the *Mercheta Mulierum*, mentioned in our old charters, did really mean the privilege which a lord of a manor or a baron had, to have the first night of all his vassals' wives. Dr. Johnson said, the belief of such a custom having existed was also held in England, where there is a tenure called Borough English, by which the eldest child does not inherit, from a doubt of his being the son of the tenant[1]. M'Quarrie told us, that still, on the marriage of each of his tenants, a sheep is due to him; for which the composition is fixed at five shillings. I suppose, Ulva is the only place where this custom remains[2].

Talking of the sale of an estate of an ancient family, which was said to have been purchased much under its value by the confidential lawyer of that family, and it being mentioned that the sale would

[1] Sir William Blackstone says in his "Commentaries," that "he cannot find that ever this custom prevailed in England;" and therefore he is of opinion that it could not have given rise to Borough-English. [2. Com. 83.—ED.]

[2] [This custom still continues in Ulva.—WALTER SCOTT.]

Tour to Hebrid. probably be set aside by a suit in equity, Dr. Johnson said, "I am very willing that this sale should be set aside, but I doubt much whether the suit will be successful; for the argument for avoiding the sale is founded on vague and indeterminate principles,—as that the price was too low, and that there was a great degree of confidence placed by the seller in the person who became the purchaser. Now, how low should a price be? or what degree of confidence should there be to make a bargain be set aside? a bargain, which is a wager of skill between man and man. If, indeed, any fraud can be proved, that will do."

When Dr. Johnson and I were by ourselves at night, I observed of our host, "*aspectum generosum habet*;" "*et generosum animum*," he added. For fear of being overheard in the small Highland houses, I often talked to him in such Latin as I could speak, and with as much of the English accent as I could assume, so as not to be understood, in case our conversation should be too loud for the space.

We had each an elegant bed in the same room; and here it was that a circumstance occurred, as to which he has been strangely misunderstood. From his description of his chamber, it has erroneously been supposed, that his bed being too short for him, his feet, during the night, were in the mire; whereas he has only said, that when he undressed, he felt his feet in the mire: that is, the clay-floor of the room, which he stood upon before he went into bed, was wet, in consequence of the windows being broken, which let in the rain.

Sunday, 17th October.—Being informed that there was nothing worthy of observation in Ulva, we took boat, and proceeded to Inchkenneth[1], where we were

[1] [Inchkenneth is a most beautiful little islet of the most verdant green, while

introduced by our friend *Col* to Sir Allan M'Lean, the chief of his clan, and to two young ladies, his daughters. Inchkenneth is a pretty little island, a mile long, and about half a mile broad, all good land. Tour to Hebrid.

As we walked up from the shore, Dr. Johnson's heart was cheered by the sight of a road marked with cart-wheels, as on the main land; a thing which we had not seen for a long time. It gave us a pleasure similar to that which a traveller feels, when, whilst wandering on what he fears is a desert island, he perceives the print of human feet.

Military men acquire excellent habits of having all conveniencies about them. Sir Allan M'Lean, who had been long in the army, and had now a lease of the island, had formed a commodious habitation, though it consisted but of a few small buildings, only one story high. He had, in his little apartments, more things than I could enumerate in a page or two.

Among other agreeable circumstances, it was not the least, to find here a parcel of the "Caledonian

all the neighbouring shore of Greban, as well as the large islands of Colinsay and Ulva, are as black as heath and moss can make them. But Ulva has a good anchorage, and Inchkenneth is surrounded by shoals. It is now uninhabited. The ruins of the huts, in which Dr. Johnson was received by Sir Allan M'Lean, were still to be seen, and some tatters of the paper hangings were to be seen on the walls. Sir George Onesiphorus Paul was at Inchkenneth with the same party of which I was a member. He seemed to me to suspect many of the Highland tales which he heard, but he showed most incredulity on the subject of Johnson's having been entertained in the wretched huts of which we saw the ruins. He took me aside, and conjured me to tell him the truth of the matter. "This Sir Allan," said he, "was he a *regular baronet*, or was his title such a traditional one as you find in Ireland?" I assured my excellent acquaintance that, "for my own part, I would have paid more respect to a knight of Kerry, or knight of Glynn; yet Sir Allan M'Lean was a *regular baronet* by patent;" and, having given him this information, I took the liberty of asking him, in return, whether he would not in conscience prefer the worst cell in the jail at Gloucester (which he had been very active in overlooking while the building was going on) to those exposed hovels where Johnson had been entertained by rank and beauty. He looked round the little islet, and allowed Sir Allan had some advantage in exercising ground; but in other respects he thought the compulsory tenants of Gloucester had greatly the advantage. Such was his opinion of a place, concerning which Johnson has recorded that "it wanted little which palaces could afford."—WALTER SCOTT.]

Tour to Hebrid. Mercury," published since we left Edinburgh; which I read with that pleasure which every man feels who has been for some time secluded from the animated scenes of the busy world.

Dr. Johnson found books here. He bade me buy Bishop Gastrell's "Christian Institutes," which was lying in the room. He said, "I do not like to read any thing on a Sunday[1], but what is theological; not that I would scrupulously refuse to look at any thing which a friend should show me in a newspaper; but in general, I would read only what is theological. I read just now some of "Drummond's Travels," before I perceived what books were here. I then took up "Derham's Physico-Theology."

Every particular concerning this island having been so well described by Dr. Johnson, it would be superfluous in me to present the public with the observations that I made upon it, in my journal.

I was quite easy with Sir Allan almost instantaneously. He knew the great intimacy there had been between my father and his predecessor, Sir Hector, and was himself of a very frank disposition. After dinner, Sir Allan said he had got Dr. Campbell about a hundred subscribers to his "Britannia Elucidata" (a work since published under the title of "A Political Survey of Great Britain"), of whom he believed twenty were dead, the publication having been so long delayed. JOHNSON. "Sir, I imagine the delay of publication is owing to this;—that, after publication, there will be no more subscribers, and few will send the additional guinea to get their books: in which they will be wrong; for there will be a great deal of instruction in the work. I think highly of Campbell. In the first place, he has very good parts.

[1] [See *ante*, vol. ii. p. 74 and 304.—ED.]

In the second place, he has very extensive reading; not, perhaps, what is properly called learning, but history, politicks, and, in short, that popular knowledge which makes a man very useful. In the third place, he has learned much by what is called the *vox viva*. He talks with a great many people." Tour to Hebrid.

Speaking of this gentleman, at Rasay, he told us, that he one day called on him, and they talked of "Tull's Husbandry." Dr. Campbell said something. Dr. Johnson began to dispute it. "Come," said Dr. Campbell, "we do not want to get the better of one another; we want to increase each other's ideas." Dr. Johnson took it in good part, and the conversation then went on coolly and instructively. His candour in relating this anecdote does him much credit, and his conduct on that occasion proves how easily he could be persuaded to talk from a better motive than "for victory."

Dr. Johnson here showed so much of the spirit of a Highlander, that he won Sir Allan's heart: indeed, he has shown it during the whole of our tour. One night, in Col, he strutted about the room with a broad sword and target, and made a formidable appearance; and, another night, I took the liberty to put a large blue bonnet on his head. His age, his size, and his bushy gray wig, with this covering on it, presented the image of a venerable *Senachi:* and, however unfavourable to the Lowland Scots, he seemed much pleased to assume the appearance of an ancient Caledonian. We only regretted that he could not be prevailed with to partake of the social glass. One of his arguments against drinking appears to me not convincing. He urged, that, "in proportion as drinking makes a man different from what he is before he has drunk, it is bad; because it has so far affected his reason." But may it not be answered, that a man

Tour to Hebrid. may be altered by it *for the better*; that his spirits may be exhilarated, without his reason being affected? On the general subject of drinking, however, I do not mean positively to take the other side. I am *dubius non improbus.*

In the evening, Sir Allan informed us that it was the custom of his house to have prayers every Sunday; and Miss M'Lean read the evening service, in which we all joined. I then read Ogden's second and ninth sermons on prayer, which, with their other distinguished excellence, have the merit of being short. Dr. Johnson said, that it was the most agreeable Sunday he had ever passed; and it made such an impression on his mind, that he afterwards wrote the following ode upon Inchkenneth:

INSULA SANCTI KENNETHI.

Parva quidem regio, sed religione priorum
Nota, Caledonias panditur intra aquas;
Voce ubi Cennethus populos domuisse feroces
Dicitur, et vanos dedocuisse deos.
Huc ego delatus placido per cœrula cursu
Scire locum volui quid daret ille novi.
Illic Leniades humili regnabat in aula,
Leniades magnis nobilitatus avis;
Una duas habuit casa cum genitore puellas,
Quas Amor undarum fingeret esse deas:
Non tamen inculti gelidis latuere sub antris,
Accola Danubii qualia sævus habet;
Mollia non deerant vacuæ solatia vitæ,
Sive libros poscant otia, sive lyram.
Luxerat illa dies, legis gens docta supernæ
Spes hominum ac curas cum procul esse jubet.
Ponti inter strepitus sacri non munera cultus
Cessarunt; pietas hic quoque cura fuit:
Quid quod sacrifici versavit femina libros,
Legitimas faciunt pectora pura preces.
Quo vagor ulterius? quod ubique requiritur hic est;
Hic secura quies, hic et honestus amor [1].

[1] [The sentiments of these lines are very beautiful, but many of the expressions are awkward: of this Johnson himself was so well aware, that although he did not send these verses to Boswell till Jan. 1775, he, even after that long pause, was still so little satisfied with them, that he made a great many amend-

Monday, 18*th October*.—We agreed to pass the day with Sir Allan, and he engaged to have every thing in order for our voyage to-morrow. Tour to Hebrid.

Being now soon to be separated from our amiable friend young *Col*, his merits were all remembered. At Ulva he had appeared in a new character, having given us a good prescription for a cold. On my mentioning him with warmth, Dr. Johnson said,

ments and additions, as will appear from the following copy of these verses, as printed from his *Works*. The variations are marked in italics.

INSULA KENNETHI, INTER HEBRIDAS.

Parva quidem regio, sed *religione* priorum
Clara Caledonias panditur inter aquas.
Voce ubi Cennethus populos domuisse feroces
Dicitur, et vanos dedocuisse deos.
Huc ego delatus placido per cærula cursu,
Scire *locus* volui quid daret *iste* novi.
Illic Leniades humili regnabat in aula,
Leniades, magnis nobilitatus avis.
Una duas *cepit* casa cum genitore puellas,
Quas Amor undarum *crederet* esse deas.
Nec tamen inculti gelidis latuere sub antris,
Accola Danubii qualia sævus habet.
Mollia non desunt vacuæ solatia vitæ
Sive libros poscant otia, sive lyram.
Fulserat illa dies, legis *qua* docta supernæ
Spes hominum *et* curas *gens* procul esse jubet.
Ut precibus justas avertat numinis iras
Et summi accendat pectus amore boni.
Ponti inter strepitus non sacri munera cultus
Cessarunt, pietas hic quoque cura fuit.
Nil opus est æris sacra de turre sonantis
Admonitu, ipsa suas nunciat hora vices.
Quid, quod sacrifici versavit fœmina libros?
Sint pro legitimis pura labella sacris.
Quo vagor ulterius? quod ubique requiritur hic est,
Hic secura quies, hic et honestus amor.

The reader will observe that most of these alterations are improvements. The alteration of the third line from the end, "*Legitimas faciunt*," is not happy; but will be explained hereafter (*post*, 2d Feb 1775). It has been observed as strange, that so nice a critic as Johnson should have within six lines made the first syllable of *libros* both long and short. But Mr. Peel (to whom the observation was repeated) reminded the Editor, with happy readiness, that Horace had done the same:

"Curam redde brevem, si munus Apolline dignum
Vis complere *libris*, et vatibus addere calcar,
Ut studio majore petant Helicona virentem.
Multa quidem nobis facimus mala sæpe poetæ,
(Ut vineta egomet cædam mea) cùm tibi *librum*
Sollicito damus, aut fesso."—*Epist.* lib. 2, ep. i. v. 216.—ED.]

Tour to Hebrid.

"*Col* does every thing for us: we will erect a statue to *Col*." "Yes," said I, "and we will have him with his various attributes and characters, like Mercury, or any other of the heathen gods. We will have him as a pilot; we will have him as a fisherman, as a hunter, as a husbandman, as a physician."

I this morning took a spade, and dug a little grave in the floor of a ruined chapel[1], near Sir Allan M'Lean's house, in which I buried some human bones I found there. Dr. Johnson praised me for what I had done, though he owned he could not have done it. He showed in the chapel at Rasay his horrour at dead men's bones. He showed it again at *Col*'s house. In the charter-room there was a remarkably large shin-bone, which was said to have been a bone of John Garve, one of the lairds. Dr. Johnson would not look at it, but started away.

At breakfast, I asked, "What is the reason that we are angry at a trader's having opulence?" JOHNSON. "Why, sir, the reason is (though I don't undertake to prove that there is a reason) we see no qualities in trade that should entitle a man to superiority. We are not angry at a soldier's getting riches, because we see that he possesses qualities which we have not. If a man returns from a battle, having lost one hand, and with the other full of gold, we feel that he deserves the gold; but we cannot think that a fellow, by sitting all day at a desk, is entitled to get above us." BOSWELL. "But, sir, may we not suppose a merchant to be a man of an enlarged mind, such as Addison in the Spectator describes Sir Andrew Freeport to have been?" JOHNSON. "Why, sir, we may suppose any fic-

[1] [Mr. Boswell does not tell us that he had visited this chapel the evening before; but Johnson says to Mrs. Thrale, "Boswell, who is very pious, went into it at night to perform his devotions, but came back in haste, *for fear of spectres*."—*Letters*, vol. i. p. 173.—ED.]

titious character. We may suppose a philosophical day-labourer, who is happy in reflecting that, by his labour, he contributes to the fertility of the earth, and to the support of his fellow-creatures; but we find no such philosophical day-labourer. A merchant may, perhaps, be a man of an enlarged mind; but there is nothing in trade connected with an enlarged mind." Tour to Hebrid.

I mentioned that I had heard Dr. Solander say he was a Swedish Laplander[1]. JOHNSON. "Sir, I don't believe he is a Laplander. The Laplanders are not much above four feet high. He is as tall as you; and he has not the copper colour of a Laplander." BOSWELL. "But what motive could he have to make himself a Laplander?" JOHNSON. "Why, sir, he must either mean the word Laplander in a very extensive sense, or may mean a voluntary degradation of himself. 'For all my being the great man that you see me now, I was originally a barbarian;' as if Burke should say, 'I came over a wild Irishman'—which he might say in his present state of exaltation."

Having expressed a desire to have an island like Inchkenneth, Dr. Johnson set himself to think what would be necessary for a man in such a situation.

"Sir, I should build me a fortification, if I came to live here; for, if you have it not, what should hinder a parcel of ruffians to land in the night, and carry off every thing you have in the house, which, in a remote country, would be more valuable than cows and sheep? add to all this the danger of having your throat cut." BOSWELL. "I would have a

[1] [Daniel Charles Solander was born in the province of Nordland, in Sweden, in 1736; he came to England in 1760; became F.R.S. 1764. In 1768 he accompanied Sir Joseph Banks in his voyage with Captain Cook. He died one of the librarians of the British Museum, in 1782. The Biographical Dictionary says, that "he was a short fair man, rather fat, with small eyes, and good humoured expression of countenance."—ED.]

Tour to Hebrid. large dog." JOHNSON. "So you may, sir; but a large dog is of no use but to alarm." He, however, I apprehend, thinks too lightly of the power of that animal. I have heard him say, that he is afraid of no dog. "He would take him up by the hinder legs, which would render him quite helpless; and then knock his head against a stone, and beat out his brains." Topham Beauclerk told me, that at his house in the country, two large ferocious dogs were fighting[1]. Dr. Johnson looked steadily at them for a little while; and then, as one would separate two little boys, who are foolishly hurting each other, he ran up to them, and cuffed their heads till he drove them asunder. But few men have his intrepidity, Herculean strength, or presence of mind. Most thieves or robbers would be afraid to encounter a mastiff.

I observed, that when young *Col* talked of the lands belonging to his family, he always said, "*my* lands." For this he had a plausible pretence; for he told me, there has been a custom in this family, that the laird resigns the estate to the eldest son when he comes of age, reserving to himself only a certain life-rent. He said, it was a voluntary custom; but I think I found an instance in the charter-room, that there was such an obligation in a contract of marriage. If the custom was voluntary, it was only curious; but if founded on obligation, it might be dangerous; for I have been told, that in Otaheité, whenever a child is born (a son, I think), the father loses his right to the estate and honours, and that this unnatural, or rather absurd custom, occasions the murder of many children.

Young *Col* told us he could run down a greyhound;

[1] [See *post*, *sub* Feb. 1775, where this story is repeated.—ED.]

"for," said he, "the dog runs himself out of breath, by going too quick, and then I get up with him[1]." I accounted for his advantage over the dog, by remarking that *Col* had the faculty of reason, and knew how to moderate his pace, which the dog had not sense enough to do. Dr. Johnson said, "He is a noble animal. He is as complete an islander as the mind can figure. He is a farmer, a sailor, a hunter, a fisher: he will run you down a dog: if any man has a *tail*[2], it is *Col.* He is hospitable; and he has an intrepidity of talk, whether he understands the subject or not. I regret that he is not more intellectual." Tour to Hebrid.

Dr. Johnson observed, that there was nothing of which he would not undertake to persuade a Frenchman in a foreign country. "I 'll carry a Frenchman to St. Paul's churchyard, and I 'll tell him, 'by our law you may walk half round the church; but, if you walk round the whole, you will be punished capitally;' and he will believe me at once. Now, no Englishman would readily swallow such a thing: he would go and inquire of somebody else." The Frenchman's credulity, I observed, must be owing to his being accustomed to implicit submission; whereas every Englishman reasons upon the laws of his country, and instructs his representatives, who compose the legislature.

This day was passed in looking at a small island adjoining Inchkenneth, which afforded nothing worthy of observation; and in such social and gay entertainments as our little society could furnish.

[1] [This is not spoken of hare-coursing, where the game is taken or lost before the dog gets out of wind; but in chasing deer with the great Highland greyhound, *Col*'s exploit is feasible enough.—WALTER SCOTT.]

[2] [In allusion to Lord Monboddo's theory, that a *perfect* man would have a tail. See *ante*, vol. ii. p. 309.—ED.]

Tour to Hebrid.

Tuesday, 19th October.—After breakfast we took leave of the young ladies, and of our excellent companion *Col*[1], to whom we had been so much obliged. He had now put us under the care of his chief; and was to hasten back to Sky. We parted from him with very strong feelings of kindness and gratitude, and we hoped to have had some future opportunity of proving to him the sincerity of what we felt; but in the following year he was unfortunately lost in the Sound between Ulva and Mull; and this imperfect memorial, joined to the high honour of being tenderly and respectfully mentioned by Dr. Johnson, is the only return which the uncertainty of human events has permitted us to make to this deserving young man.

Sir Allan, who obligingly undertook to accompany us to Icolmkill, had a strong good boat, with four stout rowers. We coasted along Mull till we reached *Gribon*, where is what is called Mackinnon's cave, compared with which that at Ulinish is inconsiderable. It is in a rock of a great height, close to the sea. Upon the left of its entrance there is a cascade, almost perpendicular from the top to the bottom of the rock. There is a tradition that it was conducted thither artificially, to supply the inhabitants of the

[1] [Just opposite to M'Quarrie's house the boat was swamped by the intoxication of the sailors, who had partaken too largely of M'Quarrie's wonted hospitality.—WALTER SCOTT. Johnson says in his *Journey*, "Here we had the last embrace of this amiable man, who, while these pages were preparing to attest his virtues, perished in the passage between Ulva and Inchkenneth."—*Works*, vol. viii. p. 391. The account given in the *Journey* of young Donald Maclean, made him a popular character. The *Laird of Col* is a character in O'Keefe's comedy, called The Highland Reel. Johnson writes from Lichfield, 13th June, 1775: "There is great lamentation here for poor *Col*;" and a review of the *Journey*, *Gent. Mag.* 1775, p. 86, thus concludes: "But whatever Dr. Johnson saw, whatever he described, will now be perpetuated; and though the buildings of Icolmkill are mouldering into dust, and the young Laird of Col is insensible of praise, readers yet unborn will feel their piety warmed by the ruins of Iona, and their sensibility touched by the untimely fate of the amiable Maclean."—ED.]

cave with water. Dr. Johnson gave no credit to this tradition. As, on the one hand, his faith in the Christian religion is firmly founded upon good grounds; so, on the other, he is incredulous when there is no sufficient reason for belief; being in this respect just the reverse of modern infidels, who, however nice and scrupulous in weighing the evidences of religion, are yet often so ready to believe the most absurd and improbable tales of another nature, that Lord Hailes well observed, a good essay might be written *Sur la Credulité des Incredules.* Tour to Hebrid.

The height of this cave I cannot tell with any tolerable exactness; but it seemed to be very lofty, and to be a pretty regular arch. We penetrated, by candlelight, a great way; by our measurement, no less than four hundred and eighty-five feet. Tradition says, that a piper and twelve men once advanced into this cave, nobody can tell how far[1], and never returned. At the distance to which we proceeded the air was quite pure; for the candle burned freely, without the least appearance of the flame growing globular; but as we had only one, we thought it dangerous to venture farther, lest, should it have been extinguished, we should have had no means of ascertaining whether we could remain without danger. Dr. Johnson said, this was the greatest natural curiosity he had ever seen.

We saw the island of Staffa, at no very great

[1] [There is little room for supposing that any person ever went farther into M'Kinnon's cave than any man may now go. Johnson's admiration of it seems exaggerated. A great number of the M'Kinnons, escaping from some powerful enemy, hid themselves in this cave till they could get over to the isle of Sky. It conceal'd themselves and their birlings, or boats, and they show M'Kinnon's harbour, M'Kinnon's dining-table, and other localities. M'Kinnon's candlestick was a fine piece of spar, destroyed by some traveller in the frantic rage for appropriation, with which tourists are sometimes animated.—WALTER SCOTT.]

Tour to Hebrid. distance, but could not land upon it, the surge was so high on its rocky coast.

Sir Allan, anxious for the honour of Mull, was still talking of its *woods*, and pointing them out to Dr. Johnson, as appearing at a distance on the skirts of that island, as we sailed along. JOHNSON. "Sir, I saw at Tobermorie what they called a wood, which I unluckily took for *heath*. If you show me what I shall take for *furze*, it will be something."

In the afternoon we went ashore on the coast of Mull, and partook of a cold repast, which we carried with us. We hoped to have procured some rum or brandy for our boatmen and servants, from a publick-house near where we landed; but unfortunately a funeral a few days before had exhausted all their store. Mr. Campbell, however, one of the Duke of Argyle's tacksmen, who lived in the neighbourhood, on receiving a message from Sir Allan, sent us a liberal supply.

We continued to coast along Mull, and passed by Nuns' Island, which, it is said, belonged to the nuns of Icolmkill, and from which, we were told, the stone for the buildings there was taken. As we sailed along by moonlight, in a sea somewhat rough, and often between black and gloomy rocks, Dr. Johnson said, "If this be not *roving among the Hebrides*, nothing is." The repetition of words which he had so often previously used made a strong impression on my imagination; and, by a natural course of thinking, led me to consider how our present adventures would appear to me at a future period.

I have often experienced, that scenes through which a man has passed improve by lying in the memory: they grow mellow. *Acti labores sunt jucundi.* This may be owing to comparing them

with present listless ease. Even harsh scenes acquire a softness by length of time[1]; and some are like very loud sounds, which do not please, or at least do not please so much, till you are removed to a certain distance. They may be compared to strong coarse pictures, which will not bear to be viewed near. Even pleasing scenes improve by time, and seem more exquisite in recollection, than when they were present; if they have not faded to dimness in the memory. Perhaps, there is so much evil in every human enjoyment, when present,—so much dross mixed with it, that it requires to be refined by time; and yet I do not see why time should not melt away the good and the evil in equal proportions;—why the shade should decay, and the light remain in preservation. Tour to Hebrid.

After a tedious sail, which, by our following various turnings of the coast of Mull, was extended to about forty miles, it gave us no small pleasure to perceive a light in the village at Icolmkill, in which almost all the inhabitants of the island live, close to where the ancient building stood. As we approached the shore, the tower of the cathedral, just discernible in the air, was a picturesque object.

When we had landed upon the sacred place, which, as long as I can remember, I had thought on with veneration, Dr. Johnson and I cordially embraced. We had long talked of visiting Icolmkill; and, from the lateness of the season, were at times very doubtful whether we should be able to effect our purpose. To have seen it, even alone, would have given me great

[1] I have lately observed that this thought has been elegantly expressed by Cowley:

"Things which offend when present, and affright,
In memory, well painted, move delight."—BOSWELL.

[It is odd that Mr. Boswell, who had lately made so apt a quotation from the Æneid, should have forgotten the

"Forsan et hæc olim meminisse juvabit."—ED.]

Tour to Hebrid.

satisfaction; but the venerable scene was rendered much more pleasing by the company of my great and pious friend, who was no less affected by it than I was; and who has described the impressions it should make on the mind, with such strength of thought, and energy of language, that I shall quote his words, as conveying my own sensations much more forcibly than I am capable of doing:

"We were now treading that illustrious island, which was once the luminary of the Caledonian regions, whence savage clans and roving barbarians derived the benefits of knowledge, and the blessings of religion. To abstract the mind from all local emotion would be impossible if it were endeavoured, and would be foolish if it were possible. Whatever withdraws us from the power of our senses, whatever makes the past, the distant, or the future, predominate over the present, advances us in the dignity of thinking beings. Far from me, and from my friends, be such frigid philosophy as may conduct us indifferent and unmoved over any ground which has been dignified by wisdom, bravery, or virtue. That man is little to be envied, whose patriotism would not gain force upon the plain of *Marathon*, or whose piety would not grow warmer among the ruins of *Iona*[1]!"

Upon hearing that Sir Allan M'Lean was arrived, the inhabitants, who still consider themselves as the people of M'Lean, to whom the island formerly belonged, though the Duke of Argyle has at present possession of it, ran eagerly to him.

We were accommodated this night in a large barn, the island affording no lodging that we should have liked so well. Some good hay was strewed at one end of it, to form a bed for us, upon which we lay with our clothes on; and we were furnished with blankets from the village. Each of us had a port-

[1] Had our Tour produced nothing else but this sublime passage, the world must have acknowledged that it was not made in vain. The present respectable President of the Royal Society [Sir Joseph Banks] was so much struck on reading it, that he clasped his hands together, and remained for some time in an attitude of silent admiration.—BOSWELL.

manteau for a pillow. When I awaked in the morning, and looked round me, I could not help smiling at the idea of the chief of the M'Leans, the great English moralist, and myself, lying thus extended in such a situation. Tour to Hebrid.

Wednesday, 20th October.—Early in the morning, we surveyed the remains of antiquity at this place, accompanied by an illiterate fellow, as *cicerone*, who called himself a descendant of a cousin of Saint Columba, the founder of the religious establishment here. As I knew that many persons had already examined them, and as I saw Dr. Johnson inspecting and measuring several of the ruins of which he has since given so full an account, my mind was quiescent; and I resolved to stroll among them at my ease, to take no trouble to investigate minutely, and only receive the general impression of solemn antiquity, and the particular ideas of such objects as should of themselves strike my attention.

We walked from the monastery of nuns to the great church or cathedral, as they call it, along an old broken causeway. They told us that this had been a street, and that there were good houses built on each side. Dr. Johnson doubted if it was any thing more than a paved road for the nuns. The convent of monks, the great church, Oran's chapel, and four other chapels, are still to be discerned. But I must own that Icolmkill did not answer my expectations; for they were high, from what I had read of it, and still more from what I had heard and thought of it, from my earliest years. Dr. Johnson said it came up to his expectations, because he had taken his impression from an account of it subjoined to Sacheverel's History of the Isle of Man, where it is said, there is not much to be seen here. We were both disappointed, when we were shown what are

Tour to Hebrid. called the monuments of the kings of Scotland, Ireland, and Denmark, and of a king of France. There are only some grave-stones flat on the earth, and we could see no inscriptions. How far short was this of marble monuments, like those in Westminster-Abbey, which I had imagined here! The grave-stones of Sir Allan M'Lean's family, and of that of M'Quarrie, had as good an appearance as the royal grave-stones, if they were royal; we doubted.

My easiness to give credit to what I heard in the course of our Tour was too great. Dr. Johnson's peculiar accuracy of investigation detected much traditional fiction, and many gross mistakes. It is not to be wondered at that he was provoked by people carelessly telling him, with the utmost readiness and confidence, what he found, on questioning them a little more, was erroneous. 'Of this there were innumerable instances'.

I left him and Sir Allan at breakfast in our barn, and stole back again to the cathedral, to indulge in solitude and devout meditation. While contemplating the venerable ruins, I reflected with much satisfaction, that the solemn scenes of piety never lose their sanctity and influence, though the cares and follies of life may prevent us from visiting them, or may even make us fancy that their effects are only "as yesterday, when it is past," and never again to be perceived. I hoped that, ever after having been in this holy place, I should maintain an exemplary conduct. One has a strange propensity to fix upon some point of time from whence a better course of life may begin.

Being desirous to visit the opposite shore of the island, where Saint Columba is said to have landed,

[1] [See *post*, 7th Feb. 1775.—Ed.]

I procured a horse from one M'Ginnis, who ran along as my guide. The M'Ginnises are said to be a branch of the clan of M'Lean. Sir Allan had been told that this man had refused to send him some rum, at which the knight was in great indignation. "You rascal!" said he, "don't you know that I can hang you, if I please?" Not adverting to the chieftain's power over his clan, I imagined that Sir Allan had known of some capital crime that the fellow had committed, which he could discover, and so get him condemned; and said, "How so?"—"Why," said Sir Allan, "are they not all my people?" Sensible of my inadvertency, and most willing to contribute what I could towards the continuation of feudal authority, "Very true," said I. Sir Allan went on: "Refuse to send rum to me, you rascal! Don't you know that if I order you to go and cut a man's throat, you are to do it?"—"Yes, an 't please your honour! and my own too, and hang myself too." The poor fellow denied that he had refused to send the rum. His making these professions was not merely a pretence in presence of his chief; for after he and I were out of Sir Allan's hearing, he told me, "Had he sent his dog for the rum, I would have given it: I would cut my bones for him." It was very remarkable to find such an attachment to a chief, though he had then no connexion with the island, and had not been there for fourteen years. Sir Allan, by way of upbraiding the fellow, said, "I believe you are a *Campbell*." Tour to Hebrid.

The place which I went to see is about two miles from the village. They call it Portawherry, from the wherry in which Columba came; though, when they show the length of his vessel, as marked on the beach by two heaps of stones, they say, "Here is the length of the *Currach*," using the Erse word.

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Icolmkill is a fertile island. The inhabitants export some cattle and grain; and I was told they import nothing but iron and salt. They are industrious, and make their own woollen and linen cloth; and they brew a good deal of beer, which we did not find in any of the other islands.

We set sail again about mid-day, and in the evening landed on Mull, near the house of the Reverend Mr. Neal Macleod, who having been informed of our coming, by a message from Sir Allan, came out to meet us. We were this night very agreeably entertained at his house. Dr. Johnson observed to me that he was the cleanest-headed[1] man that he had met with in the Western Islands. He seemed to be well acquainted with Dr. Johnson's writings, and courteously said, "I have been often obliged to you, though I never had the pleasure of seeing you before."

He told us he had lived for some time in St. Kilda, under the tuition of the minister or catechist there, and had there first read Horace and Virgil. The scenes which they describe must have been a strong contrast to the dreary waste around him.

Thursday, 21st October.—This morning the subject of politicks was introduced. JOHNSON. "Pulteney was as paltry a fellow as could be. He was a whig who pretended to be honest; and you know it is ridiculous for a whig to pretend to be honest. He cannot hold it out[2]." He called Mr. Pitt a meteor; Sir Robert Walpole a fixed star. He said, "It is wonderful to think that all the force of government was required to prevent Wilkes from being chosen

[1] [Quere *clearest*? but it is *cleanest* in all the editions. Dr. Johnson, if he said *cleanest*, meant freest from prejudice; but it has an odd sound in juxtaposition with the *head* of a Highlander.—ED.]

[2] [See *ante*, vol. ii. p. 188.—ED.]

the chief magistrate of London, though the livery-men knew he would rob their shops,—knew he would debauch their daughters[1]." Tour to Hebrid.

BOSWELL. "The History of England is so strange that, if it were not so well vouched as it is, it would hardly be credible." JOHNSON. "Sir, if it were told as shortly, and with as little preparation for introducing the different events, as the History of the Jewish Kings, it would be equally liable to objections of improbability." Mr. Macleod was much pleased with the justice and novelty of the thought. Dr. Johnson illustrated what he had said as follows: "Take, as an instance, Charles the First's concessions to his parliament, which were greater and greater, in proportion as the parliament grew more insolent, and less deserving of trust. Had these concessions been related nakedly, without any detail of the circumstances which generally led to them, they would not have been believed."

Sir Allan M'Lean bragged, that Scotland had the advantage of England, by its having more water. JOHNSON. "Sir, we would not have your water, to take the vile bogs which produce it. You have too much! A man who is drowned has more water than either of us;"—and then he laughed. (But this was

[1] [I think it incumbent on me to make some observation on this strong satirical sally on my classical companion, Mr. Wilkes. Reporting it lately from memory, in his presence, I expressed it thus:—"They knew he would rob their shops, *if he durst*; they knew he would debauch their daughters, *if he could*;" which, according to the French phrase, may be said *renchérir* on Dr. Johnson; but on looking into my Journal, I found it as above, and would by no means make any addition. Mr. Wilkes received both readings with a good humour that I cannot enough admire. Indeed both he and I (as, with respect to myself, the reader has more than once had occasion to observe in the course of this Journal) are too fond of a *bon mot*, not to relish it, though we should be ourselves the object of it. Let me add, in justice to the gentleman here mentioned, that, at a subsequent period, he *was* elected chief magistrate of London, and discharged the duties of that high office with great honour to himself, and advantage to the city. Some years before Dr. Johnson died, I was fortunate enough to bring him and Mr. Wilkes together; the consequence of which was, that they were ever afterwards on easy and not unfriendly terms. The particulars I shall have great pleasure in relating hereafter.—BOSWELL. [*Post*, 15th May, 1776, 8th May, 1781, and 21st May, 1783.—ED.]

Tour to Hebrid.

surely robust sophistry: for the people of taste in England, who have seen Scotland, own that its variety of rivers and lakes makes it naturally more beautiful than England, in that respect.) Pursuing his victory over Sir Allan, he proceeded: "Your country consists of two things, stone and water. There is, indeed, a little earth above the stone in some places, but a very little; and the stone is always appearing. It is like a man in rags—the naked skin is still peeping out."

He took leave of Mr. Macleod, saying, "Sir, I thank you for your entertainment, and your conversation."

Mr. Campbell, who had been so polite yesterday, came this morning on purpose to breakfast with us, and very obligingly furnished us with horses to proceed on our journey to Mr. M'Lean's of Lochbuy, where we were to pass the night. We dined at the house of Dr. Alexander M'Lean, another physician in Mull, who was so much struck with the uncommon conversation of Dr. Johnson, that he observed to me, "This man is just a *hogshead*[1] of sense."

Dr. Johnson said of the "Turkish Spy," which lay in the room, that it told nothing but what every body might have known at that time; and that what was good in it did not pay you for the trouble of reading to find it.

After a very tedious ride, through what appeared to me the most gloomy and desolate country I had ever beheld, we arrived, between seven and eight o'clock, at Moy, the seat of the Laird of Lochbuy. *Buy*, in Erse, signifies yellow, and I at first imagined that the loch or branch of the sea here was thus

[1] [A metaphor which might rather have been expected from M'Quarrie than the Doctor; but the editor believes that it is a common northern expression to signify great capacity of intellect.—Ed.]

denominated, in the same manner as the *Red Sea;* but I afterwards learned that it derived its name from a hill above it, which, being of a yellowish hue, has the epithet of *Buy.* Tour to Hebrid.

We had heard much of *Lochbuy*'s being a great roaring braggadocio, a kind of Sir John Falstaff, both in size and manners; but we found that they had swelled him up to a fictitious size, and clothed him with imaginary qualities. *Col*'s idea of him was equally extravagant, though very different: he told us, he was quite a Don Quixote; and said, he would give a great deal to see him and Dr. Johnson together. The truth is, that *Lochbuy* proved to be only a bluff, comely, noisy old gentleman, proud of his hereditary consequence, and a very hearty and hospitable landlord. Lady *Lochbuy* was sister to Sir Allan M'Lean, but much older. He said to me, "They are quite *Antediluvians.*" Being told that Dr. Johnson did not hear well, *Lochbuy* bawled out to him, "Are you of the Johnstons of Glencro, or of Ardnamurchan?" Dr. Johnson gave him a significant look, but made no answer; and I told *Lochbuy* that he was not Johns*ton*, but John*son*, and that he was an Englishman[1].

Lochbuy some years ago tried to prove himself a weak man, liable to imposition, or, as we term it in Scotland, a *facile* man, in order to set aside a lease which he had granted; but failed in the attempt. On my mentioning this circumstance to Dr. Johnson, he seemed much surprised that such a suit was ad-

[1] [Boswell totally misapprehended *Lochbuy*'s meaning. There are two septs of the powerful clan of M'Donald, who are called Mac-Ian, that is, *John's-son;* and as Highlanders often translate their names when they go to the Lowlands,—as Gregor-son for Mac-Gregor, Farquhar-son for Farquhar,—*Lochbuy* supposed that Dr. Johnson might be one of the Mac-Ians of Ardnamurchan, or of Glencro. Boswell's explanation was nothing to the purpose. The *Johnstons* are a clan distinguished in Scottish *border* history, and as brave as any *Highland* clan that ever wore brogues; but they lay entirely out of *Lochbuy*'s knowledge—nor was he thinking of *them*.—WALTER SCOTT.]

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mitted by the Scottish law, and observed, that "in England no man is allowed to *stultify* himself[1]."

Sir Allan, *Lochbuy*, and I, had the conversation chiefly to ourselves to-night. Dr. Johnson, being extremely weary, went to bed soon after supper.

Friday, 22d October.—Before Dr. Johnson came to breakfast, Lady *Lochbuy* said, "he was a *dungeon* of wit;" a very common phrase in Scotland to express a profoundness of intellect, though he afterwards told me, that he never had heard it[2]. She proposed that he should have some cold sheep's head for breakfast. Sir Allan seemed displeased at his sister's vulgarity, and wondered how such a thought should come into her head. From a mischievous love of sport, I took the lady's part; and very gravely said, "I think it is but fair to give him an offer of it. If he does not choose it, he may let it alone." "I think so," said the lady, looking at her brother with an air of victory. Sir Allan, finding the matter desperate, strutted about the room, and took snuff. When Dr. Johnson came in, she called to him, "Do you choose any cold sheep's head, sir?" "No, madam," said he, with a tone of surprise and anger[3]. "It is here, sir," said she, supposing he had refused it to save the trouble of bringing it in. They thus went on at cross purposes, till he confirmed his refusal in a manner not to be misunderstood; while I sat quietly by, and enjoyed my success.

[1] This maxim, however, has been controverted. See "Blackstone's Commentaries," vol. ii. p. 292; and the authorities there quoted.—BOSWELL.

[2] [It is also common in the north of Ireland, and is somewhat more emphatic than the eulogy in a former page, of being a *hogshead* of sense.—ED.]

[3] [Begging pardon of the Doctor and his conductor, I have often seen and partaken of cold sheep's head at as good breakfast-tables as ever they sat at. This protest is something in the manner of the late Culrossie, who fought a duel for the honour of Aberdeen butter. I have passed over all the Doctor's other reproaches upon Scotland, but the sheep's head I will defend *totis veribus*. Dr. Johnson himself must have forgiven my zeal on this occasion; for if, as he says, *dinner* be the thing of which a man thinks *oftenest during the day, breakfast* must be that of which he thinks *first in the morning*.—WALTER SCOTT.]

After breakfast, we surveyed the old castle, in the pit or dungeon of which *Lochbuy* had some years before taken upon him to imprison several persons; and though he had been fined in a considerable sum by the Court of Justiciary, he was so little affected by it, that while we were examining the dungeon, he said to me, with a smile, "Your father knows something of this;" (alluding to my father's having sat as one of the judges on his trial.) Sir Allan whispered me, that the laird could not be persuaded that he had lost his heritable jurisdiction [1]. Tour to Hebrid.

We then set out for the ferry, by which we were to cross to the main land of Argyleshire. *Lochbuy* and Sir Allan accompanied us. We were told much of a war-saddle, on which this reputed Don Quixote used to be mounted; but we did not see it, for the young laird had applied it to a less noble purpose, having taken it to Falkirk fair *with a drove of black cattle.*

We bade adieu to *Lochbuy,* and to our very kind conductor, Sir Allan M'Lean, on the shore of Mull, and then got into the ferry-boat, the bottom of which was strewed with branches of trees or bushes, upon which we sat. We had a good day and a fine passage, and in the evening landed at Oban, where we found a tolerable inn. After having been so long confined

[1] [Sir Allan Maclean, like many Highland chiefs, was embarrassed in his private affairs, and exposed to unpleasant solicitations from attorneys, called in Scotland, *writers* (which, indeed, was the chief motive of his retiring to Inchkenneth). Upon one occasion he made a visit to a friend, then residing at Carron lodge, on the banks of the Carron, where the banks of that river are studded with pretty villas; Sir Allan, admiring the landscape, asked his friend, whom that handsome seat belonged to. "M——, the writer to the signet," was the reply. "Umph!" said Sir Allan, but not with an accent of assent, "I mean that other house." "Oh! that belongs to a very honest fellow, Jamie ——, also a writer to the signet." "Umph!" said the Highland chief of M'Lean, with more emphasis than before. "And yon smaller house?" "That belongs to a Stirling man; I forget his name, but I am sure he is a writer, too, for ——." Sir Allan, who had recoiled a quarter of a circle backward at every response, now wheeled the circle entire, and turned his back on the landscape, saying, "My good friend, I must own, you have a pretty situation here; but d—n your neighbourhood."—WALTER SCOTT.]

Tour to Hebrid. at different times in islands, from which it was always uncertain when we could get away, it was comfortable to be now on the main land, and to know that, if in health, we might get to any place in Scotland or England in a certain number of days.

Here we discovered from the conjectures which were formed, that the people on the main land were entirely ignorant of our motions; for in a Glasgow newspaper we found a paragraph, which, as it contains a just and well-turned compliment to my illustrious friend, I shall here insert:

"We are well assured that Dr. Johnson is confined by tempestuous weather to the isle of Sky; it being unsafe to venture in a small boat upon such a stormy surge as is very common there at this time of the year. Such a philosopher, detained on an almost barren island, resembles a whale left upon the strand. The latter will be welcome to every body, on account of his oil, his bone, &c., and the other will charm his companions, and the rude inhabitants, with his superior knowledge and wisdom, calm resignation, and unbounded benevolence."

Saturday, 23d October.—After a good night's rest, we breakfasted at our leisure. We talked of Goldsmith's Traveller, of which Dr. Johnson spoke highly; and, while I was helping him on with his great coat, he repeated from it the character of the British nation, which he did with such energy, that the tear started into his eye:

"Stern o'er each bosom reason holds her state,
With daring aims irregularly great,
Pride in their port, defiance in their eye,
I see the lords of humankind pass by,
Intent on high designs, a thoughtful band,
By forms unfashion'd, fresh from nature's hand;
Fierce in their native hardiness of soul,
True to imagined right, above control,
While even the peasant boasts these rights to scan,
And learns to venerate himself as man[1]."

[1] [Miss Reynolds, in her *Recollections*, says that Johnson *told her* that he had written these lines for Goldsmith; but this is another instance of the inaccuracy

We could get but one bridle here, which, according to the maxim *detur digniori*, was appropriated to Dr. Johnson's sheltie. I and Joseph rode with halters. We crossed in a ferry-boat a pretty wide lake, and on the farther side of it, close by the shore, found a hut for our inn. We were much wet. I changed my clothes in part, and was at pains to get myself well dried. Dr. Johnson resolutely kept on all his clothes, wet as they were, letting them steam before the smoky turf fire. I thought him in the wrong; but his firmness was, perhaps, a species of heroism. Tour to Hebrid.

I remember but little of our conversation. I mentioned Shenstone's saying of Pope, that he had the art of condensing sense more than any body. Dr. Johnson said, "It is not true, sir. There is more sense in a line of Cowley than in a page (or a sentence, or ten lines—I am not quite certain of the very phrase) of Pope." He maintained that Archibald, Duke of Argyle, was a narrow man. I wondered at this; and observed, that his building so great a house at Inverary was not like a narrow man. "Sir," said he, "when a narrow man has resolved to build a house, he builds it like another man. But Archibald, Duke of Argyle, was narrow in his ordinary expenses, in his quotidian expenses[1]."

The distinction is very just. It is in the ordinary expenses of life that a man's liberality or narrowness is to be discovered. I never heard the word *quotidian* in this sense, and I imagined it to be a word of Dr.

of even the most plausible witnesses.—See *ante*, vol. ii. p. 6. Johnson was fond of repeating these beautiful lines, and his having done so to Miss Reynolds, no doubt, led to her mistake: he was incapable of any such deceit.—ED.]

[1] [This information Johnson, no doubt, derived through his early friends, the Misses Cotterel, who were acquaintances of the widow of Duke Archibald's predecessor.—See *ante*, vol. i. p. 228.—ED.]

Tour to Hebrid. Johnson's own fabrication; but I have since found it in Young's Night Thoughts (Night fifth),

"Death's a destroyer of quotidian prey,"

and in my friend's Dictionary, supported by the authorities of Charles I. and Dr. Donne.

It rained very hard as we journeyed on after dinner. The roar of torrents from the mountains, as we passed along in the dusk, and the other circumstances attending our ride this evening, have been mentioned with so much animation by Dr. Johnson, that I shall not attempt to say any thing on the subject.

We got at night to Inverary, where we found an excellent inn. Even here, Dr. Johnson would not change his wet clothes.

The prospect of good accommodation cheered us much. We supped well; and after supper, Dr. Johnson, whom I had not seen taste any fermented liquor during all our travels, called for a gill of whisky. "Come," said he, "let me know what it is that makes a Scotchman happy!" He drank it all but a drop, which I begged leave to pour into my glass, that I might say we had drunk whisky together. I proposed Mrs. Thrale should be our toast. He would not have *her* drunk in whisky, but rather "some insular lady;" so we drank one of the ladies whom we had lately left. He owned to-night, that he got as good a room and bed as at an English inn.

I had here the pleasure of finding a letter from home, which relieved me from the anxiety I had suffered, in consequence of not having received any account of my family for many weeks. I also found a letter from Mr. Garrick, which was a regale as agreeable as a pine-apple would be in a desert. He had favoured me with his correspondence for many

years; and when Dr. Johnson and I were at Inverness, I had written to him as follows: Tour to Hebrid.

"MR. BOSWELL TO DAVID GARRICK, ESQ. LONDON.

"Inverness, Sunday, 29th August, 1773.

"MY DEAR SIR,—Here I am, and Mr. Samuel Johnson actually with me. We were a night at Fores, in coming to which, in the dusk of the evening, we passed over the bleak and blasted heath where Macbeth met the witches. Your old preceptor repeated, with much solemnity, the speech

> 'How far is't called to Fores? What are these,
> So wither'd and so wild in their attire,' &c.

This day we visited the ruins of Macbeth's castle at Inverness. I have had great romantick satisfaction in seeing Johnson upon the classical scenes of Shakspeare in Scotland; which I really looked upon as almost as improbable as that 'Birnam wood should come to Dunsinane.' Indeed, as I have always been accustomed to view him as a permanent London object, it would not be much more wonderful to me to see St. Paul's church moving along where we now are. As yet we have travelled in postchaises; but to-morrow we are to mount on horseback, and ascend into the mountains by Fort Augustus, and so on to the ferry, where we are to cross to Sky. We shall see that island fully, and then visit some more of the Hebrides; after which we are to land in Argyleshire, proceed by Glasgow to Auchinleck, repose there a competent time, and then return to Edinburgh, from whence the Rambler will depart for old England again, as soon as he finds it convenient. Hitherto we have had a very prosperous expedition. I flatter myself, *servetur ad imum, qualis ab incepto processerit.* He is in excellent spirits, and I have a rich journal of his conversation. Look back, *Davy*[1], to Lichfield; run up through the time that has elapsed since you first knew Mr. Johnson, and enjoy with me his present extraordinary tour. I could not resist the impulse of writing to you from this place. The situation of the old castle corresponds exactly to Shakspeare's description. While we were there today, it happened oddly, that a raven perched upon one of the chimney-tops, and croaked. Then I in my turn repeated—

[1] I took the liberty of giving this familiar appellation to my celebrated friend, to bring in a more lively manner to his remembrance the period when he was Dr. Johnson's pupil.—BOSWELL.

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'The raven himself is hoarse,
That croaks the fatal entrance of Duncan
Under my battlements.'

"I wish you had been with us. Think what enthusiastick happiness I shall have to see Mr. Samuel Johnson walking among the romantick rocks and woods of my ancestors at Auchinleck! Write to me at Edinburgh. You owe me his verses on great George and tuneful Cibber, and the bad verses which led him to make his fine ones on Philips the musician. Keep your promise, and let me have them. I offer my very best compliments to Mrs. Garrick, and ever am your warm admirer and friend, "JAMES BOSWELL."

His answer was as follows.

"MR. GARRICK TO MR. BOSWELL, EDINBURGH.

"Hampton, 14th September, 1773.

"DEAR SIR,—You stole away from London, and left us all in the lurch; for we expected you one night at the club, and knew nothing of your departure. Had I paid you what I owed you for the book you bought for me, I should only have grieved for the loss of your company, and slept with a quiet conscience; but, wounded as it is, it must remain so till I see you again, though I am sure our good friend Mr. Johnson will discharge the debt for me, if you will let him. Your account of your journey to Fores, the *raven, old castle*, &c. &c. made me half mad. Are you not rather too late in the year for fine weather, which is the life and soul of seeing places? I hope your pleasure will continue *qualis ab incepto*, &c.

"Your friend[1] ——— threatens me much. I only wish that he would put his threats in execution, and, if he prints his play, I will forgive him. I remember he complained to you that his bookseller called for the money for some copies of his [Lusiad], which I subscribed for, and that I desired him to call again. The truth is, that my wife was not at home, and that for weeks

[1] I have suppressed my friend's name from an apprehension of wounding his sensibility; but I would not withhold from my readers a passage which shows Mr. Garrick's mode of writing as the manager of a theatre, and contains a pleasing trait of his domestick life. His judgment of dramatick pieces, so far as concerns their exhibition on the stage, must be allowed to have considerable weight. But from the effect which a perusal of the tragedy here condemned had upon myself, and from the opinions of some eminent criticks, I venture to pronounce that it has much poetical merit; and its authour has distinguished himself by several performances which show that the epithet *poetaster* was, in the present instance, much misapplied.—BOSWELL. [The author was Mickle: see *ante*, vol. ii. p. 197.—ED.]

together I have not ten shillings in my pocket. However, had it been otherwise, it was not so great a crime to draw his poetical vengeance upon me. I despise all that he can do, and am glad that I can so easily get rid of him and his ingratitude. I am hardened both to abuse and ingratitude. Tour to Hebrid.

"You, I am sure, will no more recommend your poetasters to my civility and good offices.

"Shall I recommend to you a play of Eschylus (the Prometheus), published and translated by poor old Morell, who is a good scholar, and an acquaintance of mine? It will be but half-a-guinea, and your name shall be put in the list I am making for him. You will be in very good company.

"Now for the epitaphs!

(*This refers to the epitaph on Philips, and the verses on George the Second, and Colley Cibber, as his poet laureat, for which see ante, vol. i. p.* 120).

"I have no more paper, or I should have said more to you. My love and respects to Mr. Johnson. Yours ever,

"D. GARRICK.

"I can't write. I have the gout in my hand."

Sunday, 24th October.—We passed the forenoon calmly and placidly. I prevailed on Dr. Johnson to read aloud Ogden's sixth Sermon on Prayer, which he did with a distinct expression, and pleasing solemnity. He praised my favourite preacher, his elegant language, and remarkable acuteness; and said, he fought infidels with their own weapons.

As a specimen of Ogden's manner, I insert the following passage from the sermon which Dr. Johnson now read. The preacher, after arguing against that vain philosophy which maintains, in conformity with the hard principle of eternal necessity, or unchangeable predetermination, that the only effect of prayer for others, although we are exhorted to pray for them, is to produce good dispositions in ourselves towards them, thus expresses himself:

"A plain man may be apt to ask, But if this then, though enjoined in the Holy Scriptures, is to be my real aim and intention, when I am taught to pray for other persons, why is it

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that I do not plainly so express it? Why is not the form of the petition brought nearer to the meaning? Give them, say I to our heavenly Father, what is good. But this, I am to understand, will be as it will be, and is not for me to alter. What is it then that I am doing? I am desiring to become charitable myself; and why may I not plainly say so? Is there shame in it, or impiety? The wish is laudable: why should I form designs to hide it?

"Or is it, perhaps, better to be brought about by indirect means, and in this artful manner? Alas! who is it that I would impose on? From whom can it be, in this commerce, that I desire to hide any thing? When, as my Saviour commands me, I have 'entered into my closet, and shut my door,' there are but two parties privy to my devotions, God and my own heart: which of the two am I deceiving?"

He wished to have more books, and, upon inquiring if there were any in the house, was told that a waiter had some, which were brought to him; but I recollect none of them, except Hervey's Meditations. He thought slightingly of this admired book. He treated it with ridicule, and would not allow even the scene of the dying husband and father to be pathetick. I am not an impartial judge; for Hervey's Meditations engaged my affections in my early years. He read a passage concerning the moon, ludicrously, and showed how easily he could, in the same style, make reflections on that planet, the very reverse of Hervey's, representing her as treacherous to mankind. He did this with much humour; but I have not preserved the particulars. He then indulged a playful fancy, in making a Meditation on a Pudding, of which I hastily wrote down, in his presence, the following note; which, though imperfect, may serve to give my readers some idea of it.

"MEDITATION ON A PUDDING.

"Let us seriously reflect of what a pudding is composed. It is composed of flour that once waved in the golden grain, and drank the dews of the morning; of milk pressed from the

swelling udder by the gentle hand of the beauteous milk-maid, whose beauty and innocence might have recommended a worse draught; who, while she stroked the udder, indulged no ambitious thoughts of wandering in palaces, formed no plans for the destruction of her fellow-creatures: milk, which is drawn from the cow, that useful animal, that eats the grass of the field, and supplies us with that which made the greatest part of the food of mankind in the age which the poets have agreed to call golden. It is made with an egg, that miracle of nature, which the theoretical Burnet has compared to creation. An egg contains water within its beautiful smooth surface; and an unformed mass, by the incubation of the parent, becomes a regular animal, furnished with bones and sinews, and covered with feathers. Let us consider: can there be more wanting to complete the meditation on a pudding? If more is wanting, more may be found. It contains salt, which keeps the sea from putrefaction: salt, which is made the image of intellectual excellence, contributes to the formation of a pudding." Tour to Hebrid.

In a Magazine I found a saying of Dr. Johnson's, something to this purpose; that the happiest part of a man's life is what he passes lying awake in bed in the morning. I read it to him. He said, "I may, perhaps, have said this; for nobody, at times, talks more laxly than I do." I ventured to suggest to him, that this was dangerous from one of his authority.

I spoke of living in the country, and upon what footing one should be with neighbours. I observed that some people were afraid of being on too easy a footing with them, from an apprehension that their time would not be their own. He made the obvious remark, that it depended much on what kind of neighbours one has, whether it was desirable to be on an easy footing with them or not. I mentioned a certain baronet, who told me he never was happy in the country, till he was not on speaking terms with his neighbours, which he contrived in different ways to bring about. "Lord ———," said he, "stuck along; but at last the fellow pounded my

Tour to Hebrid. pigs, and then I got rid of him." JOHNSON. "Nay, sir, my lord got rid of Sir John, and showed how little he valued him, by putting his pigs in the pound."

I told Dr. Johnson I was in some difficulty how to act at Inverary. I had reason to think that the Duchess of Argyle disliked me, on account of my zeal in the Douglas cause [1]; but the Duke of Argyle [2] had always been pleased to treat me with great civility. They were now at the castle, which is a very short walk from our inn; and the question was, whether I should go and pay my respects there. Dr. Johnson, to whom I had stated the case, was clear that I ought; but, in his usual way, he was very shy of discovering a desire to be invited there himself. Though from a conviction of the benefit of subordination to society, he has always shown great respect to persons of high rank, when he happened to be in their company, yet his pride of character has ever made him guard against any appearance of courting the great. Besides, he was impatient to go to Glasgow, where he expected letters. At the same time he was, I believe, secretly not unwilling to have attention paid him by so great a chieftain, and so exalted a nobleman. He insisted that I should not go to the castle this day before dinner, as it would look like seeking an invitation. "But," said I, "if the duke invites us to dine with him to-morrow, shall we accept?" "Yes, sir," I think he said, "to be

[1] [Elizabeth Gunning, celebrated (like her sister, Lady Coventry) for her personal charms, had been previously Duchess of Hamilton, and was mother of Douglas, Duke of Hamilton, the competitor for the Douglas property with the late Lord Douglas: she was, of course, prejudiced against Boswell, who had shown all the bustling importance of his character in the Douglas cause, and it was said, I know not on what authority, that he headed the mob which broke the windows of some of the judges, and of Lord Auchinleck, his father, in particular.—WALTER SCOTT.]

[2] [John, 5th Duke of Argyll, who died in 1806, ætat. 83, the senior officer of the British army.—ED.]

sure." But he added, "He won't ask us!" I mentioned, that I was afraid my company might be disagreeable to the duchess. He treated this objection with a manly disdain: "*That*, sir, he must settle with his wife." We dined well. I went to the castle just about the time when I supposed the ladies would be retired from dinner. I sent in my name; and, being shown in, found the amiable duke sitting at the head of his table with several gentlemen. I was most politely received, and gave his grace some particulars of the curious journey which I had been making with Dr. Johnson. When we rose from table, the duke said to me, "I hope you and Dr. Johnson will dine with us to-morrow." I thanked his grace; but told him, my friend was in a great hurry to get back to London. The duke, with a kind complacency, said, "He will stay one day; and I will take care he shall see this place to advantage." I said, I should be sure to let him know his grace's invitation. As I was going away, the duke said, "Mr. Boswell, won't you have some tea?" I thought it best to get over the meeting with the duchess this night; so respectfully agreed. I was conducted to the drawing-room by the duke, who announced my name; but the duchess, who was sitting with her daughter, Lady Betty Hamilton[1], and some other ladies, took not the least notice of me. I should have been mortified at being thus coldly received by a lady of whom I, with the rest of the world, have always entertained a very high admiration, had I not been consoled by the obliging attention of the duke. Tour to Hebrid.

When I returned to the inn, I informed Dr. Johnson of the Duke of Argyle's invitation, with which he was much pleased, and readily accepted of it.

[1] [Afterwards Countess of Derby.—Ed.]

Tour to Hebrid.

We talked of a violent contest which was then carrying on, with a view to the next general election for Ayrshire; where one of the candidates, in order to undermine the old and established interest, had artfully held himself out as a champion for the independency of the county against aristocratick influence, and had persuaded several gentlemen into a resolution to oppose every candidate who was supported by peers. "Foolish fellows!" said Dr. Johnson, "don't they see that they are as much dependent upon the peers one way as the other. The peers have but to oppose a candidate, to ensure him success. It is said, the only way to make a pig go forward is to pull him back by the tail. These people must be treated like pigs."

Monday, 25th October.—My acquaintance, the Rev. Mr. John M'Aulay, one of the ministers of Inverary, and brother to our good friend at Calder, came to us this morning, and accompanied us to the castle, where I presented Dr. Johnson to the Duke of Argyle. We were shown through the house; and I never shall forget the impression made upon my fancy by some of the ladies' maids tripping about in neat morning dresses. After seeing for a long time little but rusticity, their lively manner, and gay inviting appearance, pleased me so much, that I thought, for the moment, I could have been a knight-errant for them[1].

We then got into a low one-horse chair, ordered for us by the duke, in which we drove about the place. Dr. Johnson was much struck by the grandeur and elegance of this princely seat. He thought, however, the castle too low, and wished it had been

[1] On reflection, at the distance of several years, I wonder that my venerable fellow-traveller should have read this passage without censuring my levity.—BOSWELL.

a story higher. He said, "What I admire here, is the total defiance of expense." I had a particular pride in showing him a great number of fine old trees, to compensate for the nakedness which had made such an impression on him on the eastern coast of Scotland. Tour to Hebrid.

When we came in, before dinner, we found the duke and some gentlemen in the hall. Dr. Johnson took much notice of the large collection of arms, which are excellently disposed there. I told what he had said to Sir Alexander M'Donald, of his ancestors not suffering their arms to rust. "Well," said the doctor, "but let us be glad we live in times when arms *may* rust. We can sit to-day at his grace's table, without any risk of being attacked, and perhaps sitting down again wounded or maimed." The duke placed Dr. Johnson next himself at table. I was in fine spirits; and though sensible that I had the misfortune of not being in favour with the duchess, I was not in the least disconcerted, and offered her grace some of the dish that was before me. It must be owned that I was in the right to be quite unconcerned, if I could. I was the Duke of Argyle's guest; and I had no reason to suppose that he adopted the prejudices and resentments of the Duchess of Hamilton.

I knew it was the rule of modern high life not to drink to any body; but, that I might have the satisfaction for once to look the duchess in the face, with a glass in my hand, I with a respectful air addressed her, "My Lady Duchess, I have the honour to drink your grace's good health." I repeated the words audibly, and with a steady countenance. This was, perhaps, rather too much; but some allowance must be made for human feelings.

The duchess was very attentive to Dr. Johnson.

Tour to Hebrid.

I know not how a *middle state* came to be mentioned. Her grace wished to hear him on that point. "Madam," said he, "your own relation, Mr. Archibald Campbell, can tell you better about it than I can. He was a bishop of the nonjuring communion, and wrote a book upon the subject [1]." He engaged to get it for her grace. He afterwards gave a full history of Mr. Archibald Campbell, which I am sorry I do not recollect particularly. He said, Mr. Campbell had been bred a violent whig, but afterwards "kept *better company*, and became a tory." He said this with a smile, in pleasant allusion [1], as I thought, to the opposition between his own political principles and those of the duke's clan. He added that Mr. Campbell, after the revolution [2], was thrown into gaol on account of his tenets; but, on application by letter to the old Lord Townshend, was released: that he always spoke of his lordship with great gratitude, saying, "though a *whig*, he had humanity."

Dr. Johnson and I passed some time together, in June, 1784, at Pembroke college, Oxford, with the Rev. Dr. Adams, the master; and I having expressed a regret that my note relative to Mr. Archibald Campbell was imperfect, he was then so good as to write with his own hand, on the blank page of my

[1] As this book is now become very scarce, I shall subjoin the title, which is curious:—"The Doctrines of a Middle State between Death and the Resurrection: Of Prayers for the Dead: And the Necessity of Purification; plainly proved from the holy Scriptures, and the Writings of the Fathers of the Primitive Church: And acknowledged by several learned Fathers and great Divines of the Church of England and others since the Reformation. To which is added, an Appendix concerning the Descent of the Soul of Christ into Hell, while his Body lay in the Grave. Together with the Judgment of the Reverend Dr. Hickes concerning this Book, so far as relates to a Middle State, particular Judgment, and Prayers for the Dead as it appeared in the first Edition. And a Manuscript of the Right Reverend Bishop Overall upon the subject of a Middle State, and never before printed. Also, a Preservative against several of the Errors of the Roman Church, in six small Treatises. By the Honourable Archibald Campbell." Folio, 1721.—BOSWELL.

[2] [There is a slight error here. It was (not after the *revolution* but) after the *accession* of the Hanover family, that *this* transaction occurred. Lord Townshend was not secretary of state till 1720.—ED.]

journal, opposite to that which contains what I have now mentioned, the following paragraph; which, however, is not quite so full as the narrative he gave at Inverary: Tour to Hebrid.

"The Honourable Archibald Campbell was, I believe, the nephew[1] of the Marquis of Argyle. He began life by engaging in Monmouth's rebellion, and, to escape the law, lived some time in Surinam. When he returned, he became zealous for episcopacy and monarchy; and at the revolution adhered not only to the nonjurors, but to those who refused to communicate with the church of England, or to be present at any worship where the usurper was mentioned as king. He was, I believe, more than once apprehended in the reign of King William, and once at the accession of George. He was the familiar friend of Hicks and Nelson; a man of letters, but injudicious; and very curious and inquisitive, but credulous. He lived in 1743, or 44, about seventy-five years old."

The subject of luxury having been introduced, Dr. Johnson defended it. "We have now," said he, "a splendid dinner before us; which of all these dishes is unwholesome?" The duke asserted, that he had observed the grandees of Spain diminished in their size by luxury. Dr. Johnson politely refrained from opposing directly an observation which the duke himself had made; but said, "Man must be very different from other animals, if he is diminished by good living; for the size of all other animals is increased by it." I made some remark that seemed to imply a belief in *second-sight*. The duchess said, "I fancy you will be a *methodist*." This was the only sentence her grace deigned to utter to me; and I take it for granted, she thought it a good hit on my *credulity* in the Douglas cause.

A gentleman in company, after dinner, was desired

[1] [He was the marquis's grandson, son of his second son, Lord Neil Campbell. He was a bishop of the episcopal church in Scotland, and died in London in 1744.—Ed.]

Tour to Hebrid. by the duke to go to another room, for a specimen of curious marble, which his grace wished to show us. He brought a wrong piece, upon which the duke sent him back again. He could not refuse; but, to avoid any appearance of servility, he whistled as he walked out of the room, to show his independency. On my mentioning this afterwards to Dr. Johnson, he said, it was a nice trait of character.

Dr. Johnson talked a great deal, and was so entertaining, that Lady Betty Hamilton, after dinner, went and placed her chair close to his, leaned upon the back of it, and listened eagerly. It would have made a fine picture to have drawn the sage and her at this time in their several attitudes. He did not know, all the while, how much he was honoured. I told him afterwards, I never saw him so gentle and complaisant as this day[1].

We went to tea. The duke and I walked up and down the drawing-room, conversing. The duchess still continued to show the same marked coldness for me; for which, though I suffered from it, I made every allowance, considering the very warm part that I had taken for Douglas, in the cause in which she thought her son deeply interested. Had not her grace discovered some displeasure towards me, I should have suspected her of insensibility or dissimulation.

Her grace made Dr. Johnson come and sit by her, and asked him why he made his journey so late in the year. "Why, madam," said he, "you know Mr. Boswell must attend the court of session, and it does not rise till the twelfth of August." She said, with some sharpness, "I *know nothing* of Mr. Bos-

[1] [Because, perhaps, he had never before seen him in such high company.—Ed.]

well." Poor Lady Lucy Douglas[1], to whom I mentioned this, observed, "She knew *too much* of Mr. Boswell." I shall make no remark on her grace's speech. I indeed felt it as rather too severe; but when I recollected that my punishment was inflicted by so dignified a beauty, I had that kind of consolation which a man would feel who is strangled by a *silken cord.* Dr. Johnson was all attention to her grace. He used afterwards a droll expression, upon her enjoying the three titles of Hamilton, Brandon, and Argyle. Borrowing an image from the Turkish empire, he called her a *duchess* with *three tails.* Tour to Hebrid.

He was much pleased with our visit at the castle of Inverary. The Duke of Argyle was exceedingly polite to him, and, upon his complaining of the shelties which he had hitherto ridden being too small for him, his grace told him he should be provided with a good horse to carry him next day.

Mr. John M'Aulay passed the evening with us at our inn. When Dr. Johnson spoke of people whose principles were good, but whose practice was faulty, Mr. M'Aulay said, he had no notion of people being in earnest in their good professions, whose practice was not suitable to them. The doctor grew warm, and said, "Sir, are you so grossly ignorant of human nature, as not to know that a man may be very sincere in good principles, without having good practice?"

Dr. Johnson was unquestionably in the right; and whoever examines himself candidly will be satisfied of it, though the inconsistency between principles and practice is greater in some men than in others.

I recollect very little of this night's conversation. I am sorry that indolence came upon me towards the

[1] [Lady Lucy Graham, daughter of the second Duke of Montrose, and wife of Mr. Douglas, the successful claimant: she died in 1780, whence Mr. Boswell calls her *poor* Lady Lucy.—Ed.]

Tour to Hebrid. conclusion of our journey, so that I did not write down what passed with the same assiduity as during the greatest part of it.

Tuesday, 26th October.—Mr. M'Aulay breakfasted with us, nothing hurt or dismayed by his last night's correction. Being a man of good sense, he had a just admiration of Dr. Johnson.

Either yesterday morning, or this, I communicated to Dr. Johnson, from Mr. M'Aulay's information, the news that Dr. Beattie had got a pension of two hundred pounds a year. He sat up in his bed, clapped his hands, and cried, "O brave we!"—a peculiar exclamation of his when he rejoices[1].

As we sat over our tea, Mr. Home's tragedy of Douglas was mentioned. I put Dr. Johnson in mind, that once, in a coffee-house at Oxford, he called to old Mr. Sheridan, "How came you, sir, to give Home a gold medal for writing that foolish play?" and defied Mr. Sheridan to show ten good lines in it. He did not insist they should be together; but that there were not ten good lines in the whole play. He now persisted in this. I endeavoured to defend that pathetick and beautiful tragedy, and repeated the following passage:

> ——————————— "Sincerity,
> Thou first of virtues! let no mortal leave
> Thy onward path, although the earth should gape,
> And from the gulf of hell destruction cry,
> To take dissimulation's winding way."

JOHNSON. "That will not do, sir. Nothing is good but what is consistent with truth or probability, which this is not. Juvenal, indeed, gives us a noble picture of inflexible virtue:

[1] Having mentioned, more than once, that my Journal was perused by Dr. Johnson, I think it proper to inform my readers that this is the last paragraph which he read.—BOSWELL.

" Esto bonus miles, tutor bonus, arbiter idem
Integer: ambiguæ si quando citabere testis,
Incertæque rei, Phalaris licet imperet, ut sis
Falsus, et admoto dictet perjuria tauro,
Summum crede nefas animam præferre pudori,
Et propter vitam vivendi perdere causas[1]."

He repeated the lines with great force and dignity; then added, " And, after this, comes Johnny Home, with his *earth gaping*, and his *destruction crying*—pooh[2]!"

While we were lamenting the number of ruined religious buildings which we had lately seen, I spoke with peculiar feeling of the miserable neglect of the chapel belonging to the palace of Holyrood-house, in which are deposited the remains of many of the kings of Scotland, and of many of our nobility. I said it was a disgrace to the country that it was not repaired; and particularly complained that my friend Douglas, the representative of a great house, and proprietor of a vast estate, should suffer the sacred spot where his mother lies interred to be unroofed, and exposed to all the inclemencies of the weather. Dr. Johnson, who, I knew not how, had formed an opinion on the Hamilton side[3], in the Douglas cause, slily answered, " Sir, sir, don't be too severe upon the gentleman; don't accuse him of want of filial piety!

[1] " An honest guardian, arbitrator just,
Be thou; thy station deem a sacred trust.
With thy good sword maintain thy country's cause;
In every action venerate its laws:
The lie suborn'd if falsely urged to swear,
Though torture wait thee, torture firmly bear;
To forfeit honour, think the highest shame,
And life too dearly bought by loss of fame;
Nor, to preserve it, with thy virtue give
That for which only man should wish to live."

For this and the other translations to which no signature is affixed, I am indebted to the friend whose observations are mentioned in the notes, p. 313 and 501.—Boswell. [Probably Dr. Hugh Blair.—Ed.]

[2] I am sorry that I was unlucky in my quotation. But notwithstanding the acuteness of Dr. Johnson's criticism, and the power of his ridicule, the tragedy of Douglas still continues to be generally and deservedly admired.—Boswell.

[3] [See *ante*, vol. ii. p. 219 and 265.—Ed.]

Tour to Hebrid. Lady Jane Douglas was not *his* mother." He roused my zeal so much that I took the liberty to tell him he knew nothing of the cause; which I do most seriously believe was the case.

We were now "in a country of bridles and saddles," and set out fully equipped. The Duke of Argyle was obliging enough to mount Dr. Johnson on a stately steed from his grace's stable. My friend was highly pleased, and Joseph said, "He now looks like a bishop."

We dined at the inn at Tarbat, and at night came to Rosedow, the beautiful seat of Sir James Colquhoun, on the banks of Lochlomond, where I, and any friends whom I have introduced, have ever been received with kind and elegant hospitality.

Wednecday, 27th October.—When I went into Dr. Johnson's room this morning, I observed to him how wonderfully courteous he had been at Inverary, and said, "You were quite a fine gentleman when with the duchess." He answered, in good humour, "Sir, I look upon myself as a very polite man:" and he was right, in a proper manly sense of the word[1]. As an immediate proof of it, let me observe that he would not send back the Duke of Argyle's horse without a letter of thanks, which I copied.

"TO HIS GRACE THE DUKE OF ARGYLE.

"Rosedow, 29th Oct. 1773.

"My lord,—That kindness which disposed your grace to supply me with the horse, which I have now returned, will make you pleased to hear that he has carried me well.

"By my diligence in the little commission with which I was honoured by the duchess, I will endeavour to show how highly I value the favours which I have received, and how much I desire to be thought, my lord, your grace's most obedient and most humble servant, "Sam. Johnson."

[1] [Not to interrupt the narrative of the *Tour*, some elucidations of Johnson's opinion of his own *politeness* are thrown forward to 30th April, 1770.—Ed.]

The duke was so attentive to his respectable guest that, on the same day, he wrote him an answer, which was received at Auchinleck: Tour to Hebrid.

"TO DR. JOHNSON, AUCHINLECK, AYRSHIRE.

"Inverary, 29th Oct. 1773.

"SIR,—I am glad to hear your journey from this place was not unpleasant, in regard to your horse. I wish I could have supplied you with good weather, which I am afraid you felt the want of.

"The Duchess of Argyle desires her compliments to you, and is much obliged to you for remembering her commission. I am, sir, your most obedient humble servant,

"ARGYLE."

I am happy to insert every memorial of the honour done to my great friend. Indeed, I was at all times desirous to preserve the letters which he received from eminent persons, of which, as of all other papers, he was very negligent; and I once proposed to him that they should be committed to my care, as his *custos rotulorum*. I wish he had complied with my request, as by that means many valuable writings might have been preserved that are now lost[1].

After breakfast, Dr. Johnson and I were furnished with a boat, and sailed about upon Lochlomond, and landed on some of the islands which are interspersed. He was much pleased with the scene, which is so well known by the accounts of various travellers, that it is unnecessary for me to attempt any description of it.

I recollect none of his conversation, except that, when talking of dress, he said, "Sir, were I to have

[1] As a remarkable instance of his negligence, I remember some years ago to have found lying loose in his study, and without the cover which contained the address, a letter to him from Lord Thurlow, to whom he had made an application as chancellor, in behalf of a poor literary friend. It was expressed in such terms of respect for Dr. Johnson, that, in my zeal for his reputation, I remonstrated warmly with him on his strange inattention, and obtained his permission to take a copy of it; by which probably it has been preserved, as the original I have reason to suppose is lost.—BOSWELL. [See *post*, 24th Oct. 1780.—ED.]

Tour to Hebrid.

any thing fine, it should be very fine. Were I to wear a ring, it should not be a bauble, but a stone of great value. Were I to wear a laced or embroidered waistcoat, it should be very rich. I had once a very rich laced waistcoat, which I wore the first night of my tragedy."

Lady [1] Helen Colquhoun being a very pious woman, the conversation, after dinner, took a religious turn. Her ladyship defended the presbyterian mode of publick worship; upon which Dr. Johnson delivered those excellent arguments for a form of prayer which he has introduced into his "Journey." I am myself fully convinced that a form of prayer for publick worship is in general most decent and edifying. *Solennia verba* have a kind of prescriptive sanctity, and make a deeper impression on the mind than extemporaneous effusions, in which, as we know not what they are to be, we cannot readily acquiesce. Yet I would allow also of a certain portion of extempore address, as occasion may require. This is the practice of the French protestant churches. And although the office of forming supplications to the throne of Heaven is, in my mind, too great a trust to be indiscriminately committed to the discretion of every minister, I do not mean to deny that sincere devotion may be experienced when joining in prayer with those who use no Liturgy.

We were favoured with Sir James Colquhoun's coach to convey us in the evening to Cameron, the seat of Commissary Smollet [2]. Our satisfaction of

[1] [The Honourable Helen Sutherland, eldest daughter of Lord Strathnaver, who died before his father, the fifteenth Earl of Sutherland. She died in 1791. If Boswell is right in calling her Lady Helen, and as her sister was called Lady Jane Sinclair, they must have had a grant of precedence as earl's daughters.—Ed.]

[2] [Commissary Smollet was the cousin-german of Dr. Smollet: he died without issue; and the family estate would have descended to the doctor had he been alive, but his sister succeeded to it.—Ed.]

finding ourselves again in a comfortable carriage was very great. We had a pleasing conviction of the commodiousness of civilization, and heartily laughed at the ravings of those absurd visionaries who have attempted to persuade us of the superior advantages of a state of nature. Tour to Hebrid.

Mr. Smollet was a man of considerable learning, with abundance of animal spirits; so that he was a very good companion for Dr. Johnson, who said to me, "We have had more solid talk here than at any place where we have been."

I remember Dr. Johnson gave us this evening an able and eloquent discourse on the Origin of Evil, and on the consistency of moral evil with the power and goodness of God. He showed us how it arose from our free agency, an extinction of which would be a still greater evil than any we experience. I know not that he said any thing absolutely new, but he said a great deal wonderfully well: and perceiving us to be delighted and satisfied, he concluded his harangue with an air of benevolent triumph over an objection which has distressed many worthy minds: "This then is the answer to the question, Ποθεν το Κακον[1]?" Mrs. Smollet whispered me, that it was the best sermon she had ever heard. Much do I upbraid myself for having neglected to preserve it.

Thursday, 28th October.—Mr. Smollet pleased Dr. Johnson, by producing a collection of newspapers in the time of the usurpation, from which it appeared that all sorts of crimes were very frequent during that horrible anarchy. By the side of the high road to Glasgow, at some distance from his house, he had erected a pillar to the memory of his ingenious kinsman, Dr. Smollet; and he consulted

[1] [*Whence is evil?*—Ed.]

Tour to Hebrid.

Dr. Johnson as to an inscription for it. Lord Kames, who, though he had a great store of knowledge, with much ingenuity, and uncommon activity of mind, was no profound scholar, had it seems recommended an English inscription. Dr. Johnson treated this with great contempt, saying, "An English inscription would be a disgrace to Dr. Smollet[1];" and, in answer to what Lord Kames had urged, as to the advantage of its being in English, because it would be generally understood, I observed, that all to whom Dr. Smollet's merit could be an object of respect and imitation would understand it as well in Latin; and that surely it was not meant for the Highland drovers, or other such people, who pass and repass that way.

We were then shown a Latin inscription, proposed for this monument. Dr. Johnson sat down with an ardent and liberal earnestness to revise it, and greatly improved it by several additions and variations. I unfortunately did not take a copy of it, as it originally stood; but I have happily preserved every fragment of what Dr. Johnson wrote:

Quisquis ades, viator,
Vel mente felix, vel studiis cultus,
Immorare paululum memoriæ
TOBIÆ SMOLLET, M.D.
Viri iis virtutibus
Quas in homine et cive
Et laudes, et imiteris,
* * * * * *
Postquam mira * * *
Se * * * * * *
* * * * *
Tali tantoque viro, suo patrucli,
* * * * *
Hanc columnam,
Amoris eheu! inane monumentum,

[1] [See *ante*, vol. ii. p. 384, what the Editor has ventured to advance in favour of English inscriptions. How should an English inscription disgrace Dr. Smollet, whose fame is exclusively that of an English writer?—ED.]

In ipsis Leviniæ ripis,
Quas primis infans vagitibus personuit,
Versiculisque jam fere moriturus illustravit,
Ponendam curavit [1]

Tour to Hebrid.

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We had this morning a singular proof of Dr. Johnson's quick and retentive memory. Hay's translation of "Martial" was lying in a window; I said, I thought it was pretty well done, and showed him a particular epigram, I think, of ten, but am certain of eight lines. He read it, and tossed away the book, saying, "No, it is *not* pretty well." As I persisted in my opinion, he said, "Why, sir, the original is

[1] The epitaph which has been inscribed on the pillar erected on the banks of the Leven, in honour of Dr. Smollet, is as follows. The part which was written by Dr. Johnson, it appears, has been altered; whether for the better, the reader will judge. The alterations are distinguished by italicks.

Siste viator!
Si lepores ingeniique venam benignam,
Si morum callidissimum pictorem,
Unquam es miratus,
Immorare paululum memoriæ
TOBIÆ SMOLLET, M.D.
Viri virtutibus *hisce*
Quas in homine et cive
Et laudes et imiteris,
Haud mediocriter ornati:
Qui in literis variis versatus,
Postquam felicitate *sibi propria*
Sese posteris commendaverat,
Morte acerba raptus
Anno ætatis 51.
Eheu! quam procul a patria!
Prope Liburni portum in Italia,
Jacet sepultus.
Tali tantoque viro, patrueli suo,
Cui in decursu lampada
Se potius tradidisse decuit,
Hanc Columnam,
Amoris, eheu! inane monumentum,
In ipsis Leviniæ ripis,
Quas *versiculis sub exitu vitæ illustratus*
Primis infans vagitibus personuit,
Ponendam curavit
JACOBUS SMOLLET de Bonhill.
Abi et reminiscere,
Hoc quidem honore,
Non modo defuncti memoriæ,
Verum etiam exemplo, prospectum esse;
Aliis enim, si modo digni sint,
Idem erit virtutis præmium!

Tour to Hebrid. thus," and he repeated it, "and this man's translation is thus," and then he repeated that also, exactly, though he had never seen it before, and read it over only once, and that, too, without any intention of getting it by heart.

Here a post-chaise, which I had ordered from Glasgow, came for us, and we drove on in high spirits. We stopped at Dunbarton, and though the approach to the castle there is very steep, Dr. Johnson ascended it with alacrity, and surveyed all that was to be seen. During the whole of our Tour he showed uncommon spirit, could not bear to be treated like an old or infirm man, and was very unwilling to accept of any assistance, insomuch that, at our landing at Icolmkill, when Sir Allan M'Lean and I submitted to be carried on men's shoulders from the boat to the shore, as it could not be brought quite close to land, he sprang into the sea, and waded vigorously out.

On our arrival at the Saracen's-head inn, at Glasgow, I was made happy by good accounts from home; and Dr. Johnson, who had not received a single letter since we left Aberdeen, found here a great many, the perusal of which entertained him much. He enjoyed in imagination the comforts which we could not now command, and seemed to be in high glee. I remember, he put a leg upon each side of the grate, and said, with a mock solemnity, by way of soliloquy, but loud enough for me to hear it, "Here am I, an *English*man, sitting by a *coal* fire."

Friday, 29th October.—The professors of the university being informed of our arrival, Dr. Stevenson, Dr. Reid, and Mr. Anderson, breakfasted with us. Mr. Anderson accompanied us while Dr. Johnson viewed this beautiful city. He had told me, that

one day in London, when Dr. Adam Smith[1] was boasting of it, he turned to him and said, "Pray, sir, have you ever seen Brentford?" This was surely a strong instance of his impatience, and spirit of contradiction. I put him in mind of it to-day, while he expressed his admiration of the elegant buildings, and whispered him, "Don't you feel some remorse?" Tour to Hebrid.

We were received in the college by a number of the professors, who showed all due respect to Dr. Johnson; and then we paid a visit to the principal, Dr. Leechman[2], at his own house, where Dr. Johnson had the satisfaction of being told that his name had been gratefully celebrated in one of the parochial congregations in the Highlands, as the person to whose influence it was chiefly owing, that the New Testament was allowed to be translated into the Erse language. It seems some political members of the Society in Scotland for propagating Christian Knowledge had opposed this pious undertaking, as tending to preserve the distinction between the Highlanders and Lowlanders. Dr. Johnson wrote a long letter upon the subject to a friend [Mr. Drummond], which being shown to them, made them ashamed, and afraid of being publicly exposed; so they were forced to a

[1] [Mr. Boswell has chosen to omit, for reasons which will be presently obvious, that Johnson and Adam Smith met at Glasgow; but I have been assured by Professor John Miller that they did so, and that Smith, leaving the party in which he had met Johnson, happened to come to another company where Miller was. Knowing that Smith had been in Johnson's society, they were anxious to know what had passed, and the more so as Dr. Smith's temper seemed much ruffled. At first Smith would only answer, "He's a brute—he's a brute;" but on closer examination, it appeared that Johnson no sooner saw Smith than he attacked him for some point of his famous letter on the death of Hume (*ante*, v. ii. p. 267, *n.*) Smith vindicated the truth of his statement. "What did Johnson say?" was the universal inquiry. "Why, he said," replied Smith, with the deepest impression of resentment, "he said, *you lie!*" "And what did you reply?" "I said, you are a son of a ——!" On such terms did these two great moralists meet and part, and such was the classical dialogue between two great teachers of philosophy.—WALTER SCOTT.]

[2] [See *ante*, v. ii. p. 303.—ED.]

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compliance. It is now in my possession, and is, perhaps, one of the best productions of his masterly pen[1].

Professors Reid and Anderson, and the two Messieurs Foulis, the Elzevirs of Glasgow, dined and drank tea with us at our inn, after which the professors went away; and I, having a letter to write, left my fellow-traveller with Messieurs Foulis. Though good and ingenious men, they had that unsettled speculative mode of conversation which is offensive to a man regularly taught at an English school and university. I found that, instead of listening to the dictates of the sage, they had teased him with questions and doubtful disputations. He came in a flutter to me, and desired I might come back again, for he could not bear these men. "O ho! sir," said I, "you are flying to me for refuge!" He never, in any situation, was at a loss for a ready repartee. He answered, with quick vivacity, "It is of two evils choosing the least." I was delighted with this flash bursting from the cloud which hung upon his mind, closed my letter directly, and joined the company.

We supped at professor Anderson's. The general impression upon my memory is, that we had not much conversation at Glasgow, where the professors, like their brethren at Aberdeen, did not venture to expose themselves much to the battery of cannon which they knew might play upon them[2]. Dr. Johnson, who was fully conscious of his own superior powers, afterwards praised principal Robertson for his caution in this respect. He said to me, "Robertson, sir, was in

[1] [Printed *ante*, v. ii. p. 27.—Ed.]

[2] [Boswell himself was callous to the *contacts* of Dr. Johnson; and when telling them, always reminds one of a jockey receiving a kick from the horse which he is showing off to a customer, and is grinning with pain while he is trying to cry out, "pretty rogue—no vice—all fun." To him Johnson's rudeness was only "*pretty Fanny's way.*" Dr. Robertson had a sense of good-breeding which inclined him rather to forego the benefit of Johnson's conversation than awaken his rudeness.—Walter Scott.]

the right. Robertson is a man of eminence, and the head of a college at Edinburgh. He had a character to maintain, and did well not to risk its being lessened." Tour to Hebrid.

Saturday, 30th October.—We set out towards Ayrshire. I sent Joseph on to Loudoun, with a message, that, if the earl was at home, Dr. Johnson and I would have the honour to dine with him. Joseph met us on the road, and reported that the earl "*jumped for joy*," and said, "I shall be very happy to see them." We were received with a most pleasing courtesy by his lordship, and by the countess his mother[1], who, in her ninety-fifth year, had all her faculties quite unimpaired. This was a very cheering sight to Dr. Johnson, who had an extraordinary desire for long life. Her ladyship was sensible and well informed, and had seen a great deal of the world. Her lord had held several high offices, and she was sister to the great Earl of Stair.

I cannot here refrain from paying a just tribute to the character of John Earl of Loudoun[2], who did more service to the county of Ayr in general, as well as to individuals in it, than any man we have ever had. It is painful to think that he met with much ingratitude from persons both in high and low rank: but such was his temper, such his knowledge of "base mankind[3]," that, as if he had expected no other re-

[1] [Lady Margaret Dalrymple, only daughter of John Earl of Stair, married, in 1700, to Hugh, third Earl of Loudoun. She died in 1777, aged *one hundred*. Of this venerable lady, and of the Countess of Eglintoune, whom Johnson visited next day, he thus speaks in his *Journey*: "Length of life is distributed impartially to very different modes of life in very different climates; and the mountains have no greater examples of age and health than the Lowlands, where I was introduced to two ladies of high quality, one of whom (Lady Loudoun), in her ninety-fourth year, presided at her table with the full exercise of all her powers; and the other (Lady Eglintoune) had attained her eighty-fourth year, without any diminution of her vivacity, and little reason to accuse time of depredations on her beauty."—*Works*, v. viii. p. 313.—ED.]

[2] [Fourth Earl, born in 1705, died in 1782. He had considerable military commands, and was the person who brought Johnson's friend, Lord Charles Hay, to a court martial, as we shall see hereafter.—ED.]

[3] The unwilling gratitude of base mankind.—*Pope*.—BOSWELL.

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turn, his mind was never soured, and he retained his good humour and benevolence to the last. The tenderness of his heart was proved in 1745–6, when he had an important command in the Highlands, and behaved with a generous humanity to the unfortunate. I cannot figure a more honest politician; for though his interest in our county was great, and generally successful, he not only did not deceive by fallacious promises, but was anxious that people should not deceive themselves by too sanguine expectations. His kind and dutiful attention to his mother was unremitted. At his house was true hospitality; a plain but a plentiful table; and every guest being left at perfect freedom, felt himself quite easy and happy. While I live, I shall honour the memory of this amiable man.

At night, we advanced a few miles farther, to the house of Mr. Campbell, of Treesbank, who was married to one of my wife's sisters, and were entertained very agreeably by a worthy couple.

Sunday, 31st October.—We reposed here in tranquillity. Dr. Johnson was pleased to find a numerous and excellent collection of books, which had mostly belonged to the Rev. Mr. John Campbell, brother of our host. I was desirous to have procured for my fellow-traveller, to-day, the company of Sir John Cuninghame, of Caprington, whose castle was but two miles from us. He was a very distinguished scholar, was long abroad, and during part of the time lived much with the learned Cuninghame, the opponent of Bentley as a critic upon Horace. He wrote Latin with great elegance, and, what is very remarkable, read Homer and Ariosto through every year. I wrote to him to request he would come to us; but unfortunately he was prevented by indisposition.

Monday, 1st November.—Though Dr. Johnson

was lazy, and averse to move, I insisted that he should go with me, and pay a visit to the Countess of Eglintoune[1], mother of the late and present earl. I assured him he would find himself amply recompensed for the trouble; and he yielded to my solicitations, though with some unwillingness. We were well mounted, and had not many miles to ride. He talked of the attention that is necessary in order to distribute our charity judiciously. "If thoughtlessly done, we may neglect the most deserving objects; and, as every man has but a certain proportion to give, if it is lavished upon those who first present themselves, there may be nothing left for such as have a better claim. A man should first relieve those who are nearly connected with him, by whatever tie; and then, if he has any thing to spare, may extend his bounty to a wider circle." Tour to Hebrid.

As we passed very near the castle of Dundonald, which was one of the many residencies of the kings of Scotland, and in which Robert the Second lived and died, Dr. Johnson wished to survey it particularly. It stands on a beautiful rising ground, which is seen at a great distance on several quarters, and from whence there is an extensive prospect of the rich district of Cuninghame, the western sea, the isle of Arran, and a part of the northern coast of Ireland. It has long been unroofed; and, though of considerable size, we could not, by any power of imagination, figure it as having been a suitable habitation for majesty. Dr. Johnson, to irritate my old Scottish en-

[1] [Susanna, daughter of Sir Alexander Kennedy, of Culzeen, third wife of the ninth Earl of Eglintoune. She was a clever woman, and a patroness of the *Belles Lettres*. Allan Ramsay's *Gentle Shepherd* was dedicated to her in a very fulsome style of panegyric. She died in Ayrshire, in 1780, aged ninety-one. (See *ante*, 30th Oct. n.) The eighth Earl of Eglintoune, the father of her lord, had married, as his second wife, Catherine St. Quentin, the widow of three husbands, and aged above ninety at the time of her last marriage; being, it is presumed, the oldest bride on record.—Ed.]

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thusiasm, was very jocular on the homely accommodation of "King *Bob*," and roared and laughed till the ruins echoed.

Lady Eglintoune, though she was now in her eighty-fifth year, and had lived in the retirement of the country for almost half a century, was still a very agreeable woman. She was of the noble house of Kennedy, and had all the elevation which the consciousness of such birth inspires. Her figure was majestick, her manners high-bred, her reading extensive, and her conversation elegant. She had been the admiration of the gay circles of life, and the patroness of poets. Dr. Johnson was delighted with his reception here. Her principles in church and state were congenial with his. She knew all his merit, and had heard much of him from her son, Earl Alexander [1], who loved to cultivate the acquaintance of men of talents in every department.

All who knew his lordship will allow that his understanding and accomplishments were of no ordinary rate. From the gay habits which he had early acquired, he spent too much of his time with men, and in pursuits far beneath such a mind as his. He afterwards became sensible of it, and turned his thoughts to objects of importance; but was cut off in the prime of his life. I cannot speak but with emotions of the most affectionate regret of one, in whose company many of my early days were passed, and to whose kindness I was much indebted.

Often must I have occasion to upbraid myself that, soon after our return to the main land, I allowed indolence to prevail over me so much as to shrink from the labour of continuing my journal with the same minuteness as before; sheltering myself in the thought

[1] [See *ante*, v. ii. p. 67.—Ed.]

that we had done with the Hebrides; and not considering that Dr. Johnson's *memorabilia* were likely to be more valuable when we were restored to a more polished society. Much has thus been irrecoverably lost. Tour to Hebrid.

In the course of our conversation this day it came out that Lady Eglintoune was married the year before Dr. Johnson was born; upon which she graciously said to him that she might have been his mother, and that she now adopted him; and when we were going away, she embraced him, saying, "My dear son, farewell!" My friend was much pleased with this day's entertainment, and owned that I had done well to force him out.

Tuesday, 2d November.—We were now in a country not only "*of saddles and bridles,*" but of post-chaises; and having ordered one from Kilmarnock, we got to Auchinleck before dinner.

My father was not quite a year and a half older than Dr. Johnson; but his conscientious discharge of his laborious duty as a judge in Scotland, where the law proceedings are almost all in writing,—a severe complaint which ended in his death,—and the loss of my mother[1], a woman of almost unexampled piety and goodness,—had before this time in some degree affected his spirits, and rendered him less disposed to exert his faculties: for he had originally a very strong mind, and cheerful temper. He assured me he never had felt one moment of what is called low spirits, or uneasiness, without a real cause. He had a great many good stories, which he told uncommonly well, and he was remarkable for "humour, *incolumi gravitate,*" as Lord Monboddo used to characterise it. His age, his office, and his cha-

[1] [Euphemia Erskine, of the family of the Earl of Buchan.—Ed.]

Tour to Hebrid. racter, had long given him an acknowledged claim to great attention in whatever company he was; and he could ill brook any diminution of it. He was as sanguine a whig and presbyterian as Dr. Johnson was a tory and church-of-England man: and as he had not much leisure to be informed of Dr. Johnson's great merits by reading his works, he had a partial and unfavourable notion of him, founded on his supposed political tenets; which were so discordant to his own, that, instead of speaking of him with that respect to which he was entitled, he used to call him "a *jacobite fellow.*" Knowing all this, I should not have ventured to bring them together, had not my father, out of kindness to me, desired me to invite Dr. Johnson to his house.

I was very anxious that all should be well; and begged of my friend to avoid three topicks, as to which they differed very widely; whiggism, presbyterianism, and—Sir John Pringle. He said courteously, "I shall certainly not talk on subjects which I am told are disagreeable to a gentleman under whose roof I am; especially, I shall not do so to *your father.*"

Our first day went off very smoothly. It rained, and we could not get out; but my father showed Dr. Johnson his library, which, in curious editions of the Greek and Roman classicks, is, I suppose, not excelled by any private collection in Great Britain. My father had studied at Leyden, and been very intimate with the Gronovii, and other learned men there. He was a sound scholar, and, in particular, had collated manuscripts and different editions of Anacreon, and others of the Greek lyrick poets, with great care; so that my friend and he had much matter for conversation, without touching on the fatal topicks of difference.

Dr. Johnson found here Baxter's "Anacreon," which he told me he had long inquired for in vain, and began to suspect there was no such book. Baxter was the keen antagonist of Barnes. His life is in the "Biographia Britannica." My father has written many notes on this book, and Dr. Johnson and I talked of having it reprinted. Tour to Hebrid.

Wednesday, 3d November.—It rained all day, and gave Dr. Johnson an impression of that incommodiousness of climate in the west, of which he has taken notice in his "Journey;" but, being well accommodated, and furnished with a variety of books, he was not dissatisfied.

Some gentlemen of the neighbourhood came to visit my father; but there was little conversation. One of them asked Dr. Johnson how he liked the Highlands. The question seemed to irritate him, for he answered, "How, sir, can you ask me what obliges me to speak unfavourably of a country where I have been hospitably entertained? Who *can* like the Highlands? I like the inhabitants very well." The gentleman asked no more questions.

Let me now make up for the present neglect, by again gleaning from the past. At Lord Monboddo's, after the conversation upon the decrease of learning in England, his lordship mentioned Hermes by Mr. Harris of Salisbury, as the work of a living author, for whom he had a great respect. Dr. Johnson said nothing at the time; but when we were in our post-chaise, told me, he thought Harris "a coxcomb." This he said of him, not as a man, but as an authour; and I give his opinions of men and books, faithfully, whether they agree with my own, or not. I do admit, that there always appeared to me something of affectation in Mr. Harris's manner of writing; something of a habit of clothing plain thoughts in ana-

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lytick and categorical formality. But all his writings are imbued with learning; and all breathe that philanthropy and amiable disposition, which distinguished him as a man [1].

At another time, during our Tour, he drew the character of a rapacious Highland chief [2] with the strength of Theophrastus or la Bruyere; concluding with these words: "Sir, he has no more the soul of a chief, than an attorney who has twenty houses in a street, and considers how much he can make by them."

He this day, when we were by ourselves, observed, how common it was for people to talk from books; to retail the sentiments of others, and not their own; in short, to converse without any originality of thinking. He was pleased to say, "You and I do not talk from books."

Thursday, 4th November.—I was glad to have at length a very fine day, on which I could show Dr. Johnson the place of my family, which he has honoured with so much attention in his "Journey." He is, however, mistaken in thinking that the Celtick name, Auchinleck, has no relation to the natural appearance of it. I believe every Celtick name of a place will be found very descriptive. Auchinleck does not signify a *stony field*, as he has said, but a *field of flag-stones;* and this place has a number of rocks,

[1] This gentleman, though devoted to the study of grammar and dialecticks, was not so absorbed in it as to be without a sense of pleasantry, or to be offended at his favourite topicks being treated lightly. I one day met him in the street, as I was hastening to the house of lords, and told him, I was sorry I could not stop, being rather too late to attend an appeal of the Duke of Hamilton against Douglas. "I thought," said he, "their contest had been over long ago." I answered, "The contest concerning Douglas's filiation was over long ago; but the contest now is, who shall have the estate." Then assuming the air of "an ancient sage philosopher," I proceeded thus: "Were I to *predicate* concerning him, I should say, the contest formerly was, What *is* he? The contest now is, What *has* he?" "Right," replied Mr. Harris, smiling, "you have done with *quality*, and have got into *quantity*."—BOSWELL. [See *ante*, as to Mr. Harris's learning, v. ii. p. 213.—ED.]

[2] [No doubt Sir Alexander Macdonald.—ED.]

which abound in strata of that kind. The "sullen dignity of the old castle," as he has forcibly expressed it[1], delighted him exceedingly. On one side of the rock on which its ruins stand, runs the river Lugar, which is here of considerable breadth, and is bordered by other high rocks, shaded with wood. On the other side runs a brook, skirted in the same manner, but on a smaller scale. I cannot figure a more romantick scene. Tour to Hebrid.

I felt myself elated here, and expatiated to my illustrious Mentor on the antiquity and honourable alliances of my family, and on the merits of its founder, Thomas Boswell, who was highly favoured by his sovereign, James IV. of Scotland, and fell with him at the battle of Flodden-field; and in the glow of what, I am sensible, will, in a commercial age, be considered as genealogical enthusiasm, did not omit to mention what I was sure my friend would not think lightly of, my relation to the royal personage, whose liberality, on his accession to the throne, had given him comfort and independence. I have, in a former page, acknowledged my pride of ancient blood, in which I was encouraged by Dr. Johnson: my readers therefore will not be surprised at my having indulged it on this occasion.

Not far from the old castle is a spot of consecrated earth, on which may be traced the foundations of an ancient chapel, dedicated to St. Vincent, and where in old times "was the place of graves" for the family. It grieves me to think that the remains of sanctity here, which were considerable, were dragged away,

[1] ["I was less delighted with the elegance of the modern mansion than with the sullen dignity of the old castle: I clambered with Mr. Boswell among the ruins, which afforded striking images of ancient life. Here, in the ages of tumult and rapine, the laird was surprised and killed by the neighbouring chief, who perhaps might have extinguished the family, had he not, in a few days, been seized and hanged, together with his sons, by *Douglas*, who came with his forces to the relief of *Auchinleck*."—*Johnson's Works*, vol. viii. p. 413.—ED.]

Tour to Hebrid. and employed in building a part of the house of Auchinleck, of the middle age; which was the family residence, till my father erected that "elegant modern mansion," of which Dr. Johnson speaks so handsomely. Perhaps this chapel may one day be restored.

Dr. Johnson was pleased when I showed him some venerable old trees, under the shade of which my ancestors had walked. He exhorted me to plant assiduously, as my father had done to a great extent.

As I wandered with my reverend friend in the groves of Auchinleck, I told him, that, if I survived him, it was my intention to erect a monument to him here, among scenes which, in my mind, were all classical; for, in my youth, I had appropriated to them many of the descriptions of the Roman poets. He could not bear to have death presented to him in any shape; for his constitutional melancholy made the king of terrours more frightful. He turned off the subject, saying, "Sir, I hope to see your grandchildren."

This forenoon he observed some cattle without horns, of which he has taken notice in his "Journey," and seems undecided whether they be of a particular race. His doubts appear to have had no foundation; for my respectable neighbour, Mr. Fairlie, who, with all his attention to agriculture, finds time both for the classicks and his friends, assures me they are a distinct species, and that, when any of their calves have horns, a mixture of breed can be traced. In confirmation of his opinion, he pointed out to me the following passage in Tacitus, "*Ne armentis quidem suus honor, aut gloria frontis;*" (De mor. Germ. § 5.) which he wondered had escaped Dr. Johnson.

On the front of the house of Auchinleck is this inscription:

——— "Quod petis, hic est;
Est Ulubris; animus si te non deficit æquus."

It is characteristick of the founder; but the *animus æquus* is, alas! not inheritable, nor the subject of devise. He always talked to me as if it were in a man's own power to attain it; but Dr. Johnson told me that he owned to him, when they were alone, his persuasion that it was in a great measure constitutional, or the effect of causes which do not depend on ourselves, and that Horace boasts too much, when he says, *æquum mi animum ipse parabo.*

Friday, 5th November.—The Reverend Mr. Dun, our parish minister, who had dined with us yesterday, with some other company, insisted that Dr. Johnson and I should dine with him to-day. This gave me an opportunity to show my friend the road to the church, made by my father at a great expense, for above three miles, on his own estate, through a range of well enclosed farms, with a row of trees on each side of it. He called it the *via sacra*, and was very fond of it. Dr. Johnson, though he held notions far distant from those of the presbyterian clergy, yet could associate on good terms with them. He indeed occasionally attacked them. One of them discovered a narrowness of information concerning the dignitaries of the church of England, among whom may be found men of the greatest learning, virtue, and piety, and of a truly apostolic character. He talked before Dr. Johnson of fat bishops and drowsy deans; and, in short, seemed to believe the illiberal and profane scoffings of professed satirists, or vulgar railers. Dr. Johnson was so highly offended, that he said to him, "Sir, you know no more of our church than a Hottentot." I was sorry that he brought this upon himself.

Saturday, 6th November.—I cannot be certain

whether it was on this day, or a former, that Dr. Johnson and my father came in collision. If I recollect right, the contest began while my father was showing him his collection of medals; and Oliver Cromwell's coin unfortunately introduced Charles the First and toryism. They became exceedingly warm and violent, and I was very much distressed by being present at such an altercation between two men, both of whom I reverenced; yet I durst not interfere It would certainly be very unbecoming in me to exhibit my honoured father and my respected friend, as intellectual gladiators, for the entertainment of the publick; and therefore I suppress what would, I dare say, make an interesting scene in this dramatick sketch, this account of the transit of Johnson over the Caledonian hemisphere[1].

[1] [Old Lord Auchinleck was an able lawyer, a good scholar, after the manner of Scotland, and highly valued his own advantages as a man of good estate and ancient family, and, moreover, he was a strict presbyterian and whig of the old Scottish cast. This did not prevent his being a terribly proud aristocrat; and great was the contempt he entertained and expressed for his son James, for the nature of his friendships and the character of the personages of whom he was *engoué* one after another. "There 's nae hope for Jamie, mon," he said to a friend. "Jamie is gaen clean gyte.—What do you think, mon? He 's done wi' Paoli—he 's off wi' the land-louping scoundrel of a Corsican; and whose tail do you think he has pinned himself to now, mon?" Here the old judge summoned up a sneer of most sovereign contempt. "A *dominie*, mon—an auld dominie; he keeped a schule, and cau'd it an acaadamy." Probably if this had been reported to Johnson, he would have felt it more galling, for he never much liked to think of that period of his life: it would have aggravated his dislike of Lord Auchinleck's whiggery and presbyterianism. These the old lord carried to such an unusual height, that once when a countryman came in to state some justice business, and being required to make his oath, declined to do so before his lordship, because he was not a *covenanted* magistrate. "Is that a' your objection, mon?" said the judge; "come your ways in here, and we 'll baith of us tak the solemn league and covenant together." The oath was accordingly agreed and sworn to by both, and I dare say it was the last time it ever received such homage. It may be surmised how far Lord Auchinleck, such as he is here described, was likely to suit a high tory and episcopalian like Johnson. As they approached Auchinleck, Boswell conjured Johnson by all the ties of regard, and in requital of the services he had rendered him upon his tour, that he would spare two subjects in tenderness to his father's prejudices; the first related to Sir John Pringle, president of the royal society, about whom there was then some dispute current; the second concerned the general question of whig and tory. Sir John Pringle, as Boswell says, escaped, but the controversy between tory and covenanter raged with great fury, and ended in Johnson's pressing upon the old judge the question, what good Cromwell, of whom he had said something derogatory, had ever done to his country; when, after being much tortured, Lord Auchinleck at last spoke out,

Yet I think I may, without impropriety, mention one circumstance, as an instance of my father's address. Dr. Johnson challenged him, as he did us all at Talisker, to point out any theological works of merit written by presbyterian ministers in Scotland. My father, whose studies did not lie much in that way, owned to me afterwards, that he was somewhat at a loss how to answer, but that luckily he recollected having read in catalogues the title of Durham on the Galatians; upon which he boldly said, "Pray, sir, have you read Mr. Durham's excellent commentary on the Galatians?" "No, sir," said Dr. Johnson. By this lucky thought my father kept him at bay, and for some time enjoyed his triumph [1], but his antagonist soon made a retort, which I forbear to mention. Tour to Hebrid.

In the course of their altercation, whiggism and presbyterianism, toryism and episcopacy, were terribly buffeted. My worthy hereditary friend, Sir John Pringle, never having been mentioned, happily escaped without a bruise.

My father's opinion of Dr. Johnson may be conjectured from the name he afterwards gave him, which was URSA MAJOR. But it is not true, as has been reported, that it was in consequence of my saying that he was a *constellation* of genius and literature. It was a sly abrupt expression to one of his brethren on the bench of the court of session, in which Dr. Johnson was then standing; but it was not said in his hearing.

Sunday, 7th November.—My father and I went

"God, doctor! he gart kings ken that they had a *lith* in their neck." He taught kings they had a *joint* in their necks. Jamie then set to mediating between his father and the philosopher, and availing himself of the judge's sense of hospitality, which was punctilious, reduced the debate to more order.—WALTER SCOTT.]

[1] [All parties seem to have here been in a happy state of ignorance; for Mr. Chalmers informs me, that there is no such book as Durham "on the *Galatians*," though there is "on the *Revelations*."—ED.]

Tour to Hebrid.

to publick worship in our parish-church, in which I regretted that Dr. Johnson would not join us; for, though we have there no form of prayer, nor magnificent solemnity, yet, as God is worshipped in spirit and in truth, and the same doctrines preached as in the church of England, my friend would certainly have shown more liberality, had he attended. I doubt not, however, but he employed his time in private to very good purpose. His uniform and fervent piety was manifested on many occasions during our tour, which I have not mentioned. His reason for not joining in presbyterian worship has been recorded in a former page[1].

Monday, 8th November.—Notwithstanding the altercation that had passed, my father, who had the dignified courtesy of an old baron, was very civil to Dr. Johnson, and politely attended him to the post-chaise which was to convey us to Edinburgh.

Thus they parted. They are now in another, and a higher state of existence: and as they were both worthy christian men, I trust they have met in happiness. But I must observe, in justice to my friend's political principles, and my own, that they have met in a place where there is no room for *whiggism.*

We came at night to a good inn at Hamilton. I recollect no more.

Tuesday, 9th November.—I wished to have shown Dr. Johnson the Duke of Hamilton's house, commonly called the *palace* of Hamilton, which is close by the town. It is an object which, having been pointed out to me as a splendid edifice, from my earliest years, in travelling between Auchinleck and Edinburgh, has still great grandeur in my imagination. My friend consented to stop, and view the outside of it, but could not be persuaded to go into it.

[1] See *ante*, v. ii. p. 353.—BOSWELL.

We arrived this night at Edinburgh, after an absence of eighty-three days. For five weeks together, of the tempestuous season, there had been no account received of us. I cannot express how happy I was on finding myself again at home. Tour to Hebrid.

Wednesday, 10th November.—Old Mr. Drummond, the bookseller, came to breakfast. Dr. Johnson and he had not met for ten years. There was respect on his side, and kindness on Dr. Johnson's. Soon afterwards Lord Elibank came in, and was much pleased at seeing Dr. Johnson in Scotland. His lordship said, "hardly any thing seemed to him more improbable." Dr. Johnson had a very high opinion of him. Speaking of him to me, he characterised him thus: "Lord Elibank has read a great deal. It is true, I can find in books all that he has read; but he has a great deal of what is in books, proved by the test of real life." Indeed, there have been few men whose conversation discovered more knowledge enlivened by fancy[1]. He published several small pieces of distinguished merit; and has left some in manuscript, in particular an account of the expedition against Carthagena, in which he served as an officer in the army. His writings deserve to be collected. He was the early patron of Dr. Robertson, the historian, and Mr Home, the tragick poet; who, when they were ministers of country parishes, lived near his seat. He told me, "I saw these lads had talents, and they were much with me." I hope they will pay a grateful tribute to his memory.

The morning was chiefly taken up by Dr. Johnson's giving him an account of our Tour. The subject of difference in political principles was introduced.

[1] [Lord Elibank made a happy retort on Dr. Johnson's definition of oats, as the food of horses in England and of men in Scotland: "Yes," said he; "and where else will you see *such horses* and *such* men?"—WALTER SCOTT.]

Tour to Hebrid.

JOHNSON. "It is much increased by opposition. There was a violent whig, with whom I used to contend with great eagerness. After his death I felt my toryism much abated." I suppose he meant Mr. Walmsley of Lichfield[1], whose character he has drawn so well in his life of Edmund Smith.

Mr. Nairne came in, and he and I accompanied Dr. Johnson to Edinburgh castle, which he owned was "a great place." But I must mention, as a striking instance of that spirit of contradiction to which he had a strong propensity, when Lord Elibank was some days after talking of it with the natural elation of a Scotchman, or of any man who is proud of a stately fortress in his own country, Dr. Johnson affected to despise it, observing, that "it would make a good *prison* in ENGLAND."

Lest it should be supposed that I have suppressed one of his sallies against my country, it may not be improper here to correct a mistaken account that has been circulated, as to his conversation this day. It has been said, that being desired to attend to the noble prospect from the Castle-hill, he replied, "Sir, the noblest prospect that a Scotchman ever sees is the high road that leads him to London." This lively sarcasm was thrown out at a tavern in London, in my presence, many years before.

We had with us to-day at dinner, at my house, the Lady Dowager Colvill[2], and Lady Anne Erskine[3], sisters of the Earl of Kelly; the Honourable Archibald Erskine, who has now succeeded to that title[4];

[1] [See *ante*, v. i. p. 445, where reasons are given why it is unlikely that this was Mr. Walmsley.—ED.]

[2] [Lady Elizabeth Erskine, daughter of the fifth Earl of Kellie, widow of Mr. Walter Macfarlane, and wife, by a second marriage, of the fourth Lord Colville: she died in 1794, in her sixtieth year.—ED.]

[3] [Lady Anne, born in 1735; died in 1802, unmarried.—ED.]

[4] [As *seventh* earl; born in 1736: he died in 1797, unmarried.—ED.]

Lord Elibank, the Reverend Dr. Blair, Mr. Tytler, the acute vindicator of Mary, Queen of Scots, and [his son, the advocate[1].] Tour to Hebrid. 1st Ed.

Fingal being talked of, Dr. Johnson, who used to boast that he had, from the first, resisted both Ossian and the giants of Patagonia, averred his positive disbelief of its authenticity. Lord Elibank said, "I am sure it is not M'Pherson's. Mr. Johnson, I keep company a great deal with you; it is known I do. I may borrow from you better things than I can say myself, and give them as my own; but if I should, every body will know whose they are." The doctor was not softened by this compliment. He denied merit to Fingal, supposing it to be the production of a man who has had the advantages that the present age affords; and said, "nothing is more easy than to write enough in that style if once you begin[2]." [Young Mr. Tytler briskly stepped forward, and said, 1st Ed. "Fingal is certainly genuine, for I have heard a great part of it repeated in the original." Dr. Johnson indignantly asked him, "Sir, do you understand the original?" TYTLER. "No, sir." JOHNSON. "Why, then, we see to what *this* testimony comes: thus it is[3]." He afterwards said to me, "Did you observe the wonderful confidence with which young Tytler advanced with his front ready *brazed?*"]

I mentioned this as a remarkable proof how liable

[1] [These are the words of the first edition, in lieu of which, for a reason that will appear presently, Mr. Boswell afterwards substituted the words "some other friends." Young Mr. Tytler, the advocate, became afterwards a lord of session, under the title of Lord Wodehouselie.—ED.]

[2] I desire not to be understood as agreeing *entirely* with the opinions of Dr. Johnson, which I relate without any remark. The many imitations, however, of Fingal, that have been published, confirm this observation in a considerable degree.—BOSWELL.

[3] [In place of this passage of the first edition, Mr. Boswell afterwards substituted the following: "One gentleman in company expressing his opinion 'that Fingal was certainly genuine, for that he had heard a great part of it repeated in the original,'—Dr. Johnson indignantly asked him, whether he understood the original; to which an answer being given in the negative, 'Why, then,' said Dr. Johnson, 'we see to what *this* testimony comes: thus it is.'"—ED.]

Tour to Hebrid.

the mind of man is to credulity, when not guarded by such strict examination as that which Dr. Johnson habitually practised. The talents and integrity of the gentleman who made the remark are unquestionable; yet, had not Dr. Johnson made him advert to the consideration, that he who does not understand a language cannot know that something which is recited to him is in that language, he might have believed, and reported to this hour, that he had "heard a great part of Fingal repeated in the original."

For the satisfaction of those on the north of the Tweed, who may think Dr. Johnson's account of Caledonian credulity and inaccuracy too strong, it is but fair to add, that he admitted the same kind of ready belief might be found in his own country. "He would undertake," he said, "to write an epick poem on the story of Robin Hood, and half England, to whom the names and places he should mention in it are familiar, would believe and declare they had heard it from their earliest years."

One of his objections to the authenticity of Fingal, during the conversation at Ulinish, is omitted in my Journal, but I perfectly recollect it. "Why is not the original deposited in some publick library, instead of exhibiting attestations of its existence? Suppose there were a question in a court of justice, whether a man be dead or alive. You aver he is alive, and you bring fifty witnesses to swear it. I answer, 'Why do you not produce the man?'" This is an argument founded on one of the first principles of the law of evidence, which Gilbert[1] would have held to be irrefragable.

I do not think it incumbent on me to give any precise decided opinion upon this question, as to which I believe more than some, and less than

[1] [Chief Baron Gilbert wrote a treatise on *Evidence*.—Ed.]

others. The subject appears to have now become very uninteresting to the publick. That Fingal is not from beginning to end a translation from the Gaelick, but that *some* passages have been supplied by the editor to connect the whole, I have heard admitted by very warm advocates for its authenticity. If this be the case, why are not these distinctly ascertained? Antiquaries and admirers of the work may complain, that they are in a situation similar to that of the unhappy gentleman whose wife informed him, on her deathbed, that one of their reputed children was not his; and, when he eagerly begged her to declare which of them it was, she answered, "*That* you shall never know;" and expired, leaving him in irremediable doubt as to them all.

I beg leave now to say something upon second-sight, of which I have related two instances, as they impressed my mind at the time[1]. I own, I returned from the Hebrides with a considerable degree of faith in the many stories of that kind which I heard with a too easy acquiescence, without any close examination of the evidence: but, since that time, my belief in those stories has been much weakened, by reflecting on the careless inaccuracy of narrative in common matters, from which we may certainly conclude that there may be the same in what is more extraordinary. It is but just, however, to add, that the belief in second-sight is not peculiar to the Highlands and Isles.

Some years after our Tour, a cause was tried in the court of session, where the principal fact to be ascertained was, whether a ship-master, who used to frequent the Western Highlands and Isles, was

[1] [See Macleod's Memoirs.—Ed.]

Tour to Hebrid.

drowned in one particular year, or in the year after. A great number of witnesses from those parts were examined on each side, and swore directly contrary to each other upon this simple question. One of them, a very respectable chieftain, who told me a story of second-sight, which I have not mentioned, but which I too implicitly believed, had in this case, previous to this publick examination, not only said, but attested under his hand, that he had seen the ship-master in the year subsequent to that in which the court was finally satisfied he was drowned. When interrogated with the strictness of judicial inquiry, and under the awe of an oath, he recollected himself better, and retracted what he had formerly asserted, apologising for his inaccuracy, by telling the judges, "A man will *say* what he will not *swear*." By many he was much censured, and it was maintained that every gentleman would be as attentive to truth without the sanction of an oath as with it. Dr. Johnson, though he himself was distinguished at all times by a scrupulous adherence to truth, controverted this proposition; and, as a proof that this was not, though it ought to be, the case, urged the very different decisions of elections under Mr. Grenville's Act, from those formerly made. "Gentlemen will not pronounce upon oath, what they would have said, and voted in the house, without that sanction."

However difficult it may be for men who believe in preternatural communications, in modern times, to satisfy those who are of a different opinion, they may easily refute the doctrine of their opponents, who impute a belief in second-sight to superstition. To entertain a visionary notion that one sees a distant or future event may be called superstition; but the correspondence of the fact or event with such an

impression on the fancy, though certainly very wonderful, if proved, has no more connexion with superstition than magnetism or electricity. Tour to Hebrid.

After dinner various topicks were discussed; but I recollect only one particular. Dr. Johnson compared the different talents of Garrick and Foote, as companions, and gave Garrick greatly the preference for elegance, though he allowed Foote extraordinary powers of entertainment. He said, "Garrick is restrained by some principle; but Foote has the advantage of an unlimited range. Garrick has some delicacy of feeling; it is possible to put him out; you may get the better of him; but Foote is the most incompressible fellow that I ever knew: when you have driven him into a corner, and think you are sure of him, he runs through between your legs, or jumps over your head, and makes his escape."

Dr. Erskine and Mr. Robert Walker, two very respectable ministers of Edinburgh, supped with us, as did the Reverend Dr. Webster. The conversation turned on the Moravian missions, and on the methodists. Dr. Johnson observed in general, that missionaries were too sanguine in their accounts of their success among savages, and that much of what they tell is not to be believed. He owned that the methodists had done good; had spread religious impressions among the vulgar part of mankind; but, he said, they had great bitterness against other Christians, and that he never could get a methodist to explain in what he excelled others; that it always ended in the indispensable necessity of hearing one of their preachers.

Thursday, 11*th November*.—Principal Robertson came to us as we sat at breakfast; he advanced to Dr. Johnson, repeating a line of Virgil, which I forget. I suppose, either

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Post varios casus, per tot discrimina rerum[1],

or

— multum ille et terris jactatus, et alto[2].

Every body had accosted us with some studied compliment on our return. Dr. Johnson said, "I am really ashamed of the congratulations which we receive. We are addressed as if we had made a voyage to Nova Zembla, and suffered five persecutions in Japan." And he afterwards remarked, that "to see a man come up with a formal air, and a Latin line, when we had no fatigue and no danger, was provoking." I told him, he was not sensible of the danger, having lain under cover in the boat during the storm: he was like the chicken, that hides its head under its wing, and then thinks itself safe.

Lord Elibank came to us, as did Sir William Forbes. The rash attempt in 1745 being mentioned, I observed, that it would make a fine piece of history[3]. Dr. Johnson said it would. Lord Elibank doubted whether any man of this age could give it impartially. JOHNSON. "A man, by talking with those of different sides, who were actors in it, and putting down all that he hears, may in time collect the materials of a good narrative. You are to consider, all history was at first oral. I suppose Voltaire was fifty years in collecting his 'Louis XIV.' which he did in the way that I am proposing." ROBERTSON. "He did so. He lived much with all the great

[1] Through various hazards and events we move.—*Dryden.*—BOSWELL.

[2] Long labours both by sea and land he bore.—*Dryden.*—BOSWELL.

[3] [It were to be wished that the master hand of Sir Walter Scott, which has created a European interest in the details of the Scotch character and manners, should give us a history of the young Pretender's proceedings. Mr. Boswell's notes, the work called "Ascanius," the journals in the Lockhart papers, and the periodical publications of the day, contain a great deal of the prince's personal history; and the archives of the public-offices and the Stuart papers would probably be open to his inquiries. There is perhaps little new to tell, but it might be collected into one view, and the interest heightened by his admirable powers of narration.—ED.]

people who were concerned in that reign, and heard them talk of every thing; and then either took Mr. Boswell's way of writing down what he heard, or, which is as good, preserved it in his memory; for he has a wonderful memory." With the leave, however, of this elegant historian, no man's memory can preserve facts or sayings with such fidelity as may be done by writing them down when they are recent. Dr. Robertson said, "It was now full time to make such a collection as Dr. Johnson suggested; for many of the people who were then in arms were dropping off; and both whigs and jacobites were now come to talk with moderation." Lord Elibank said to him, "Mr. Robertson, the first thing that gave me a high opinion of you was your saying in the Select Society [1], while parties ran high, soon after the year 1745, that you did not think worse of a man's moral character for his having been in rebellion. This was venturing to utter a liberal sentiment, while both sides had a detestation of each other." Tour to Hebrid.

Dr. Johnson observed, that being in rebellion from a notion of another's right was not connected with depravity; and that we had this proof of it, that all mankind applauded the pardoning of rebels; which they would not do in the case of robbers and murderers. He said, with a smile, that "he wondered that the phrase of *unnatural* rebellion should be so much used, for that all rebellion was natural to man."

As I kept no Journal of any thing that passed after this morning, I shall, from memory, group together this and the other days, till that on which

[1] A society for debate in Edinburgh, consisting of the most eminent men.—BOSWELL.

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Dr. Johnson departed for London. They were in all nine days; on which he dined at Lady Colvill's, Lord Hailes's, Sir Adolphus Oughton's, Sir Alexander Dick's, Principal Robertson's, Mr. M'Laurin's, and thrice at Lord Elibank's seat in the country, where we also passed two nights. He supped at the Honourable Alexander Gordon's, now one of our judges, by the title of Lord Rockville; at Mr. Nairne's, now also one of our judges, by the title of Lord Dunsinan; at Dr. Blair's, and Mr. Tytler's; and at my house thrice, one evening with a numerous company, chiefly gentlemen of the law; another with Mr. Menzies of Culdares, and Lord Monboddo, who disengaged himself on purpose to meet him; and the evening on which we returned from Lord Elibank's, he supped with my wife and me by ourselves.

He breakfasted at Dr. Webster's, at old Mr. Drummond's, and at Dr. Blacklock's; and spent one forenoon at my uncle Dr. Boswell's, who showed him his curious museum; and, as he was an elegant scholar, and a physician bred in the school of Boerhaave, Dr. Johnson was pleased with his company.

On the mornings when he breakfasted at my house, he had, from ten o'clock till one or two, a constant levee of various persons, of very different characters and descriptions. I could not attend him, being obliged to be in the court of session; but my wife was so good as to devote the greater part of the morning to the endless task of pouring out tea for my friend and his visitors.

Such was the disposition of his time at Edinburgh. He said one evening to me, in a fit of languor, "Sir, we have been harassed by invitations." I acquiesced. "Ay, sir," he replied; "but how much worse would it have been if we had been neglected?"

From what has been recorded in this Journal, it

may well be supposed that a variety of admirable conversation has been lost, by my neglect to preserve it. I shall endeavour to recollect some of it as well as I can. Tour to Hebrid.

At Lady Colvill's, to whom I am proud to introduce any stranger of eminence, that he may see what dignity and grace is to be found in Scotland, an officer observed that he had heard Lord Mansfield was not a great English lawyer. JOHNSON. "Why, sir, supposing Lord Mansfield not to have the splendid talents which he possesses, he must be a great English lawyer, from having been so long at the bar, and having passed through so many of the great offices of the law. Sir, you may as well maintain that a carrier, who has driven a packhorse between Edinburgh and Berwick for thirty years, does not know the road, as that Lord Mansfield does not know the law of England."

At Mr. Nairne's he drew the character of Richardson, the author of *Clarissa*, with a strong yet delicate pencil. I lament much that I have not preserved it: I only remember that he expressed a high opinion of his talents and virtues; but observed that "his perpetual study was to ward off petty inconveniencies, and procure petty pleasures; that his love of continual superiority was such that he took care to be always surrounded by women, who listened to him implicitly, and did not venture to controvert his opinions[1]; and that his desire of distinction was so great, that he used to give large vails to the Speaker Onslow's servants, that they might treat him with respect."

On the same evening, he would not allow that the private life of a judge, in England, was required to

[1] [See *ante*, vol. i. p. 210.—ED.]

Tour to Hebrid. be so strictly decorous as I supposed. "Why then, sir (said I), according to your account, an English judge may just live like a gentleman." JOHNSON. "Yes, sir,—if he *can* [1]."

At Mr. Tytler's, I happened to tell that one evening, a great many years ago, when Dr. Hugh Blair and I were sitting together in the pit of Drury-lane playhouse, in a wild freak of youthful extravagance, I entertained the audience *prodigiously*, by imitating the lowing of a cow. A little while after I had told this story, I differed from Dr. Johnson, I suppose too confidently, upon some point, which I now forget. He did not spare me. "Nay, sir (said he), if you cannot talk better as a man, I'd have you bellow like a cow [2]."

At Dr. Webster's, he said, that he believed hardly any man died without affectation. This remark appears to me to be well founded, and will account for many of the celebrated deathbed sayings which are recorded.

On one of the evenings at my house, when he told that Lord Lovat boasted to an English nobleman, that, though he had not his wealth, he had two thousand men whom he could at any time call into the field, the Honourable Alexander Gordon observed, that those two thousand men brought him to the block. "True, sir (said Dr. Johnson): but you may just as well argue concerning a man who has fallen

[1] [And yet see (*ante*, v. ii. p. 344) his censure of Lord Monboddo for wearing a round hat in the country.—ED.]

[2] As I have been scrupulously exact in relating anecdotes concerning other persons, I shall not withhold any part of this story, however ludicrous. I was so successful in this boyish frolick, that the universal cry of the galleries was, "*Encore* the cow! *Encore* the cow!" In the pride of my heart I attempted imitations of some other animals, but with very inferior effect. My reverend friend, anxious for my *fame*, with an air of the utmost gravity and earnestness, addressed me thus: "My dear sir, I would *confine* myself to the *cow!*"—BOSWELL. [Blair's advice was expressed more emphatically, and with a peculiar *burr*—"*Stick to the cow*, mon!"—WALTER SCOTT.]

over a precipice to which he has walked too near,— 'His two legs brought him to that,' is he not the better for having two legs?" Tour to Hebrid.

At Dr. Blair's I left him, in order to attend a consultation, during which he and his amiable host were by themselves. I returned to supper, at which were Principal Robertson, Mr. Nairne, and some other gentlemen. Dr. Robertson and Dr. Blair, I remember, talked well upon subordination and government; and, as my friend and I were walking home, he said to me, "Sir, these two doctors are good men, and wise men." I begged of Dr. Blair to recollect what he could of the long conversation that passed between Dr. Johnson and him alone, this evening, and he obligingly wrote to me as follows:

"3d March, 1785.

"DEAR SIR,—As so many years have intervened since I chanced to have that conversation with Dr. Johnson in my house to which you refer, I have forgotten most of what then passed; but remember that I was both instructed and entertained by it. Among other subjects, the discourse happening to turn on modern Latin poets, the doctor expressed a very favourable opinion of Buchanan, and instantly repeated, from beginning to end, an ode of his, entitled *Calendæ Maiæ* (the eleventh in his *Miscellaneorum Liber*), beginning with these words, '*Salvete sacris aeliciis sacræ*,' with which I had formerly been unacquainted; but upon perusing it, the praise which he bestowed upon it, as one of the happiest of Buchanan's poetical compositions, appeared to me very just. He also repeated to me a Latin ode he had composed in one of the western islands, from which he had lately returned. We had much discourse concerning his excursion to those islands, with which he expressed himself as having been highly pleased; talked in a favourable manner of the hospitality of the inhabitants; and particularly spoke much of his happiness in having you for his companion; and said that the longer he knew you, he loved and esteemed you the more. This conversation passed in the interval between tea and supper, when we were by ourselves. You, and the rest of the company who were with us at supper, have often taken notice that he was uncommonly bland and gay

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that evening, and gave much pleasure to all who were present. This is all that I can recollect distinctly of that long conversation. Yours sincerely, "HUGH BLAIR."

At Lord Hailes's we spent a most agreeable day; but again I must lament that I was so indolent as to let almost all that passed evaporate into oblivion. Dr. Johnson observed there, that "it is wonderful how ignorant many officers of the army are, considering how much leisure they have for study, and the acquisition of knowledge." I hope he was mistaken; for he maintained that many of them were ignorant of things belonging immediately to their own profession; "for instance, many cannot tell how far a musket will carry a bullet;" in proof of which, I suppose, he mentioned some particular person, for Lord Hailes, from whom I solicited what he could recollect of that day, writes to me as follows:

"As to Dr. Johnson's observation about the ignorance of officers, in the length that a musket will carry, my brother, Colonel Dalrymple, was present, and he thought that the doctor was either mistaken, by putting the question wrong, or that he had conversed on the subject with some person out of service.

"Was it upon that occasion that he expressed no curiosity to see the room at Dumfermline where Charles I. was born? 'I know that he was born (said he); no matter where.' Did he envy us the birthplace of the king?"

Near the end of his "Journey," Dr. Johnson has given liberal praise to Mr. Braidwood's academy for the deaf and dumb. When he visited it, a circumstance occurred which was truly characteristical of our great lexicographer. "Pray," said he, "can they pronounce any *long* words?" Mr. Braidwood informed him they could. Upon which Dr. Johnson wrote one of his *sequipedalia verba*, which was pronounced by the scholars, and he was satisfied. My

readers may perhaps wish to know what the word was; but I cannot gratify their curiosity. Mr. Braidwood told me it remained long in his school, but had been lost before I made my inquiry [1]. Tour to Hebrid.

Dr. Johnson one day visited the court of session. He thought the mode of pleading there too vehement, and too much addressed to the passions of the judges. "This," said he, "is not the Areopagus."

At old Mr. Drummond's, Sir John Dalrymple quaintly said, the two noblest animals in the world were a Scotch Highlander and an English sailor. "Why, sir," said Dr. Johnson, "I shall say nothing as to the Scotch Highlander; but as to the English sailor, I cannot agree with you." Sir John said he was generous in giving away his money. JOHNSON. "Sir, he throws away his money, without thought, and without merit. I do not call a tree generous, that sheds its fruit at every breeze." Sir John having affected to complain of the attacks made upon his "Memoirs," Dr. Johnson said, "Nay, sir, do not complain. It is advantageous to an authour, that his book should be attacked as well as praised. Fame is a shuttlecock. If it be struck only at one end of the room, it will soon fall to the ground. To keep it up, it must be struck at both ends." Often have I reflected on this since; and, instead of being angry at many of those who have written against me, have smiled to think that they were unintentionally subservient to my fame, by using a battledoor to make me *virum volitare per ora*.

[1] [One of the best critics of our age "does not wish to prevent the admirers of the incorrect and nerveless style, which generally prevailed for a century before Dr. Johnson's energetic writings were known, from enjoying the laugh that this story may produce, in which he is very ready to join them." He, however, requests me to observe, that "my friend very properly chose a *long* word on this occasion, not, it is believed, from any predilection for polysyllables (though he certainly had a due respect for them), but in order to put Mr. Braidwood's skill to the strictest test, and to try the efficacy of his instruction by the most difficult exertion of the organs of his pupils."—BOSWELL. [The *critic* was probably Dr. Blair.—WALTER SCOTT.

Tour to Hebrid.

At Sir Alexander Dick's, from that absence of mind to which every man is at times subject, I told, in a blundering manner, Lady Eglintoune's complimentary adoption of Dr. Johnson as her son; for I unfortunately stated that her ladyship adopted him as her son, in consequence of her having been married the year *after* he was born. Dr. Johnson instantly corrected me. "Sir, don't you perceive that you are defaming the countess? For, supposing me to be her son, and that she was not married till the year after my birth, I must have been her *natural* son." A young lady[1] of quality, who was present, very handsomely said, "Might not the son have justified the fault?" My friend was much flattered by this compliment, which he never forgot. When in more than ordinary spirits, and talking of his journey in Scotland, he has called to me, "Boswell, what was it that the young lady of quality said of me at Sir Alexander Dick's?" Nobody will doubt that I was happy in repeating it.

My illustrious friend, being now desirous to be again in the great theatre of life and animated exertion, took a place in the coach, which was to set out for London on Monday the 22d of November. Sir John Dalrymple pressed him to come on the Saturday before, to his house at Cranston, which being twelve miles from Edinburgh, upon the middle road to Newcastle (Dr. Johnson had come to Edinburgh by Berwick, and along the naked coast), it would make his journey easier, as the coach would take him up at a more seasonable hour than that at which it sets out. Sir John, I perceived, was ambitious of having such a guest; but as I was well assured, that at this very time he had joined with some of his prejudiced coun-

[1] [Probably one of the Ladies Lindsay, daughters of the Earl of Balcarres.—WALTER SCOTT.]

trymen in railing at Dr. Johnson, and had said, he wondered how any gentleman of Scotland could keep company with him, I thought he did not deserve the honour; yet, as it might be a convenience to Dr. Johnson, I contrived that he should accept the invitation, and engaged to conduct him. I resolved that, on our way to Sir John's, we should make a little circuit by Roslin Castle and Hawthornden, and wished to set out soon after breakfast; but young Mr. Tytler came to show Dr. Johnson some essays which he had written; and my great friend, who was exceedingly obliging when thus consulted, was detained so long that it was, I believe, one o'clock before we got into our post-chaise. I found that we should be too late for dinner at Sir John Dalrymple's, to which we were engaged; but I would by no means lose the pleasure of seeing my friend at Hawthornden,—of seeing *Sam Johnson* at the very spot where *Ben Jonson* visited the learned and poetical Drummond. Tour to Hebrid.

We surveyed Roslin Castle, the romantic scene around it, and the beautiful Gothick chapel, and dined and drank tea at the inn; after which we proceeded to Hawthornden, and viewed the caves; and I all the while had *Rare Ben* in my mind, and was pleased to think that this place was now visited by another celebrated wit of England.

By this time "the waning night was growing old," and we were yet several miles from Sir John Dalrymple's. Dr. Johnson did not seem much troubled at our having treated the baronet with so little attention to politeness; but when I talked of the grievous disappointment it must have been to him that we did not come to the *feast* that he had prepared for us (for he told us he had killed a seven-year-old sheep on purpose), my friend got into a merry mood, and jocularly said, "I dare say, sir, he has been very sadly

Tour to Hebrid. distressed; nay, we do not know but the consequence may have been fatal. Let me try to describe his situation in his own historical style. I have as good a right to make him think and talk, as he has to tell us how people thought and talked a hundred years ago, of which he has no evidence. All history, so far as it is not supported by contemporary evidence, is romance.—Stay now—let us consider!" He then (heartily laughing all the while) proceeded in his imitation, I am sure to the following effect, though now, at the distance of almost twelve years, I cannot pretend to recollect all the precise words.

"Dinner being ready, he wondered that his guests were not yet come. His wonder was soon succeeded by impatience. He walked about the room in anxious agitation; sometimes he looked at his watch, sometimes he looked out at the window with an eager gaze of expectation, and revolved in his mind the various accidents of human life. His family beheld him with mute concern. 'Surely,' said he, with a sigh, 'they will not fail me.' The mind of man can bear a certain pressure; but there is a point when it can bear no more. A rope was in his view, and he died a Roman death [1]."

It was very late before we reached the seat of Sir John Dalrymple [2], who, certainly with some reason, was not in very good humour. Our conversation was not brilliant. We supped, and went to bed in ancient rooms, which would have better suited the climate of Italy in summer, than that of Scotland in the month of November.

I recollect no conversation of the next day worth

[1] "Essex was at that time confined to the same chamber of the Tower from which his father Lord Capel had been led to death, and in which his wife's grandfather had inflicted a voluntary death upon himself. When he saw his friend carried to what he reckoned certain fate, their common enemies enjoying the spectacle, and reflected that it was he who had forced Lord Howard upon the confidence of Russell, he retired, and, by a *Roman death*, put an end to his misery."—*Dalrymple's Memoirs of Great Britain and Ireland*, vol. i. p. 36.

[2] [They seem to have behaved to Sir John Dalrymple with wanton incivility. —Ed.]

preserving, except one saying of Dr. Johnson, which will be a valuable text for many decent old dowagers, and other good company, in various circles to descant upon. He said, "I am sorry I have not learnt to play at cards. It is very useful in life: it generates kindness, and consolidates society[1]." He certainly could not mean deep play. Tour to Hebrid.

My friend and I thought we should be more comfortable at the inn at Blackshields, two miles farther on. We therefore went thither in the evening, and he was very entertaining; but I have preserved nothing but the pleasing remembrance, and his verses on George the Second and Cibber, and his epitaph on Parnell, which he was then so good as to dictate to me. We breakfasted together next morning, and then the coach came, and took him up. He had, as one of his companions in it, as far as Newcastle, the worthy and ingenious Dr. Hope, botanical professor at Edinburgh. Both Dr. Johnson and he used to speak of their good fortune in thus accidentally meeting; for they had much instructive conversation, which is always a most valuable enjoyment, and, when found where it is not expected, is peculiarly relished.

I have now completed my account of our Tour to the Hebrides. I have brought Dr. Johnson down to Scotland, and seen him into the coach which in a few hours carried him back into England. He said to me often, that the time he spent in this Tour was the pleasantest part of his life, and asked me if I would lose the recollection of it for five hundred pounds. I answered I would not; and he applauded my setting

[1] [The late excellent Doctor Baillie advised a gentleman whose official duties were of a very constant and engrossing nature, and whose health seemed to suffer from over-work, to play at cards in the evening, which would tend, he said, to quiet the mind, and to allay the anxiety created by the business of the day.—Ed.

Tour to Hebrid.

such a value on an accession of new images in my mind.

Had it not been for me, I am persuaded Dr. Johnson never would have undertaken such a journey; and I must be allowed to assume some merit from having been the cause that our language has been enriched with such a book as that which he published on his return; a book which I never read but with the utmost admiration, as I had such opportunities of knowing from what very meagre materials it was composed.

But my praise may be supposed partial; and therefore I shall insert two testimonies, not liable to that objection, both written by gentlemen of Scotland, to whose opinions I am confident the highest respect will be paid, Lord Hailes and Mr. Dempster.

"LORD HAILES TO MR. BOSWELL.

"Newhailes, 6th Feb. 1775.

"SIR,—I have received much pleasure and much instruction from perusing the 'Journey to the Hebrides.'

"I admire the elegance and variety of description, and the lively picture of men and manners. I always approve of the moral, often of the political, reflections. I love the benevolence of the authour.

"They who search for faults may possibly find them in this, as well as in every other work of literature.

"For example, the friends of the old family say that the *era of planting* is placed too late, at the union of the two kingdoms. I am known to be no friend of the old family; yet I would place the era of planting at the restoration; after the murder of Charles I. had been expiated in the anarchy which succeeded it.

"Before the restoration, few trees were planted, unless by the monastick droncs: their successors (and worthy patriots they were), the barons, first cut down the trees, and then sold the estates. The gentleman at St. Andrews, who said that there were but two trees in Fife, ought to have added, that the elms of Balmerino were sold within these twenty years, to make pumps for the fire-engines.

" In J. Major *de Gestis Scotorum*, l. i. c. 2, last edition, there is a singular passage: Tour to Hebrid.

"' Davidi Cranstoneo conterraneo, dum de prima theologiæ licentia foret, duo ei consocii et familiares, et mei cum eo in artibus auditores, scilicet Jacobus Almain Senonensis, et Petrus Bruxcellensis, Prædicatoris ordinis, in Sorbonæ curia die Sorbonico commilitonibus suis publice objecerunt, *quod pane avenaceo plebeii Scoti,* sicut a quodam religioso intellexerant, *vescebantur, ut virum, quem cholericum noverant, honestis salibus tentarent, qui hoc inficiari tanquam patriæ dedecus nisus est.*'

" Pray introduce our countryman, Mr. Licentiate David Cranston, to the acquaintance of Mr. Johnson.

" The syllogism seems to have been this:

They who feed on oatmeal are barbarians;
But the Scots feed on oatmeal:
Ergo—

The licentiate denied the *minor*. I am, sir, your most obedient servant, " DAV. DALRYMPLE."

" MR. DEMPSTER TO MR. BOSWELL, EDINBURGH.

" Dunnichen, 16th February, 1775.

" My DEAR BOSWELL,—I cannot omit a moment to return you my best thanks for the entertainment you have furnished me, my family, and guests, by the perusal of Dr. Johnson's ' Journey to the Western Islands;' and now for my sentiments of it. I was well entertained. His descriptions are accurate and vivid. He carried me on the tour along with him. I am pleased with the justice he has done to your humour and vivacity. ' The noise of the wind being all its own,' is a *bon-mot*, that it would have been a pity to have omitted, and a robbery not to have ascribed to its author [1].

" There is nothing in the book, from beginning to end, that a Scotchman need to take amiss. What he says of the country is true, and his observations on the people are what must naturally occur to a sensible, observing, and reflecting inhabitant of a *convenient* metropolis, where a man on thirty pounds a year may be better accommodated with all the little wants of life than *Col* or Sir Allan. He reasons candidly about the second-sight; but I wish he had inquired more, before he ventured to say he even doubted of the possibility of such an unusual and useless deviation from all the known laws of nature. The notion of the second-sight I consider as a remnant of superstitious ignorance

[1] ["I know not that I ever heard the wind so loud in any other place [as in Col]; and Mr. Boswell observed, that its noise *was all its own*, for there were no trees to increase it."—*Johnson's Journey—Works*, v. viii. p. 365.—ED.]

Tour to Hebrid. and credulity, which a philosopher will set down as such, till the contrary is clearly proved, and then it will be classed among the other certain, though unaccountable parts of our nature, like dreams, and—I do not know what.

"In regard to the language, it has the merit of being all his own. Many words of foreign extraction are used, where, I believe, common ones would do as well, especially on familiar occasions. Yet I believe he could not express himself so forcibly in any other style. I am charmed with his researches concerning the Erse language, and the antiquity of their manuscripts. I am quite convinced; and I shall rank Ossian, and his Fingals and Oscars, amongst the nursery tales, not the true history of our country, in all time to come.

"Upon the whole the book cannot displease, for it has no pretensions. The authour neither says he is a geographer, nor an antiquarian, nor very learned in the History of Scotland, nor a naturalist, nor a fossilist. The manners of the people, and the face of the country, are all he attempts to describe, or seems to have thought of. Much were it to be wished that they who have travelled into more remote, and of course more curious, regions, had all possessed his good sense. Of the state of learning, his observations on Glasgow university show he has formed a very sound judgment. He understands our climate too, and he has accurately observed the changes, however slow and imperceptible to us, which Scotland has undergone, in consequence of the blessings of liberty and internal peace. I could have drawn my pen through the story of the old woman at St. Andrews, being the only silly thing in the book. He has taken the opportunity of ingrafting into the work several good observations, which I dare say he had made upon men and things before he set foot on Scotch ground, by which it is considerably enriched[1]. A long journey, like a tall may-pole, though not very beautiful itself, yet is pretty enough when ornamented with flowers and garlands: it furnishes a sort of cloak-pins for hanging the furniture of your mind upon; and whoever sets out upon a journey, without furnishing his mind previously with much study and useful knowledge, erects a may-pole in December, and puts up very useless cloak-pins.

"I hope the book will induce many of his countrymen to make the same jaunt, and help to intermix the more liberal part

[1] Mr. Orme, one of the ablest historians of this age, is of the same opinion. He said to me, "There are in that book thoughts which, by long revolution in the great mind of Johnson, have been formed and polished—like pebbles rolled in the ocean!"—BOSWELL.

of them still more with us, and perhaps abate somewhat of that virulent antipathy which many of them entertain against the Scotch; who certainly would never have formed those *combinations* which he takes notice of, more than their ancestors, had they not been necessary for their mutual safety, at least for their success, in a country where they are treated as foreigners. They would find us not deficient, at least in point of hospitality, and they would be ashamed ever after to abuse us in the mass. Tour to Hebrid.

"So much for the Tour. I have now, for the first time in my life, passed a winter in the country; and never did three months roll on with more swiftness and satisfaction. I used not only to wonder at, but pity, those whose lot condemned them to winter any where but in either of the capitals. But every place has its charms to a cheerful mind. I am busy planting and taking measures for opening the summer campaign in farming; and I find I have an excellent resource, when revolutions in politicks perhaps, and revolutions of the sun for certain, will make it decent for me to retreat behind the ranks of the more forward in life.

"I am glad to hear the last was a very busy week with you. I see you as counsel in some causes which must have opened a charming field for your humorous vein. As it is more uncommon, so I verily believe it is more useful than the more serious exercise of reason; and, to a man who is to appear in publick, more eclat is to be gained, sometimes more money too, by a *bon-mot*, than a learned speech. It is the fund of natural humour which Lord North possesses, that makes him so much the favourite of the house, and so able, because so amiable, a leader of a party.

"I have now finished *my* Tour of *Seven Pages*. In what remains, I beg leave to offer my compliments, and those of *ma très chere femme*, to you and Mrs. Boswell. Pray unbend the busy brow, and frolick a little in a letter to, my dear Boswell, your affectionate friend, "GEORGE DEMPSTER[1]."

I shall also present the publick with a correspondence with the laird of Rasay, concerning a passage

[1] Every reader will, I am sure, join with me in warm admiration of the truly patriotick writer of this letter. I know not which most to applaud,—that good sense and liberality of mind which could see and admit the defects of his native country, to which no man is a more zealous friend; or that candour which induced him to give just praise to the minister whom he honestly and strenuously opposed.—BOSWELL.

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Tour to Hebrid. in the "Journey to the Western Islands," which shows Dr. Johnson in a very amiable light.

"TO JAMES BOSWELL, ESQ.

"Rasay, 10th April, 1775.

"DEAR SIR,—I take this occasion of returning you my most hearty thanks for the civilities shown to my daughter by you and Mrs. Boswell. Yet, though she has informed me that I am under this obligation, I should very probably have deferred troubling you with making my acknowledgments at present, if I had not seen Dr. Johnson's 'Journey to the Western Isles,' in which he has been pleased to make a very friendly mention of my family, for which I am surely obliged to him, as being more than an equivalent for the reception you and he met with. Yet there is one paragraph I should have been glad he had omitted, which I am sure was owing to misinformation; that is, that I had acknowledged Macleod to be my chief, though my ancestors disputed the pre-eminence for a long tract of time.

"I never had occasion to enter seriously on this argument with the present laird or his grandfather, nor could I have any temptation to such a renunciation from either of them. I acknowledge the benefit of being chief of a clan is in our days of very little significancy, and to trace out the progress of this honour to the founder of a family, of any standing, would perhaps be a matter of some difficulty.

"The true state of the present case is this: the M'Leod family consists of two different branches; the M'Leods of Lewis, of which I am descended, and the M'Leods of Harris. And though the former have lost a very extensive estate by forfeiture in King James the Sixth's time, there are still several respectable families of it existing, who would justly blame me for such an unmeaning cession, when they all acknowledge me head of that family; which, though in fact it be but an ideal point of honour, is not hitherto so far disregarded in our country, but it would determine some of my friends to look on me as a much smaller man than either they or myself judge me at present to be. I will, therefore, ask it as a favour of you to acquaint the Doctor with the difficulty he has brought me to. In travelling among rival clans, such a silly tale as this might easily be whispered into the ear of a passing stranger; but as it has no foundation in fact, I hope the Doctor will be so good as to take his

own way in undeceiving the publick—I principally mean my friends and connexions, who will be first angry at me, and next sorry to find such an instance of my littleness recorded in a book which has a very fair chance of being much read. I expect you will let me know what he will write you in return, and we here beg to make offer to you and Mrs. Boswell of our most respectful compliments.—I am, dear sir, your most obedient humble servant, "JOHN M'LEOD." Tour to Hebrid.

"TO THE LAIRD OF RASAY.

"London, 8th May, 1775.

"DEAR SIR,—The day before yesterday I had the honour to receive your letter, and I immediately communicated it to Dr. Johnson. He said he loved your spirit, and was exceedingly sorry that he had been the cause of the smallest uneasiness to you. There is not a more candid man in the world than he is, when properly addressed, as you will see from his letter to you, which I now inclose. He has allowed me to take a copy of it, and he says you may read it to your clan, or publish it, if you please. Be assured, sir, that I shall take care of what he has intrusted to me, which is to have an acknowledgment of his error inserted in the Edinburgh newspapers. You will, I dare say, be fully satisfied with Dr. Johnson's behaviour. He is desirous to know that you are; and therefore when you have read his acknowledgment in the papers, I beg you may write to me; and if you choose it, I am persuaded a letter from you to the Doctor also will be taken kind. I shall be at Edinburgh the week after next.

"Any civilities which my wife and I had in our power to show to your daughter, Miss M'Leod, were due to her own merit, and were well repaid by her agreeable company. But I am sure I should be a very unworthy man if I did not wish to show a grateful sense of the hospitable and genteel manner in which you were pleased to treat me. Be assured, my dear sir, that I shall never forget your goodness, and the happy hours which I spent in Rasay.

"You and Dr. M'Leod were both so obliging as to promise me an account in writing of all the particulars which each of you remember, concerning the transactions of 1745-6. Pray do not forget this, and be as minute and full as you can; put down every thing: I have a great curiosity to know as much as I can, authentically.

"I beg that you may present my best respects to Lady Rasay, my compliments to your young family, and to Dr. M'Leod;

Tour to Hebrid. and my hearty good wishes to Malcolm, with whom I hope again to shake hands cordially.—I have the honour to be, dear sir, your obliged and faithful humble servant,

"JAMES BOSWELL."

ADVERTISEMENT WRITTEN BY DR. JOHNSON,

And inserted by his desire in the Edinburgh newspapers (referred to in the foregoing letter[1]*).*

"The author of the 'Journey to the Western Islands,' having related that the M'Leods of Rasay acknowledge the chieftainship or superiority of the M'Leods of Sky, finds that he has been misinformed or mistaken. He means in a future edition to correct his errour, and wishes to be told of more, if more have been discovered."

Dr. Johnson's letter was as follows:

"TO THE LAIRD OF RASAY.

"London, 6th May, 1775.

"DEAR SIR,—Mr. Boswell has this day shown me a letter, in which you complain of a passage in the 'Journey to the Hebrides.' My meaning is mistaken. I did not intend to say that you had personally made any cession of the rights of your house, or any acknowledgment of the superiority of M'Leod of Dunvegan. I only designed to express what I thought generally admitted—that the house of Rasay allowed the superiority of the house of Dunvegan. Even this I now find to be erroneous, and will therefore omit or retract it in the next edition.

"Though what I had said had been true, if it had been disagreeable to you, I should have wished it unsaid; for it is not my business to adjust precedence. As it is mistaken, I find myself disposed to correct, both by my respect for you, and my reverence for truth.

"As I know not when the book will be reprinted, I have desired Mr. Boswell to anticipate the correction in the Edinburgh papers. This is all that can be done.

"I hope I may now venture to desire that my compliments may be made, and my gratitude expressed, to Lady Rasay, Mr. Malcolm M'Leod, Mr. Donald M'Queen, and all the gentlemen and all the ladies whom I saw in the island of Rasay; a place which I remember with too much pleasure and too much kindness, not to be sorry that my ignorance, or hasty persuasion, should, for a single moment, have violated its tranquillity.

[1] The original MS. is now in my possession.—BOSWELL.

"I beg you all to forgive an undesigned and involuntary injury, and to consider me as, sir, your most obliged and most humble servant, "SAM. JOHNSON[1]." Tour to Hebrid.

It would be improper for me to boast of my own labours; but I cannot refrain from publishing such praise as I received from such a man as Sir William Forbes, of Pitsligo, after the perusal of the original manuscript of my Journal.

"TO JAMES BOSWELL, ESQ.

"Edinburgh, 7th March, 1777.

"MY DEAR SIR,—I ought to have thanked you sooner for your very obliging letter, and for the singular confidence you are pleased to place in me, when you trust me with such a curious and valuable deposit as the papers you have sent me[2]. Be assured I have a due sense of this favour, and shall faithfully and carefully return them to you. You may rely that I shall neither copy any part, nor permit the papers to be seen.

"They contain a curious picture of society, and form a journal on the most instructive plan that can possibly be thought of; for I am not sure that an ordinary observer would become so well acquainted either with Dr. Johnson, or with the manners of the Hebrides, by a personal intercourse, as by a perusal of your Journal.

"I am very truly, dear sir, your most obedient and affectionate humble servant, "WILLIAM FORBES."

When I consider how many of the persons mentioned in this Tour are now gone to "that undiscovered country, from whose bourne no traveller returns," I feel an impression at once awful and tender. —*Requiescant in pace!*

[1] Rasay was highly gratified, and afterwards visited and dined with Dr. Johnson, at his house in London.—BOSWELL.

[2] In justice both to Sir William Forbes and myself, it is proper to mention, that the papers which were submitted to his perusal contained only an account of our Tour from the time that Dr. Johnson and I set out from Edinburgh (p. 46), and consequently did not contain the eulogium on Sir William Forbes, (p. 16), which he never saw till this book appeared in print; nor did he even know, when he wrote the above letter, that this Journal was to be published. —BOSWELL.

Tour to Hebrid.

It may be objected by some persons, as it has been by one of my friends, that he who has the power of thus exhibiting an exact transcript of conversations is not a desirable member of society. I repeat the answer which I made to that friend: "Few, very few, need be afraid that their sayings will be recorded. Can it be imagined that I would take the trouble to gather what grows on every hedge, because I have collected such fruits as the *Nonpareil* and the BON CHRETIEN?"

On the other hand, how useful is such a faculty, if well exercised. To it we owe all those interesting apophthegms and *memorabilia* of the ancients, which Plutarch, Xenophon, and Valerius Maximus, have transmitted to us. To it we owe all those instructive and entertaining collections which the French have made under the title of "Ana," affixed to some celebrated name. To it we owe the "Table-Talk" of Selden, the "Conversation" between Ben Jonson and Drummond of Hawthornden, Spence's "Anecdotes of Pope," and other valuable remains in our own language. How delighted should we have been, if thus introduced into the company of Shakspeare and of Dryden, of whom we know scarcely any thing but their admirable writings! What pleasure would it have given us, to have known their petty habits, their characteristick manners, their modes of composition, and their genuine opinion of preceding writers and of their contemporaries! All these are now irrecoverably lost. Considering how many of the strongest and most brilliant effusions of exalted intellect must have perished, how much is it to be regretted that all men of distinguished wisdom and wit have not been attended by friends, of taste enough to relish, and abilities enough to register their conversation:

Vixere fortes ante Agamemnona
Multi, sed omnes illacrymabiles
Urgentur, ignotique longa
Nocte, carent quia vate sacro.

Tour to Hebrid.

They whose inferior exertions are recorded, as serving to explain or illustrate the sayings of such men, may be proud of being thus associated, and of their names being transmitted to posterity, by being appended to an illustrious character.

Before I conclude, I think it proper to say, that I have suppressed[1] every thing which I thought could really hurt any one now living. Vanity and self-conceit indeed may sometimes suffer. With respect to what is related, I considered it my duty to "extenuate nothing, nor set down ought in malice;" and with those lighter strokes of Dr. Johnson's satire, proceeding from a warmth and quickness of imagination, not from any malevolence of heart, and which, on account of their excellence, could not be omitted,

[1] Having found, on a revision of the first edition of this work, that, notwithstanding my best care, a few observations had escaped me, which arose from the instant impression, the publication of which might perhaps be considered as passing the bounds of a strict decorum, I immediately ordered that they should be omitted in the subsequent editions. I was pleased to find that they did not amount in the whole to a page. If any of the same kind are yet left, it is owing to inadvertence alone, no man being more unwilling to give pain to others than I am.

A contemptible scribbler, of whom I have learned no more than that, after having disgraced and deserted the clerical character, he picks up in London a scanty livelihood by scurrilous lampoons under a feigned name, has impudently and falsely asserted that the passages omitted were *defamatory*, and that the omission was not voluntary, but compulsory. The last insinuation I took the trouble publickly to disprove; yet, like one of Pope's dunces, he persevered in "the lie o'erthrown." As to the charge of defamation, there is an obvious and certain mode of refuting it. Any person who thinks it worth while to compare one edition with the other will find that the passages omitted were not in the least degree of that nature, but exactly such as I have represented them in the former part of this note, the hasty effusion of momentary feelings, which the delicacy of politeness should have suppressed.—Boswell. [The only passages of this kind that the editor has observed are those relating to Sir Alexander Macdonald, *ante*, v. ii. p. 380, and to Mr. Tytler, *ante*, p. 83.—Ed. I believe the scribbler alluded to was William Thompson, author of the "Man in the Moon," and other satirical novels, half clever, half crazy kind of works. He was once a member of the kirk of Scotland, but being deposed by the presbytery of Auchterarder, became an author of all works in London, could seldom finish a work, on whatever subject, without giving a slap by the way to that same presbytery with the unpronounceable name. Boswell's denial of having retracted *upon compulsion* refutes what was said by Peter Pindar and others about "M'Donald's rage."—Walter Scott.]

Tour to Hebrid. I trust that they who are the subject of them have good sense and good temper enough not to be displeased.

I have only to add, that I shall ever reflect with great pleasure on a Tour, which has been the means of preserving so much of the enlightened and instructive conversation of one whose virtues will, I hope, ever be an object of imitation, and whose powers of mind were so extraordinary, that ages may revolve before such a man shall again appear.

His stay in Scotland was from the 18th of August, on which day he arrived, till the 22d of November, when he set out on his return to London; and I believe ninety-four days were never passed by any man in a more vigorous exertion. * * * * *[1].

He saw the four universities of Scotland, its three principal cities, and as much of the Highland and insular life as was sufficient for his philosophical contemplation.

He was respectfully entertained by the great, the

[1] [Here followed in the original text: "He came by the way of Berwick-upon-Tweed to Edinburgh, where he remained a few days, and then went by St. Andrews, Aberdeen, Inverness, and Fort Augustus, to the Hebrides, to visit which was the principal object he had in view. He visited the isles of Sky, Rasay, Col, Mull, Inchkenneth, and Icolmkill. He travelled through Argyleshire by Inverary, and from thence by Lochlomond and Dunbarton to Glasgow, then by Loudon to Auchinleck in Ayrshire, the seat of my family, and then by Hamilton, back to Edinburgh, where he again spent some time. I had the pleasure of accompanying him during the whole of his journey." These sentences, and another subsequent paragraph, are removed from the text, as rendered superfluous by the insertion of the *Tour*, but are preserved in the notes, that the *whole* of Mr. Boswell's original work may be preserved in this edition.—ED.]

The authour was not a small gainer by this extraordinary Journey; for Dr. Johnson thus writes to Mrs. Thrale, 3d Nov. 1773: "Boswell will praise my resolution and perseverance, and I shall in return celebrate his good humour and perpetual cheerfulness. He has better faculties than I had imagined; more justness of discernment, and more fecundity of images. It is very convenient to travel with him; for there is no house where he is not received with kindness and respect."—*Let.* 90, *to Mrs. Thrale.*—MALONE. [The editor asked Lord Stowell in what estimation he found Boswell amongst his countrymen. "Generally liked as a good-natured jolly fellow," replied his lordship. "But was he *respected*?" "Why, I think he had about the proportion of *respect* that you might guess would be shown to a *jolly fellow*." His lordship evidently thought that there was more *regard* than *respect*.—ED.]

learned, and the elegant, wherever he went; nor was he less delighted with the hospitality which he experienced in humbler life[1].

His various adventures, and the force and vivacity of his mind, as exercised during this peregrination, upon innumerable topicks, have been faithfully, and to the best of my abilities, displayed in [the foregoing] "Journal of our Tour," * * * * *[2] which exhibits as striking a view of his powers in conversation, as his works do of his excellence in writing. Nor can I deny to myself the very flattering gratification of inserting here the character which my friend Mr. Courtenay has been pleased to give of that work:

> "With Reynolds' pencil, vivid, bold, and true,
> So fervent Boswell gives him to our view:
> In every trait we see his mind expand;
> The master rises by the pupil's hand:
> We love the writer, praise his happy vein,
> Graced with the naïveté of the sage Montaigne
> Hence not alone are brighter parts display'd,
> But e'en the specks of character pourtray'd:
> We *see* the Rambler with fastidious smile
> Mark the lone tree, and note the heath-clad isle;
> But when th' heroic tale of 'Flora'[3] charms,
> Deck'd in a kilt, he wields a chieftain's arms:
> The tuneful piper sounds a martial strain,
> And Samuel sings, 'The king shall have his *ain*.'"

During his stay at Edinburgh, after his return from the Hebrides, he was at great pains to obtain information concerning Scotland; and it will appear from his subsequent letters, that he was not less solicitous for intelligence on this subject after his return to London.

[1] [He was long remembered amongst the lower orders of Hebrideans by the title of the *Sassenach More*, the *big Englishman*.—WALTER SCOTT.]

[2] [Here followed in the original text, "to the Hebrides, to which, as the public has been pleased to honour it by a very extensive circulation, I beg leave to refer, as to a separate and remarkable portion of his life, which may be there seen in detail, and——"—ED.]

[3] "The celebrated Flora Macdonald."—COURTENAY.

"TO JAMES BOSWELL, ESQ.

"27th Nov. 1773.

"DEAR SIR,—I came home last night, without any incommodity, danger, or weariness, and am ready to begin a new journey. I shall go to Oxford on Monday.[1] I know Mrs. Boswell wished me well to go; her wishes have not been disappointed. Mrs. Williams has received Sir A.'s[2] letter.

"Make my compliments to all those to whom my compliments may be welcome.

"Let the box[3] be sent as soon as it can, and let me know when to expect it.

"Inquire, if you can, the order of the clans: Macdonald is first[4], Maclean second; further I cannot go. Quicken Dr. Webster[5]. I am, sir, yours affectionately,

"SAM. JOHNSON."

"MR. BOSWELL TO DR. JOHNSON.

"Edinburgh, 2d Dec. 1773.

* * * * * *

"You shall have what information I can procure as to the order of the clans. A gentleman of the name of Grant tells

[1] In this he showed a very acute penetration. My wife paid him the most assiduous and respectful attention while he was our guest; so that I wonder how he discovered her wishing for his departure. The truth is, that his irregular hours and uncouth habits, such as turning the candles with their heads downwards, when they did not burn bright enough, and letting the wax drop upon the carpet, could not but be disagreeable to a lady. Besides, she had not that high admiration of him which was felt by most of those who knew him; and what was very natural to a female mind, she thought he had too much influence over her husband. She once, in a little warmth, made, with more point than justice, this remark upon that subject: "I have seen many a bear led by a man; but I never before saw a man led by a bear."—BOSWELL. [The reader will, however, hereafter see that the repetition of this observation as to Mrs. Boswell's feelings towards him was made so frequently and pertinaciously, as is hardly reconcilable with good taste and good manners.—ED.]

[2] Sir Alexander Gordon, one of the professors at Aberdeen.—BOSWELL.

[3] This was a box containing a number of curious things which he had picked up in Scotland, particularly some horn-spoons.—BOSWELL.

[4] [The Macdonalds always laid claim to be placed on the right of the whole clans, and those of that tribe assign the breach of this order at Culloden as one cause of the loss of the day. The Macdonalds, placed on the left wing, refused to charge, and positively left the field unassailed and unbroken. Lord George Murray in vain endeavoured to urge them on by saying that their behaviour would make the left the right, and that he himself would take the name of Macdonald. On this subject there are some curious notices, in a very interesting journal written by one of the *seven men* of Moidart, as they were called—Macdonalds of the Clanronald sept, who were the first who declared for the prince at his landing in their chief's country. It is in the Lockhart papers, vol. ii. p. 510.—WALTER SCOTT.]

[5] The Reverend Dr. Alexander Webster, one of the ministers of Edinburgh, a man of distinguished abilities, who had promised him information concerning the Highlands and Islands of Scotland.—BOSWELL. [See *ante*, vol. ii. p. 286. —ED.]

me that there is no settled order among them; and he says that the Macdonalds were not placed upon the right of the army at Culloden; the Stuarts were. I shall, however, examine witnesses of every name that I can find here. Dr. Webster shall be quickened too. I like your little memorandums; they are symptoms of your being in earnest with your book of northern travels.

"Your box shall be sent next week by sea. You will find in it some pieces of the broom-bush which you saw growing on the old castle of Auchinleck. The wood has a curious appearance when sawn across. You may either have a little writing-standish made of it, or get it formed into boards for a treatise on witchcraft, by way of a suitable binding."

* * * * * *

"MR. BOSWELL TO DR. JOHNSON.

"Edinburgh, 18th Dec. 1773.

* * * * * *

"You promised me an inscription for a print to be taken from an historical picture of Mary Queen of Scots, being forced to resign her crown, which Mr. Hamilton at Rome has painted for me. The two following have been sent to me:

"'*Maria Scotorum Regina meliori seculo digna, jus regium civibus seditiosis invita resignat.*'

"'*Cives seditiosi Mariam Scotorum Reginam sese muneri abdicare invitam cogunt.*'

"Be so good as to read the passage in Robertson, and see if you cannot give me a better inscription. I must have it both in Latin and English; so if you should not give me another Latin one, you will at least choose the best of these two, and send a translation of it."

* * * * * *

His humane forgiving disposition was put to a pretty strong test on his return to London by a liberty which Mr. Thomas Davies had taken with him in his absence, which was, to publish two volumes entitled "Miscellaneous and Fugitive Pieces," which he advertised in the newspapers, "By the Author of the Rambler." In this collection, several of Dr. Johnson's acknowledged writings, several of his anony-

mous performances, and some which he had written for others, were inserted; but there were also some in which he had no concern whatever. He was at first very angry, as he had good reason to be. But, upon consideration of his poor friend's narrow circumstances, and that he had only a little profit in view, and meant no harm, he soon relented, and continued his kindness to him as formerly.

Piozzi, p. 42, 43. [When Mrs. Thrale on this occasion said to him, "How would Pope have raved, had he been served so? 'We should never,' replied he, 'have heard the last on't, to be sure; but then Pope was a narrow man. I will, however,' added he, 'storm and bluster *myself* a little this time;'—so went to London in all the wrath he could muster up. At his return, Mrs. Thrale asked how the affair ended: 'Why,' said he, 'I was a fierce fellow, and pretended to be very angry, and Thomas was a good-natured fellow, and pretended to be very sorry; so *there* the matter ended. I believe the dog loves me dearly. Mr. Thrale, turning round to him, 'what shall you and I do that is good for Tom Davies? We will do something for him, to be sure.'"]

In the course of his self-examination with retrospect to this year, he seems to have been much dejected; for he says, 1st January, 1774:

Prayers & Med. p. 129. "This year has passed with so little improvement, that I doubt whether I have not rather impaired than increased my learning."

And yet we have seen how he *read*, and we know how he *talked* during that period.

["DR. JOHNSON TO MRS. MONTAGU.

"11th Jan. 1774.

"MADAM,—Having committed one fault by inadvertency, I will not commit another by sullenness. When I had the honour of your card, I could not comply with your invitation, and

must now suffer the shame of confessing that the necessity of an answer did not come into my mind.

"This omission, madam, you may easily excuse, as the consciousness of your own character must secure you from suspecting that the favour of your notice can ever miss a suitable return, but from ignorance or thoughtlessness, and to be ignorant of your eminence is not easy, but to him who lives out of the reach of the publick voice.—I am, madam, your most obedient and most humble servant, "SAM. JOHNSON."]

He was now seriously engaged in writing an account of our travels in the Hebrides, in consequence of which I had the pleasure of a more frequent correspondence with him.

"TO JAMES BOSWELL, ESQ.

"29th Jan. 1774.

"DEAR SIR,—My operations have been hindered by a cough; at least I flatter myself, that if my cough had not come, I should have been further advanced. But I have had no intelligence from Dr. Webster, nor from the excise-office, nor from you. No account of the little borough[1]. Nothing of the Erse language. I have yet heard nothing of my box.

"You must make haste and gather me all you can, and do it quickly, or I will and shall do without it.

"Make my compliments to Mrs. Boswell, and tell her that I do not love her the less for wishing me away. I gave her trouble enough, and shall be glad, in recompense, to give her any pleasure.

"I would send some porter into the Hebrides, if I knew which way it could be got to my kind friends there. Inquire, and let me know.

"Make my compliments to all the doctors of Edinburgh, and to all my friends, from one end of Scotland to the other.

"Write to me, and send me what intelligence you can; and if any thing is too bulky for the post, let me have it by the carrier. I do not like trusting winds and waves.—I am, dear sir, your most, &c. "SAM. JOHNSON."

"TO JAMES BOSWELL, ESQ.

"London, 7th Feb. 1774.

"DEAR SIR,—In a day or two after I had written the last discontented letter, I received my box, which was very welcome.

[1] The ancient burgh of Prestick, in Ayrshire.—BOSWELL.

But still I must entreat you to hasten Dr. Webster, and continue to pick up what you can that may be useful.

"Mr. Oglethorpe was with me this morning; you know his errand. He was not unwelcome.

"Tell Mrs. Boswell that my good intentions towards her still continue. I should be glad to do any thing that would either benefit or please her.

"Chambers is not yet gone, but so hurried, or so negligent, or so proud, that I rarely see him. I have indeed, for some weeks past, been very ill of a cold and cough, and have been at Mrs. Thrale's, that I might be taken care of. I am much better: *novæ redeunt in prælia vires*; but I am yet tender, and easily disordered. How happy it was that neither of us were ill in the Hebrides.

"The question of literary property [1] is this day before the lords. Murphy drew up the appellants' case, that is, the plea against the perpetual right. I have not seen it, nor heard the decision. I would not have the right perpetual.

"I will write to you as any thing occurs, and do you send me something about my Scottish friends. I have very great kindness for them. Let me know likewise how fees come in, and when we are to see you.—I am, sir, yours affectionately,

"SAM. JOHNSON."

[1] [The question was not decided till the 22d Feb.; the following summary of this matter is extracted from the "Annual Register" for 1774, pp. 95—6:

"This day came on, in the house of lords, the final determination on the cause of literary property, which rested principally on these three points:

"I. Whether the author of a book, or literary composition, has a common law right to the sole and exclusive publication of such book or literary composition?

"II. Whether an action for a violation of common law right will lie against those persons who publish the book or literary composition of an authour without his consent?

"III. How far the statute of the 8th Queen Anne affects the supposition of a common law right?

"The judges having previously delivered their opinions on these points, Lord Camden rose and spoke very learnedly for near two hours against the literary claimants, and in defence of the statute of Queen Anne, which he said took away any right at common law for an author's exclusively multiplying copies, if any such right existed. The Lord Chancellor spoke for three quarters of an hour to the same effect. The young Lord Lyttelton next rose, and made a short but florid harangue in favour of literary property. The Bishop of Carlisle and Lord Howard of Effingham spoke against it; and the question being put by the Lord Chancellor, whether it was their lordships' pleasure that the decree should be reversed, it was agreed without a division, with costs.

"By the above decision of the important question respecting copyright in books, near 200,000*l.* worth of what was honestly purchased at public sales, and which was yesterday thought property, is now reduced to nothing. The booksellers of London and Westminster, many of whom sold estates and houses to purchase copyright, are in a manner ruined; and those who, after many years' industry, thought they had acquired a competency to provide for their families, now find themselves without a shilling to devise to their successor.

He at this time wrote the following letters to Mr. Steevens, his able associate in editing Shakspeare:

"TO GEORGE STEEVENS, ESQ. HAMPSTEAD.

"7th February, 1774.

"SIR,—If I am asked when I have seen Mr. Steevens, you know what answer I must give; if I am asked when I shall see him, I wish you could tell me what to say.

"If you have 'Lesley's History of Scotland,' or any other book about Scotland, except Boetius and Buchanan, it will be a kindness if you send them to, sir, your humble servant,

"SAM. JOHNSON."

"TO GEORGE STEEVENS, ESQ.

"21st Feb. 1774.

"SIR,—We are thinking to augment our club, and I am desirous of nominating you, if you care to stand the ballot, and can attend on Friday nights at least twice in five weeks: less than this is too little, and rather more will be expected. Be pleased to let me know before Friday. I am, sir, your most, &c.

"SAM. JOHNSON."

"TO GEORGE STEEVENS, ESQ.

"5th March, 1774.

"SIR,—Last night you became a member of the club; if you call on me on Friday, I will introduce you. A gentleman, proposed after you, was rejected.

"I thank you for Neander[1], but wish he were not so fine. I will take care of him. I am, sir, your humble servant,

"SAM. JOHNSON."

"TO JAMES BOSWELL, ESQ.

"5th March, 1774.

"DEAR SIR,—Dr. Webster's informations were much less exact, and much less determinate than I expected: they are,

"The English booksellers have now no other security in future, for any literary purchase they may make, but the statute of the 8th of Queen Anne, which secures to the author's assigns an exclusive property for fourteen years, to revert again to the author, and vest in him for fourteen years more."—ED.]

[1] See the Catalogue of Mr. Steevens's Library, No. 265:—"Neandri (Mich.) Opus aureum, Gr. et Lat. 2 tom. 4to. *corio turcico, foliis deauratis*. Lipsiæ, 1577." This was doubtless the book which appears to have been lent by Mr. Steevens to Dr. Johnson.—MALONE.

indeed, much less positive than, if he can trust his own book[1] which he laid before me, he is able to give. But I believe it will always be found, that he who calls much for information will advance his work but slowly.

"I am, however, obliged to you, dear sir, for your endeavours to help me, and hope, that between us something will some time be done, if not on this on some occasion.

"Chambers is either married, or almost married, to Miss Wilton[2], a girl of sixteen, exquisitely beautiful, whom he has, with his lawyer's tongue, persuaded to take her chance with him in the East.

"We have added to the club, Charles Fox[3], Sir Charles Bunbury, Dr. Fordyce, and Mr. Steevens[4].

"Return my thanks to Dr. Webster. Tell Dr. Robertson I have not much to reply to his censure of my negligence: and tell Dr. Blair, that since he has written hither[5] what I said to him, we must now consider ourselves as even, forgive one another, and begin again. I care not how soon, for he is a very pleasing man. Pay my compliments to all my friends, and remind Lord Elibank of his promise to give me all his works.

"I hope Mrs. Boswell and little Miss are well.—When shall I see them again? She is a sweet lady, only she was so glad to see me go, that I have almost a mind to come again, that she may again have the same pleasure.

"Inquire if it be practicable to send a small present of a cask of porter to Dunvegan, Rasay, and Col. I would not wish to be thought forgetful of civilities. I am, sir, your humble servant, "SAM. JOHNSON."

On the 5th of March I wrote to him, requesting

[1] A manuscript account drawn by Dr. Webster of all the parishes in Scotland, ascertaining their length, breadth, number of inhabitants, and distinguishing Protestants and Roman Catholicks. This book had been transmitted to government, and Dr. Johnson saw a copy of it in Dr. Webster's possession.—BOSWELL.

[2] [Daughter of Mr. Wilton, the sculptor. After Sir Robert Chambers's death she returned to England, and is now (1830) living at Putney. Miss Chambers, her daughter, married, as the Editor is informed, Colonel Macdonald, the son of Flora. See *ante*, vol. ii. p. 417.—ED.]

[3] [Mr. Fox was brought in by Mr. Burke, and this meeting at the Club was the only link of acquaintance between Mr. Fox and Johnson.—MACKINTOSH.]

[4] [It is odd that he does not mention Mr. Gibbon, whose admission seems, by Mr. Hatchett's list, to have been contemporary with Steevens's.—ED.]

[5] [This applies to one of Johnson's rude speeches, the mere repetition of which by Dr. Blair, Johnson, with more ingenuity than justice, chose to consider as equivalent to the original offence; but it turned out that Blair had *not* told the story.—ED.]

his counsel whether I should this spring come to London. I stated to him on the one hand some pecuniary embarrassments, which, together with my wife's situation at that time, made me hesitate; and on the other, the pleasure and improvement which my annual visit to the metropolis always afforded me; and particularly mentioned a peculiar satisfaction which I experienced in celebrating the festival of Easter in St. Paul's cathedral; that, to my fancy, it appeared like going up to Jerusalem at the feast of the Passover; and that the strong devotion which I felt on that occasion diffused its influence on my mind through the rest of the year.

"TO JAMES BOSWELL, ESQ.

"Not dated, but written about the 15th of March.

"DEAR SIR,—I am ashamed to think that since I received your letter I have passed so many days without answering it.

"I think there is no great difficulty in resolving your doubts. The reasons for which you are inclined to visit London are, I think, not of sufficient strength to answer the objections. That you should delight to come once a year to the fountain of intelligence and pleasure is very natural; but both information and pleasure must be regulated by propriety. Pleasure, which cannot be obtained but by unseasonable or unsuitable expense, must always end in pain; and pleasure, which must be enjoyed at the expense of another's pain, can never be such as a worthy mind can fully delight in.

"What improvement you might gain by coming to London, you may easily supply or easily compensate, by enjoining yourself some particular study at home, or opening some new avenue to information. Edinburgh is not yet exhausted; and I am sure you will find no pleasure here which can deserve either that you should anticipate any part of your future fortune, or that you should condemn yourself and your lady to penurious frugality for the rest of the year.

"I need not tell you what regard you owe to Mrs. Boswell's entreaties; or how much you ought to study the happiness of her who studies yours with so much diligence, and of whose kindness you enjoy such good effects. Life cannot subsist in society but by reciprocal concessions. She permitted you to

ramble last year, you must permit her now to keep you at home.

"Your last reason is so serious, that I am unwilling to oppose it. Yet you must remember, that your image of worshipping once a year in a certain place, in imitation of the Jews, is but a comparison; and *simile non est idem*; if the annual resort to Jerusalem was a duty to the Jews, it was a duty because it was commanded; and you have no such command, therefore no such duty. It may be dangerous to receive too readily, and indulge too fondly, opinions, from which, perhaps, no pious mind is wholly disengaged, of local sanctity and local devotion. You know what strange effects[1] they have produced over a great part of the Christian world. I am now writing, and you, when you read this, are reading under the Eye of Omnipresence.

"To what degree fancy is to be admitted into religious offices, it would require much deliberation to determine. I am far from intending totally to exclude it. Fancy is a faculty bestowed by our Creator, and it is reasonable that all his gifts should be used to his glory, that all our faculties should co-operate in his worship; but they are to co-operate according to the will of him that gave them, according to the order which his wisdom has established. As ceremonies prudential or convenient are less obligatory than positive ordinances, as bodily worship is only the token to others or ourselves of mental adoration, so fancy is always to act in subordination to reason. We may take fancy for a companion, but must follow reason as our guide. We may allow fancy to suggest certain ideas in certain places; but reason must always be heard, when she tells us, that those ideas and those places have no natural or necessary relation. When we enter a church we habitually recall to mind the duty of adoration, but we must not omit adoration for want of a temple: because we know, and ought to remember, that the Universal Lord is every where present; and that, therefore, to come to Jona, or to Jerusalem, though it may be useful, cannot be necessary.

"Thus I have answered your letter, and have not answered it negligently. I love you too well to be careless when you are serious.

"I think I shall be very diligent next week about our travels, which I have too long neglected. I am, dear sir, your most, &c.

"SAM. JOHNSON.

"Compliments to madam and miss."

[1] [Alluding probably to the Crusades.—ED.]

"TO JAMES BOSWELL, ESQ.

"10th May, 1774.

"DEAR SIR,—The lady who delivers this has a lawsuit, in which she desires to make use of your skill and eloquence, and she seems to think that she shall have something more of both for a recommendation from me; which, though I know how little you want any external incitement to your duty, I could not refuse her, because I know that at least it will not hurt her, to tell you that I wish her well. I am, sir, your most humble servant, "SAM. JOHNSON."

"MR BOSWELL TO DR. JOHNSON.

"Edinburgh, 12th May, 1774.

"Lord Hailes has begged of me to offer you his best respects, and to transmit to you specimens of 'Annals of Scotland, from the Accession of Malcolm Kenmore to the Death of James V.' in drawing up which, his lordship has been engaged for some time. His lordship writes to me thus: 'If I could procure Dr. Johnson's criticisms, they would be of great use to me in the prosecution of my work, as they would be judicious and true. I have no right to ask that favour of him. If you could, it would highly oblige me.'

"Dr. Blair requests you may be assured that he did not write to London what you said to him, and that neither by word nor letter has he made the least complaint of you[1]; but on the contrary has a high respect for you, and loves you much more since he saw you in Scotland. It would both divert and please you to see his eagerness about this matter."

"TO JAMES BOSWELL, ESQ.

"Streatham, 12th June, 1774.

"DEAR SIR,—Yesterday I put the first sheets of the 'Journey to the Hebrides' to the press. I have endeavoured to do you some justice in the first paragraph. It will be one volume in octavo, not thick.

"It will be proper to make some presents in Scotland. You shall tell me to whom I shall give; and I have stipulated twenty-five for you to give in your own name. Some will take the present better from me, others better from you. In this, you who are to live in the place ought to direct. Consider it. Whatever you can get for my purpose send me; and make my compliments to your lady and both the young ones. I am, sir, your, &c. "SAM. JOHNSON."

[1] [See *ante*, p. 118.—ED.]

"MR. BOSWELL TO DR. JOHNSON.

"Edinburgh, 24th June, 1774.

"You do not acknowledge the receipt of the various packets which I have sent to you. Neither can I prevail with you to *answer* my letters, though you honour me with *returns*. You have said nothing to me about poor Goldsmith[1], nothing about Langton.

"I have received for you from the Society for propagating Christian Knowledge in Scotland, the following Erse books:—'The New Testament,' 'Baxter's Call,' 'The Confession of Faith of the Assembly of Divines at Westminster,' 'The Mother's Catechism,' 'A Gaelick and English Vocabulary[2].'"

"TO JAMES BOSWELL, ESQ.

"4th July, 1774.

"DEAR SIR,—I wish you could have looked over my book before the printer, but it could not easily be. I suspect some mistakes; but as I deal, perhaps, more in notions than in facts, the matter is not great, and the second edition will be mended, if any such there be. The press will go on slowly for a time, because I am going into Wales to-morrow.

"I should be very sorry if I appeared to treat such a character as Lord Hailes otherwise than with high respect. I return the sheets[3], to which I have done what mischief I could; and finding it so little, thought not much of sending them. The narrative is clear, lively, and short.

"I have done worse to Lord Hailes than by neglecting his sheets: I have run him in debt. Dr. Horne, the president of Magdalen College in Oxford, wrote to me about three months ago, that he purposed to reprint Walton's Lives, and desired me to contribute to the work: my answer was, that Lord Hailes intended the same publication; and Dr. Horne has resigned it to him. His lordship must now think seriously about it.

"Of poor dear Dr. Goldsmith there is little to be told, more than the papers have made publick. He died of a fever, I am afraid, more violent by uneasiness of mind. His debts began to be heavy, and all his resources were exhausted. Sir Joshua is of opinion that he owed not less than two thousand pounds. Was ever poet so trusted before?

[1] Dr. Goldsmith died April 4, this year.—BOSWELL.

[2] These books Dr. Johnson presented to the Bodleian Library.—BOSWELL.

[3] On the cover enclosing them Dr. Johnson wrote, "If my delay has given any reason for supposing that I have not a very deep sense of the honour done me by asking my judgment, I am very sorry."—BOSWELL.

"You may, if you please, put the inscription thus.

"'*Maria Scotorum Regina nata* 15—, *a suis in exilium acta* 15—, *ab hospitâ neci data* 15—.' You must find the years.

"Of your second daughter you certainly gave the account yourself, though you have forgotten it. While Mrs. Boswell is well, never doubt of a boy. Mrs. Thrale brought, I think, five girls running, but while I was with you she had a boy.

"I am obliged to you for all your pamphlets, and of the last I hope to make some use. I made some of the former. I am, dear sir, your most affectionate servant, "SAM. JOHNSON.

"My compliments to all the three ladies."

"TO BENNET LANGTON, ESQ. AT LANGTON.

"5th July, 1774.

"DEAR SIR,—You have reason to reproach me that I have left your last letter so long unanswered, but I had nothing particular to say. Chambers, you find, is gone far, and poor Goldsmith is gone much further. He died of a fever, exasperated, as I believe, by the fear of distress. He had raised money and squandered it, by every artifice of acquisition and folly of expense. But let not his frailties be remembered; he was a very great man.

"I have just begun to print my Journey to the Hebrides, and am leaving the press to take another journey into Wales, whither Mr. Thrale is going, to take possession of, at least, five hundred a year, fallen to his lady. All at Streatham, that are alive, are well.

"I have never recovered from the last dreadful illness [1], but flatter myself that I grow gradually better; much, however, yet remains to mend. Κύριε ἐλέησον [2].

"If you have the Latin version of 'Busy, curious, thirsty fly,' be so kind as to transcribe and send it; but you need not be in haste, for I shall be I know not where, for at least five weeks. I wrote the following tetrastick on poor Goldsmith:

"Τὸν τάφον ἐισοράας τον Ὀλιβαροιο, κονίην
Ἄφροσι μὴ σεμνην, Ξεῖνε, ποδεσσι πάτει.
Οἷσι μέμηλε φύσις, μέτρων χαρις, ἔργα παλαιῶν,
Κλαιετε ποιητην, ἱστόρικον, φυσικόν.

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[1] [Although his Letters and his Prayers and Meditations speak of his *late* illness as merely "a cold and cough, which he went to Mrs. Thrale to get taken care of," it would seem by this use of the word "*dreadful*," that it had, at some time, taken a more serious character. We have no trace of any illness since that of 1766, which could be called *dreadful*.—ED.]

[2] [The Greek for "*Lord have mercy upon us*" in the Litany.—ED.]

"Please to make my most respectful compliments to all the ladies, and remember me to young George and his sisters. I reckon George begins to show a pair of heels.

"Do not be sullen now, but let me find a letter when I come back. I am, dear sir, your affectionate, humble servant,

"SAM. JOHNSON."

This tour to Wales, which was made in company with Mr. Mrs. [and Miss] Thrale, though it no doubt contributed to his health and amusement, did not give an occasion to such a discursive exercise of his mind as our tour to the Hebrides * *[1]. All that I heard him say of it was, that "instead of bleak and barren mountains, there were green and fertile ones; and that one of the castles in Wales would contain all the castles that he had seen in Scotland."

ED. [He, however, kept a kind of diary[2] of this journey, which was afterwards published[3] in a separate form by Mr. Duppa, and is now, by his liberal permission,

[1] [Mr. Boswell had here added, "I do not find that he kept any journal or notes of what he saw there."—ED.]

[2] [This diary fell into the possession of Barber, who disposed of it to the Rev. Mr. White; but how it escaped Mr. Boswell's researches, who seems to have had access to all Barber's papers, does not appear.—ED.]

[3] ["A Diary of a Journey into North Wales, in the Year 1774; by Samuel Johnson, LL. D. Edited, with illustrative Notes, by R. Duppa, LL.B., Barrister at Law. London, for Jennings in the Poultry, 1816, 12mo." Of this work, Mr. Duppa says, in his Dedication to Mr. Edward Swinburne: "This fragment, as a literary curiosity, I hope will not disappoint you; for although it may not contain any striking and important facts, or luminous passages of fine writing, it cannot be uninteresting to know how the mind of such a man as Johnson received new impressions, or contemplated, for the first time, scenes and occupations unknown to him before." And, in his Preface, he observes, "This Journal of Dr. Johnson exhibits his mind when he was alone, when no one was looking on, and when no one was expected to adopt his thoughts, or to be influenced by them: in this respect, it differs from the conversations and anecdotes already published: it has also another value, highly interesting; it shows how his mind was influenced by the impression of external things, and in what way he recorded those facts, which he laid up for future reflection.

"His 'Journey to the Western Islands of Scotland' was probably composed from a diary not more ample: for of that work he says, 'I deal more in notions than in facts;' and this is the general character of his mind; though when Boswell expressed a fear, lest his journal should be encumbered with too many minute particulars, he said, 'There is nothing, sir, too little for so little a creature as man. It is by studying little things that we attain the great art of having as little misery and as much happiness as possible.'

"For its authenticity I will pledge myself: but if there should be any who are desirous to gratify their curiosity, or to satisfy their judgment, the original MS., in the handwriting of Dr. Johnson, is in the possession of the publisher.

incorporated into this work, for the purpose of "filling up (to use Mr. Duppa's own words) that chasm in the Life of Dr. Johnson which Mr. Boswell was unable to supply."]

Tuesday, 5th July.—We left Streatham 11 A. M. —Price of four horses two shillings a mile. Tour to Wales.

Wednesday, 6th July.—Barnet 1. 40′. P. M.—On the road I read Tully's Epistles—At night at Dunstable — To Lichfield, eighty-three miles—To the Swan [1].

Thursday, 7th July.—To the cathedral—To Mrs. Porter's — To Mrs. Aston's — To Mr. Green's [2]—Mr. Green's museum was much admired, and Mr. Newton's china [3].

Friday, 8th July.—To Mr. Newton's—To Mrs. Cobb's [4]— Dr. Darwin's [5]—I went again to Mrs. Aston's—She was very sorry to part.

where it may at any time be seen. The Editor acknowledges his obligation to Mrs. Piozzi, for her kind assistance in explaining many facts in this diary, which could not otherwise have been understood."

Mr. Duppa, having applied to Mrs. Piozzi for information on some topics of this diary, received several explanatory letters from that lady, some of which, however, came too late for Mr. Duppa's use. He, however, with continued courtesy, has, by communicating these letters to the Editor, enabled him to explain some obscure points, not only of the Welsh tour, but of other portions of Dr. Johnson's history. The notes, extracted from these letters (which are all dated between the 31st July and 17th December, 1816,) will be distinguished —*Piozzi MS.*—Ed.]

[1] [When at this place, Mrs. Thrale gives an anecdote of Johnson, to show his minute attention to things which might reasonably have been supposed out of the range of his observation. "When I came down to breakfast at the inn, my dress did not please him, and he made me alter it entirely before he would stir a step with us about the town, saying most satirical things concerning the appearance I made in a riding-habit; and adding, 'Tis very strange that such eyes as yours cannot discern propriety of dress: if I had a sight only half as good, I think I should see to the centre.'"—Duppa.]

[2] [Mr. Richard Green was an apothecary, and related to Dr. Johnson. He had a considerable collection of antiquities, natural curiosities, and ingenious works of art. He had all the articles accurately arranged, with their names upon labels, and on the staircase leading to it was a board, with the names of contributors marked in gold letters. A printed catalogue of the collection was to be had at a bookseller's.—Duppa.]

[3] [Mr. Newton was a gentleman, long resident in Lichfield, who had acquired a large fortune in the East Indies.—Duppa.]

[4] [Mrs. Cobb was a widow lady who lived at a place called the Friary, close to Lichfield.—Duppa.]

[5] Dr. Erasmus Darwin: at this time he lived at Lichfield, where he had

Tour to Wales.

Saturday, 9th July.—Breakfasted at Mr. Garrick's[1]—Visited Miss Vyse[2]—Miss Seward[3]—Went to Dr. Taylor's [at Ashbourn]—I read a little on the road in Tully's Epistles and Martial—Mart. 8th, 44, *lino* pro *limo*[4].

Sunday, 10th July.—Morning, at church—Company at dinner.

Monday, 11th July.—At Ilam[5]—At Oakover[6]—I was less pleased with Ilam than when I saw it first, but my friends were much delighted.

Tuesday, 12th July.—At Chatsworth—The water willow[7]—The cascade, shot out from many spouts—The fountains—The water tree—The smooth floors in the highest rooms[8]—*Atlas*, fifteen hands inch and half[9]—River running through the park—

practised as a physician from the year 1756, and did not settle at Derby till after his second marriage with Mrs. Pool, in the year 1781. Miss Seward says, that although Dr. Johnson visited Lichfield while Dr. Darwin lived there, they had only one or two interviews, and never afterwards sought each other. Mutual and strong dislike subsisted between them. Dr. Darwin died April 18th, 1802, in the sixty-ninth year of his age.—DUPPA.]

[1] ["Peter Garrick, the elder brother of David, strongly resembling him in countenance and voice, but of more sedate and placid manners." See *post*, 21st March, 1775.—ED. "I think Peter Garrick was an attorney, but he seemed to lead an independent life, and talked all about fishing. Dr. Johnson recommended him to read *Walton's Angler*, repeating some verses from it."—*Piozzi MS.*]

[2] [A daughter of the Rev. Archdeacon Vyse, of the diocese of Lichfield and Coventry.—DUPPA.]

[3] ["Dr. Johnson would not suffer me to speak to Miss Seward."—*Piozzi MS.*—So early was the coolness between them.—ED.]

[4] [In the edition of Martial, which he was reading, the last word of the line

"Defluat, et lento splendescat turbida *limo*,"

was, no doubt, misprinted *lino*.—ED.]

[5] [See observations on Ilam, *post*, 24th July, 1774, and 22d September, 1777.—ED.]

[6] [Oakover is the seat of a very ancient family of the same name, a few miles from Ilam.—ED.]

[7] ["There was a water-work at Chatsworth with a concealed spring, which, upon touching, spouted out streams from every bough of a willow-tree. I remember Lady Keith (Miss Thrale), then ten years old, was the most amused by it of any of the party."—*Piozzi MS.*]

[8] ["Old oak floors polished by rubbing. Johnson, I suppose, wondered that they should take such pains with the garrets."—*Piozzi MS.*]

[9] [This was a race-horse, which was very handsome and very gentle, and attracted so much of Dr. Johnson's attention, that he said, "of all the duke's possessions, I like Atlas best."—DUPPA.]

Tour to Wales.

The porticoes on the sides support two galleries for the first floor—My friends were not struck with the house—It fell below my ideas of the furniture—The staircase is in the corner of the house—The hall *in the corner* [1], the grandest room, though only a room of passage—On the ground-floor, only the chapel and the breakfast-room, and a small library; the rest, servants' rooms and offices [2]—A bad inn.

Wednesday, 13*th July*.—At Matlock.

Thursday, 14*th July*.—At dinner at Oakover; too deaf to hear, or much converse—Mrs. Gell—The chapel at Oakover [3]—The wood of the pews grossly painted—I could not read the epitaph—Would learn the old hands.

Friday, 15*th July*.—At Ashbourn—Mrs. Dyott [4] and her daughters came in the morning—Mrs. Dyott dined with us—We visited Mr. Flint.

"Τὸ πρῶτον Μόρος, τὸ δὲ δεύτερον εἶλεν Ἐρασμὸς,
Τὸ τρίτον ἐκ Μουσῶν στέμμα Μίκυλλος ἔχει 5."

Saturday, 16*th July*.—At Dovedale, with Mr.

[1] [Quere, whether these words are not an erroneous repetition of the same words in the preceding line.—Ed.]

[2] [This was the second time Johnson had visited Chatsworth. See *ante*, 26th November, 1772; and his letter to Mrs. Thrale The *friend*, mentioned in that extract, was, it appears, from Mrs. Piozzi's MS., Dr. Percy, and the allusion was sarcastic. Mrs. Piozzi writes, "Bishop Percy's lady lived much with us at Brightholmstone, and used (foolishly enough perhaps) to show us her husband's letters: in one of these he said, 'I am enjoying the fall of a murmuring stream, but to you who reside close to the roaring ocean such scenery would be insipid.' At this Dr. Johnson laughed as a ridiculous affectation, and never forgot it."—*Piozzi MS.*—Ed.]

[3] [There is no *chapel* at Oakover, but a small parish-church close to the house, which, however, has no pulpit, and thence perhaps Dr. Johnson calls it a chapel.—Ed.]

[4] [The Dyotts were a respectable and wealthy Staffordshire family. The person who shot Lord Brook, when assaulting St. Chad's cathedral in Lichfield, on St. Chad's day, in 1643, is said to have been a Mr. Dyott.—Ed.]

[5] ["More bore away the first crown of the Muses, Erasmus the second, and Micyllus has the third."—Ed.]

[Jacobus Micyllus, whose real name was Melchor, died 1558, aged 55. In the MS. Johnson has introduced ἴσως by the side of ἔχει, as if he were doubtful whether that tense ought not to have been adopted.—Duppa. It does not appear whether these verses are Johnson's. Micyllus's real name was *Moltzer*; see his article in *Bayle*. His best work was "*De re Metrica*."—Ed.]

Tour to Wales.

Langley[1] and Mr. Flint. It is a place that deserves a visit; but did not answer my expectation. The river is small, the rocks are grand. Reynard's Hall is a cave very high in the rock; it goes backward several yards, perhaps eight. To the left is a small opening, through which I crept, and found another cavern, perhaps four yards square; at the back was a breach yet smaller, which I could not easily have entered, and, wanting light, did not inspect. I was in a cave yet higher, called Reynard's Kitchen. There is a rock called the Church, in which I saw no resemblance that could justify the name[2]. Dovedale is about two miles long. We walked towards the head of the Dove, which is said to rise about five miles above two caves called the Dogholes, at the foot of Dovedale. In one place, where the rocks approached, I proposed to build an arch from rock to rock over the stream, with a summer-house upon it. The water murmured pleasantly among the stones.

I thought that the heat and exercise mended my hearing. I bore the fatigue of the walk, which was very laborious, without inconvenience.

There were with us Gilpin[3] and Parker[4]. Having heard of this place before, I had formed some imperfect idea, to which it did not answer. Brown[5] says he was disappointed. I certainly expected a large river where I found only a clear quick brook.

[1] [The Rev. Mr. Langley was master of the grammar school at Ashbourn. A near neighbour of Dr. Taylor's, but not always on friendly terms with him, which used sometimes to perplex their mutual friend Johnson.—ED.]

[2] [This rock is supposed rudely to resemble a tower; hence, it has been called the Church.—DUPPA. It rather, according to the Editor's recollection, resembles a gothic spire or steeple.—ED.]

[3] ["Mr. Gilpin was an accomplished youth, at this time an under-graduate at Oxford. His father was an old silversmith near Lincoln's-inn-fields."—*Piozzi MS.*]

[4] [John Parker, of Brownsholme, in Lancashire, esq.—DUPPA.]

[5] [Mrs. Piozzi "rather thought" that this was *Capability Browne*, whose opinion on a point of landscape, probably gathered from Gilpin or Parker, Johnson thought worth recording.—ED.]

I believe I had imaged a valley enclosed by rocks, and terminated by a broad expanse of water. He that has seen Dovedale has no need to visit the Highlands[1]. Tour to Wales.

In the afternoon we visited old Mrs. Dale[2].

Sunday, 17*th July*.—Sunday morning, at church —Κα9[3]—Afternoon, at Mr. Dyott's.

Monday, 18*th July*.—Dined at Mr. Gell's[4].

Tuesday, 19*th July*.—We went to Kedleston[5] to see Lord Scardale's new house, which is very costly, but ill contrived—The hall is very stately, lighted by three skylights; it has two rows of marble pillars, dug, as I hear from Langley, in a quarry of Northamptonshire; the pillars are very large and massy, and take up too much room; they were better away. Behind the hall is a circular saloon, useless, and therefore ill contrived—The corridors that join the wings to the body are mere passages through segments of circles—The state bedchamber was very richly furnished—The dining parlour was more splendid with gilt plate than any that I have seen—There were many pictures—The grandeur was all below—The bedchambers were small, low, dark, and fitter for a prison than a house of splendour—The kitchen has an opening into the gallery, by which its heat and its fumes are dispersed over the house—There seemed in the whole more cost than judgment.

We went then to the silk mill at Derby, where I

[1] ["Dovedale and the Highlands are surely as dissimilar as any places can be."—*Piozzi MS.*]

[2] [Mrs. Dale was at this time ninety-three years of age.—DUPPA.]

[3] [Καθαρσις.—Throughout this Diary, when Johnson is obliged to turn his thoughts to the state of his health, he always puts his private memorande in the learned languages—as if to throw a slight veil over those ills which he would willingly have hid from himself.—DUPPA.]

[4] [Mr. Gell, of Hopton Hall, a short distance from Carsington, in Derbyshire; the father of Sir William Gell, well known for his topography of Troy, and other literary works, who was born 1775. "July 12, 1775, Mr. Gell is now rejoicing, at fifty-seven, for the birth of an heir-male."—*Dr. Johnson to Mrs. Thrale*.—DUPPA.]

[5] [See *post*, 15th Sept. 1777.—ED.]

Tour to Wales.

remarked a particular manner of propagating motion from a horizontal to a vertical wheel—We were desired to leave the men only two shillings—Mr. Thrale's bill at the inn for dinner was eighteen shillings and tenpence.

At night I went to Mr. Langley's, Mrs. Wood's, Captain Astle, &c.

Wednesday, 20th July.—We left Ashbourn[1] and went to Buxton—Thence to Pool's Hole, which is narrow at first, but then rises into a high arch; but is so obstructed with crags, that it is difficult to walk in it—There are two ways to the end, which is, they say, six hundred and fifty yards from the mouth—They take passengers up the higher way, and bring them back the lower—The higher way was so difficult and dangerous, that, having tried it, I desisted—I found no level part.

At night we came to Macclesfield, a very large town in Cheshire, little known—It has a silk mill: it has a handsome church, which, however, is but a chapel, for the town belongs to some parish of another name[2], as Stourbridge lately did to Old Swinford—Macclesfield has a town-hall, and is, I suppose, a corporate town.

[*Thursday, 21st July.*]—We came to Congleton, where there is likewise a silk mill—Then to Middlewich, a mean old town, without any manufacture, but, I think, a corporation—Thence we proceeded to Namptwich, an old town: from the inn, I saw scarcely any but black timber houses—I tasted the brine water, which contains much more salt than the sea water—By slow evaporation, they make large crystals of salt; by quick boiling, small granu-

[1] [It would seem, that from the 0th to the 20th, the head-quarters of the party were at Ashbourn, whence they had made the several excursions noted.—Ed.]

[2] [The parish of Prestbury.—Duppa.]

lations—It seemed to have no other preparation. At evening we came to Combermere[1], so called from a wide lake. Tour to Wales.

Friday, 22d July.—We went up the mere—I pulled a bulrush of about ten feet[2]—I saw no convenient boats upon the mere.

Saturday, 23d July.—We visited Lord Kilmorey's house—It is large and convenient, with many rooms, none of which are magnificently spacious[3]—The furniture was not splendid—The bed-curtains were guarded[4]—Lord Kilmorey[5] showed the place with too much exultation—He has no park, and little water.

Sunday, 24th July.—We went to a chapel[6], built by Sir Lynch Cotton for his tenants—It is consecrated, and therefore, I suppose, endowed—It is neat and plain—The communion plate is handsome—It has iron pales and gates of great elegance, brought from Lleweney, "for Robert has laid all ope[7]."

[1] [At this time the seat of Sir Lynch Salusbury Cotton, now of Lord Combermere, his grandson, from which place he takes his title. It stands on the site of an old abbey of Benedictine monks, which was founded 1133; and, about the year 1540, at the dissolution of the monasteries, was granted, with a great part of the estates of the abbey, to George Cotton, esq., an ancestor of Lord Combermere. The library, which is forty feet by twenty-seven, is supposed to have been the refectory. The lake, or mere, is about three quarters of a mile long, but of no great width; it is skirted with woods, and from some situations it has the appearance of a river. It is situated in Cheshire, twenty-two miles from Shrewsbury.—DUPPA.]

[2] [Great Cat's-tail, or Reed-mace. The *Typha latifolia* of Linnæus.—DUPPA.]

[3] [This house, which is called Shavington Hall, is in Shropshire, twenty-one miles from Shrewsbury, and, like Wrottesley Hall in the adjoining county, is said to have as many windows, doors, and chimnies, as correspond in number to the days, weeks, and months in a year.—DUPPA.]

[4] [Probably *guarded* from wear or accident by being covered with some inferior material.—ED.]

[5] [Thomas Needham, eighth Viscount Kilmorey.—ED.]

[6] [At Burleydam, close to Combermere, built by Sir Lynch Salusbury Cotton, Mrs. Thrale's uncle.—DUPPA.]

[7] [This remark has reference to family conversation. Robert was the eldest son of Sir Lynch Salusbury Cotton, and lived at Lleweney at this time.—DUPPA. All the seats in England were, a hundred years ago, enclosed with walls, through which there were generally "iron pales and gates." Mr. Cotton had, no doubt, "laid all open" by prostrating the walls; and the pales and gates had thus become useless. The same process has taken place at almost every seat in England.—ED.]

Tour to Wales.

[*Monday, 25th July*[1].]—We saw Hawkestone, the seat of Sir Rowland Hill[2], and were conducted by Miss Hill over a large tract of rocks and woods; a region abounding with striking scenes and terrific grandeur. We were always on the brink of a precipice, or at the foot of a lofty rock; but the steeps were seldom naked: in many places, oaks of uncommon magnitude shot up from the crannies of stone; and where there were no trees, there were underwoods and bushes. Round the rocks is a narrow path cut upon the stone, which is very frequently hewn into steps; but art has proceeded no further than to make the succession of wonders safely accessible. The whole circuit is somewhat laborious; it is terminated by a grotto cut in the rock to a great extent, with many windings, and supported by pillars, not hewn into regularity, but such as imitate the sports of nature, by asperities and protuberances. The place is without any dampness, and would afford an habitation not uncomfortable. There were from space to space seats cut out in the rock. Though it wants water, it excels Dovedale by the extent of its prospects, the awfulness of its shades, the horrors of its precipices, the verdure of its hollows, and the loftiness of its rocks: the ideas which it forces upon the mind are the sublime, the dreadful, and the vast. Above is inaccessible altitude, below is horrible profundity; but it excels the garden of Ilam only in extent. Ilam has grandeur, tempered with softness; the walker congratulates his own arrival at the place, and is grieved to think he must ever leave it. As he looks up to the rocks, his thoughts are elevated;

[1] This date is evidently here wanted; a day is otherwise unaccounted for; and it is not likely that Johnson would have gone sight seeing on a Sunday.—Ed.]

[2] [Now belonging to Sir John Hill, bart., father of Lord Hill. It is twelve miles from Shrewsbury.—Duppa.]

as he turns his eyes on the valleys, he is composed and soothed. He that mounts the precipices at Hawkestone wonders how he came thither, and doubts how he shall return—His walk is an adventure, and his departure an escape—He has not the tranquillity, but the horrors, of solitude; a kind of turbulent pleasure, between fright and admiration. Ilam is the fit abode of pastoral virtue, and might properly diffuse its shades over nymphs and swains. Hawkestone can have no fitter inhabitants than giants of mighty bone and bold emprise[1]; men of lawless courage and heroic violence. Hawkestone should be described by Milton, and Ilam by Parnel[2]. Tour to Wales.

Miss Hill showed the whole succession of wonders with great civility—The house was magnificent, compared with the rank of the owner.

Tuesday, 26th July.—We left Combermere, where we have been treated with great civility—The house is spacious, but not magnificent; built at different times, with different materials; part is of timber, part of stone or brick, plastered and painted to look like timber—It is the best house that I ever saw of that kind—The mere, or lake, is large, with a small island, on which there is a summer-house, shaded with great trees; some were hollow, and have seats in their trunks.

In the afternoon we came to West-Chester; (my father went to the fair when I had the small-pox). We walked round the walls[3], which are complete, and

[1] [Paradise Lost, book xi. v. 642.—Dupra.]

[2] [The whole of this passage is so inflated and pompous, that it looks more like a burlesque of Johnson's style than his own travelling notes.—Ed.]

[3] [It would seem that a quarrel between Johnson and Mrs. Thrale took place at *Chester*, for she writes to Mr. Duppa—"Of those *ill-fated* walls Dr. Johnson might have learned the extent from any one. He has since put me fairly out of countenance by saying, 'I have known *my mistress* fifteen years, and never saw her fairly out of humour but on Chester wall;' it was because he would keep Miss Thrale beyond her hour of going to bed to walk on the wall, where, from the want of light, I apprehended some accident to her—perhaps to him."—*Piozzi MS.*—Ed.]

Tour to Wales.

contain one mile three quarters, and one hundred and one yards; within them are many gardens: they are very high, and two may walk very commodiously side by side—On the inside is a rail—There are towers from space to space, not very frequent, and I think not all complete.

Wednesday, 27th July.—We staid at Chester and saw the cathedral, which is not of the first rank—The castle—In one of the rooms the assizes are held, and the refectory of the old abbey, of which part is a grammar school—The master seemed glad to see me—The cloister is very solemn; over it are chambers in which the singing men live—In one part of the street was a subterranean arch, very strongly built; in another, what they called, I believe rightly, a Roman hypocaust[1]—Chester has many curiosities.

Thursday, 28th July.—We entered Wales, dined at Mold[2], and came to Lleweney[3].

[1] ["The hypocaust is of a triangular figure, supported by thirty-two pillars, two feet ten inches and a half high, and about eighteen inches distant from each other. Upon each is a tile eighteen inches square, as if designed for a capital; and over them a perforated tile, two feet square. Such are continued over all the pillars. Above these are two layers; one of coarse mortar, mixed with small red gravel, about three inches thick; and the other of finer materials, between four and five inches thick; these seem to have been the floor of the room above. The pillars stand on a mortar-floor, spread over the rock. On the south side, between the middle pillars, is the vent for the smoke, about six inches square, which is at present open to the height of sixteen inches. Here is also an antechamber, exactly of the same extent with the hypocaust, with an opening in the middle into it. This is sunk nearly two feet below the level of the former, and is of the same rectangular figure; so that both together are an exact square. This was the room allotted for the slaves who attended to heat the place; the other was the receptacle of the fuel designed to heat the room above, the *concamerata sudatio*, or sweating chamber; where people were seated, either in niches, or on benches, placed one above the other, during the time of the operation. Such was the object of this hypocaust; for there were others of different forms, for the purpose of heating the water destined for the use of the bathers."—DUPPA.]

[2] [Mold is a small market town, consisting principally of one long and wide street.—DUPPA.]

[3] [Lleweney-hall, as I have already observed, was the residence of Robert Cotton, Esq., Mrs. Thrale's cousin-german. Here Mr. and Mrs. Thrale and Dr. Johnson staid three weeks, making visits and short excursions in the neighbourhood and surrounding country. Pennant gives this description of its situation—"Lleweney lies on a flat, has most pleasing views of the mountains on each side of the vale, and the town and castle of Denbigh form most capital objects at the distance of two miles." It now belongs to Mr. Hughes of Kin-

Friday, 29th July.—We were at Lleweney.—In the lawn at Lleweney is a spring of fine water, which rises above the surface into a stone basin, from which it runs to waste, in a continual stream, through a pipe—There are very large trees—The hall at Lleweney is forty feet long, and twenty-eight broad—The gallery one hundred and twenty feet long (all paved)—The library forty-two feet long, and twenty-eight broad—The dining-parlours thirty-six feet long, and twenty-six broad—It is partly sashed, and partly has casements. Tour to Wales.

Saturday, 30th July.—We went to Bâch y Graig [1], where we found an old house, built 1567, in an uncommon and incommodious form—My mistress chattered about cleaning [2], but I prevailed on her to go to the top—The floors have been stolen: the windows are stopped—The house was less than I seemed to expect—The river Clwyd is a brook with a bridge of one arch, about one-third of a mile [3]—The woods have many trees, generally young; but some which seem to decay—They have been lopped—The house

mel, who lately purchased it, with the estate, for 150,000*l.*—DUPPA.]—[of Lord Kirkwall, who had bought it of Sir Robert Cotton for 96,000*l.*—*Piozzi MS.*]

[1] [Bâch y Graig had been the residence of Mrs. Thrale's ancestors for several generations; Pennant thus describes it. "Not far from Dymerchion lies half buried in woods the singular house of Bâch y Graig. It consists of a mansion of three sides, enclosing a square court. The first consists of a vast hall and parlour: the rest of it rises into six wonderful stories, including the cupola; and forms from the second floor the figure of a pyramid: the rooms are small and inconvenient. The bricks are admirable, and appear to have been made in Holland; and the model of the house was probably brought from Flanders, where this kind of building is not unfrequent. It was built by Sir Richard Clough, an eminent merchant, in the reign of Queen Elizabeth. The initials of his name are in iron on the front, with the date 1567, and on the gateway 1569."—DUPPA. This was the mansion-house of the estate which had fallen to Mrs. Thrale, and was the cause of this visit to Wales. Incredible as it may appear, it is certain that this lady imported from Italy a nephew of Piozzi's, and, making him assume her maiden name of *Salusbury*, bequeathed to this foreigner (if she did not give it in her lifetime) this ancient patrimonial estate, to the exclusion of her own children.—ED.]

[2] [Quere, *climbing*?—ED.]

[3] [Meaning perhaps that the bridge is one-third of a mile from the house. —ED.]

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never had a garden—The addition of another story would make an useful house, but it cannot be great—Some buildings which Clough, the founder, intended for warehouses, would make store-chambers and servants' rooms—The ground seems to be good—I wish it well.

Sunday, 31st July.—We went to church at St. Asaph—The cathedral, though not large, has something of dignity and grandeur—The cross aisle is very short—It has scarcely any monuments—The quire has, I think, thirty-two stalls of antique workmanship—On the backs were Canonicus, Prebend, Cancellarius, Thesaurarius, Præcentor—The constitution I do not know, but it has all the usual titles and dignities—The service was sung only in the Psalms and Hymns—The bishop was very civil [1]—We went to his palace, which is but mean—They have a library, and design a room—There lived Lloyd and Dodwell [2].

Monday, 1st August.—We visited Denbigh, and the remains of its castle—The town consists of one main street, and some that cross it, which I have not seen—The chief street ascends with a quick rise for a great length: the houses are built some with rough stone, some with brick, and a few with timber—The castle, with its whole enclosure, has been a prodigious

[1] [The bishop at this time was Dr. Shipley. Upon another occasion, when Johnson dined in company with Dr. Shipley, he said he was *knowing and conversible.* Their difference in politics would hardly admit of more praise from Johnson.—DUPPA.]

[2] [Lloyd was raised to the see of St. Asaph in 1680. He was one of the seven bishops who were sent to the Tower in 1688, for refusing to permit the publication of the royal declaration for liberty of conscience, and was a zealous promoter of the revolution. He died Bishop of Worcester, August 30, 1717, at ninety-one years of age.

Dodwell was a man of extensive learning, and an intimate friend of Lloyd, and, like him, a great friend to the revolution. He also entertained religious opinions which were, for the greater part of his life, inconvenient to him: but when he became an old man, his reason prevailed over those scruples, to which his skill in controversy, in the vigour of his life, had given more importance than they deserved.—DUPPA.]

pile; it is now so ruined that the form of the inhabited part cannot easily be traced—There are, as in all old buildings, said to be extensive vaults, which the ruins of the upper works cover and conceal, but into which boys sometimes find a way—To clear all passages, and trace the whole of what remains, would require much labour and expense—We saw a church, which was once the chapel of the castle, but is used by the town: it is dedicated to St. Hilary, and has an income of about ——.

At a small distance is the ruin of a church said to have been begun by the great Earl of Leicester [1], and left unfinished at his death—One side, and I think the east end, are yet standing—There was a stone in the wall over the doorway, which it was said would fall and crush the best scholar in the diocese [2]—One Price would not pass under it—They have taken it down—We then saw the chapel of Lleweney, founded by one of the Salusburies: it is very complete: the monumental stones lie in the ground—A chimney has been added to it, but it is otherwise not much injured, and might be easily repaired [3].

We went to the parish church of Denbigh, which, being near a mile from the town, is only used when the parish officers are chosen—In the chapel, on Sundays, the service is read thrice, the second time only in English, the first and third in Welsh—The bishop came to survey the castle, and visited likewise St. Hilary's chapel, which is that which the town uses—The hay-barn, built with brick pillars from space to space, and covered with a roof—A more

[1] [By Robert Dudley, Earl of Leicester, in 1579. He died Sept. 4, 1588. —Duppa.]

[2] [See a similar story of a building in Edinburgh, *ante*, v. ii. p. 277.—Ed.]

[3] [The late Sir Robert Salusbury Cotton had no taste for antiquity of any kind; and this chapel was not regarded by him as being in any respect better than a barn, or fit for any other purpose; and the present proprietor applies it to that use.—Duppa.]

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elegant and lofty hovel—The rivers here are mere torrents which are suddenly swelled by the rain to great breadth and great violence, but have very little constant stream; such are the Clwyd and the Elwy—There are yet no mountains—The ground is beautifully embellished with woods, and diversified with inequalities—In the parish church of Denbigh is a bas-relief of Lloyd the antiquary, who was before Camden—He is kneeling at his prayers [1].

Tuesday, 2d August.—We rode to a summer-house of Mr. Cotton, which has a very extensive prospect; it is meanly built, and unskilfully disposed [2]—We went to Dymerchion church [3], where the old clerk acknowledged his mistress—It is the parish church of Bâch y Graig [4]—A mean fabric; Mr. Salusbury [5] was buried in it: Bâch y Graig has fourteen seats in it. As we rode by, I looked at the house [6] again—We saw Llannerch, a house not mean, with a small park very well watered—There was an avenue of oaks, which, in a foolish compliance with the present mode, has been cut down—A few are yet standing: the owner's name is Davies [7]—The way lay through pleasant lanes, and overlooked a region beautifully diversified with trees and grass. At Dymerchion church there is English service only once a month—this is about twenty miles from the English border—The old clerk had great appearance of joy at the sight of his mistress, and foolishly said, that

[1] [Humphry Llwyd was a native of Denbigh, and practised there as a physician, and also represented the town in parliament. He died 1568, aged forty-one.—Duppa.]

[2] [This summer-house is in the grounds belonging to Lleweney, and their ride to it was to see the prospect: the situation commands a very beautiful view.—Duppa.]

[3] [Dymerchion is three miles from St. Asaph.—Duppa.]

[4] [Bâch y Graig is the name of one of three townships of the parish of Dymerchion.—Duppa.]

[5] [Mrs. Thrale's father.—Duppa.]

[6] [Of Bach y Graig.—*Piozzi MS.*]

[7] [Robert Davies, Esq. At his house there was an extensive library.—Duppa.]

he was now willing to die—He had only[1] a crown given him by my *mistress*—At Dymerchion church the texts on the walls are in Welsh. Tour to Wales.

Wednesday, 3d August.—We went in the coach to Holywell—Talk with *mistress* about flattery[2]—Holywell is a market town, neither very small nor mean—The spring called Winifred's Well is very clear, and so copious, that it yields one hundred tuns of water in a minute—It is all at once a very great stream, which, within perhaps thirty yards of its irruption, turns a mill, and in a course of two miles, eighteen mills more—In descent, it is very quick—It then falls into the sea—The well is covered by a lofty circular arch, supported by pillars; and over this arch is an old chapel, now a school—The chancel is separated by a wall—The bath is completely and indecently open—A woman bathed while we all looked on—In the church, which makes a good appearance, and is surrounded by galleries to receive a numerous congregation, we were present while a child was christened in Welsh—We went down by the stream to see a prospect, in which I had no part—We then saw a brass work, where the lapis calaminaris is gathered, broken, washed from the earth and

[1] [In the MS. in Dr. Johnson's handwriting, he has first entered in his diary, "The old clerk had great appearance of joy at seeing his mistress, and foolishly said that he was now willing to die." He afterwards wrote in a separate column, on the same leaf, under the head of *notes and omissions*, "He had a crown;" and then he appears to have read over his diary at a future time, and interlined the paragraph with the words "only"—"given him by my mistress," which is written in ink of a different colour. This shows that he read his diary over after he wrote it, and that where his feelings were not accurately expressed, he amended them.—DUPPA.]

[2] ["He said that I flattered the people to whose houses we went: I was saucy, and said I was obliged to be civil for *two*—meaning himself and me. He replied, nobody would thank me for compliments they did not understand. At Gwaynynog (Mr. Myddleton's), however, *he* was flattered, and was happy of course."—*Piozzi MS.* Johnson had no dislike to those commendations which are commonly imputed to flattery. Upon one occasion, he said to Mrs. Thrale, "What signifies protesting so against flattery! when a person speaks well of one, it must be either true or false, you know: if true, let us rejoice in his good opinion; if he lies, it is a proof at least that he loves more to please me, than to sit silent when he need say nothing."—"The difference between praise and flattery is the same as between that hospitality that sets wine enough before the guest, and that which forces him to drink."—*Piozzi's Anec.* p. 141.—DUPPA.]

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the lead, though how the lead was separated I did not see; then calcined, afterwards ground fine, and then mixed by fire with copper—We saw several strong fires with melting pots, but the construction of the fireplaces I did not learn—At a copper-work which receives its pigs of copper, I think, from Warrington, we saw a plate of copper put hot between steel rollers, and spread thin: I know not whether the upper roller was set to a certain distance, as I suppose, or acted only by its weight—At an iron-work I saw round bars formed by a notched hammer and anvil—There I saw a bar of about half an inch or more square, cut with shears worked by water, and then beaten hot into a thinner bar—The hammers all worked, as they were, by water, acting upon small bodies, moved very quick, as quick as by the hand—I then saw wire drawn, and gave a shilling—I have enlarged my notions, though not been able to see the movements; and having not time to peep closely, I knew less than I might—I was less weary, and had better breath, as I walked farther.

Thursday, 4th August.—Rhudlan[1] Castle is still a very noble ruin; all the walls still remain, so that a complete platform, and elevations, not very imperfect, may be taken[2]—It encloses a square of about thirty yards—The middle space was always open—The wall is, I believe, about thirty feet high, very thick, flanked with six round towers, each about eighteen feet, or less, in diameter—Only one tower had a chimney, so that there was[3] commodity of living—It was only a place of strength—The garrison had, perhaps, tents in the area.

Stapylton's house is pretty[4]; there are pleasing

[1] [In the first edition this name was by mistake printed Ruthin.—Ed.]
[2] [Meaning, probably, could be *drawn* on paper.—Ed.]
[3] ["*No*," or "*little*," is probably here omitted.—Ed.]
[4] [The name of this house is Bodryddan [pronounced, writes Mrs. Piozzi, *Potrothan*]; formerly the residence of the Stapyltons, the parents of five co-

shades about it, with a constant spring that supplies a cold bath—We then went to see a cascade—I trudged unwillingly, and was not sorry to find it dry[1] —The water was, however, turned on, and produced a very striking cataract—They are paid a hundred pounds a year for permission to divert the stream to the mines—The river, for such it may be termed, rises from a single spring, which, like that of Winifred's, is covered with a building. Tour to Wales.

We called then at another house belonging to Mr. Lloyd, which made a handsome appearance—This country seems full of very splendid houses.

Mrs. Thrale lost her purse—She expressed so much uneasiness, that I concluded the sum to be very great; but when I heard of only seven guineas, I was glad to find that she had so much sensibility of money.

I could not drink this day either coffee or tea after dinner—I know not when I missed before.

Friday, 5th August.—Last night my sleep was remarkably quiet—I know not whether by fatigue in walking, or by forbearance of tea. I gave [up] the ipecacuanha—*Vin. emet.* had failed; so had *tartar emet.* I dined at Mr. Myddleton's, of Gwaynynog—The house was a gentleman's house, below the second rate, perhaps below the third, built of stone roughly cut—The rooms were low, and the passage above stairs gloomy, but the furniture was good—The table was well supplied, except that the fruit was bad—It was truly the dinner of a country gentleman[2]—Two

heiresses, of whom Mrs. Cotton, afterwards Lady Salusbury Cotton, was one. In the year 1774, it was the residence of Mr. Shipley, dean of St. Asaph, who still lives there.—DUPPA.]

[1] ["He teased Mrs. Cotton so about the dry cascade at Dysert rock, that I remember she was ready to cry: the waterfall being near her maiden residence made her, I suppose, partial to the place; for she sent us thither to be entertained, and expected much praise at our return."—*Piozzi MS.*]

[2] [Johnson affected to be a man of very nice discernment in the art of cookery (DUPPA); but if we may trust Mrs. Piozzi's enumeration of his favourite dainties, with very little justice. See *ante*, v. i. p. 481. And observing in one of

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tables were filled with company, not inelegant—After dinner, the talk was of preserving the Welsh language—I offered them a scheme—Poor Evan Evans was mentioned, as incorrigibly addicted to strong drink—Washington was commended[1]—Myddleton is the only man who, in Wales, has talked to me of literature—I wish he were truly zealous—I recommended the republication of David ap Rhees's Welsh grammar—Two sheets of Hebrides came to me for correction to-day, F. G.[2]

Saturday, 6th August.—Σαϑ.[3] δρ.—I corrected the two sheets—My sleep last night was disturbed—Washing at Chester and here, 5*s.* 1*d.*—I did not read—I saw to-day more of the outhouses at Llewenney—It is, in the whole, a very spacious house.

Sunday, 7th August.—I was at church at Bodfari. There was a service used for a sick woman, not canonically, but such as I have heard, I think, formerly at Lichfield, taken out of the visitation.—Καϑ. μετριως. The church is mean, but has a square tower for the bells, rather too stately for the church.

Observations.—Dixit injustus, Ps. 36, has no relation to the English[4].

her letters to Mr. Duppa on *this* passage, she says, "Dr. Johnson loved a *fine* dinner, but would eat perhaps more heartily of a *coarse* one—boiled beef or veal pie; fish he seldom passed over, though he said that he only valued the sauce, and that *every* body eat the first as a vehicle for the second. When he poured *oyster sauce* over *plum pudding*, and the *melted butter* flowing from the toast into his *chocolate*, one might surely say that he was nothing less than delicate."—*Piozzi MS.*—Ed.]

[1] [The editor suspects that "*Washington*" is printed by mistake for "*Worthington.*" *General Washington* was yet hardly known, and *Dr. Worthington*, a literary friend of Dr. Johnson's, was resident in a Welsh living not distant, and which the party afterwards visited. See *post*, 8th Sept.—Ed.]

[2] [F. G. are the printer's signatures, by which it appears that at this time five sheets had already been printed. The MS. was sent to press 11th June.—Duppa.]

[3] [*Sic*, no doubt an error for Καϑ.—Κάϑαρσις δραστική.—See *ante*, 17th July.—Ed.]

[4] [Dr. Johnson meant, that the words of the *Latin* version, "*dixit injustus*," prefixed to the 36th Psalm (one of those appointed for the day), had no relation to the English version in the *Liturgy*: "My heart showeth me the wickedness of the ungodly." The *biblical* version, however, has some accordance with the Latin, "The transgression of the *wicked saith* within my heart;" and Bishop Lowth

Preserve us, Lord[1], has the name of Robert Wisedome, 1618. *Barker's Bible*[1]. Tour to Wales.

Battologiam ab *iteratione*, recte distinguit Erasmus *Mod. Orandi Deum*, p. 56, 144[2].

Southwell's Thoughts of his own Death[3].

Baudius on Erasmus[4].

Monday, 8th August,—The bishop and much company dined at Lleweney[5]—Talk of Greek and the army—The Duke of Marlborough's officers

renders it "The *wicked man*, according to the wickedness of his heart, *saith*." The *biblical* version of the Psalms was made by the translators of the whole Bible, under James I., from the original *Hebrew*, and is closer than the version used in the Liturgy, which was made in the reign of Henry VIII. from the *Greek*.—ED.]

[1] [This alludes to "a Prayer by R. W." (evidently Robert Wisedom), which Mr. Ellis, of the British Museum, has found among the Hymns which follow the old version of the singing psalms, at the end of Barker's Bible of 1639. It begins,

"Preserve us, Lord, by thy dear word,
From Turk and Pope, defend us, Lord!
Which both would thrust out of his throne
Our Lord Jesus Christ, thy deare son."—ED.]

[2] [In allusion to our Saviour's censure of vain repetition in prayer (*battologia*—Matt. c. vi. v. 7). Erasmus, in the passage cited, defends the words "*My God! my God!*" as an expression of justifiable earnestness.—ED.]

[3] [This alludes to Southwell's stanzas "Upon the Image of Death," in his *Maœnia*, a collection of spiritual poems.

"Before my face the picture hangs,
That daily should put me in mind
Of those cold names and bitter pangs
That shortly I am like to find;
But, yet, alas! full little I
Do think thereon that I must die," &c.

Robert Southwell was an English jesuit, who was imprisoned, tortured, and finally, in Feb. 1598, tried in the King's Bench, convicted, and next day executed, for teaching the Roman Catholic tenets in England.—ED.]

[4] [This work, which Johnson was now reading, was, most probably, a little book, entitled *Baudi Epistolæ*, as, in his Life of Milton, he has made a quotation from it. Speaking of Milton's religious opinions, when he is supposed to have vacillated between Calvinism and Arminianism, he observes, "What Baudius says of Erasmus seems applicable to him, *magis habuit quod fugeret quam quod sequeretur*."—DUPPA.]

[5] [During Johnson's stay at this place, Mrs. Thrale gives this trait of his character: "When we went into Wales together, and spent some time at Mr. Cotton's at Lleweney, one day at dinner, I meant to please Mr. Johnson particularly with a dish of very young peas. 'Are not they charming?' said I to him, while he was eating them. 'Perhaps they would be so—to a *pig*.' This is given only as an instance of the peculiarity of his manner, and which had in it no intention to offend.—DUPPA. This last observation was suggested by Mrs. Piozzi to Mr. Duppa, and was by her intended as a kind of apology against Boswell's complaint, that she told these kind of stories with the malevolent intention of depreciating Johnson.—ED.]

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useless[1]—Read Phocylidis[2], distinguished the paragraphs—I looked in Leland: an unpleasant book of mere hints[3]—Lichfield school ten pounds, and five pounds from the hospital[4].

Wednesday, 10*th August*.—At Lloyd's, of Maesmynnan; a good house, and a very large walled garden—I read Windus's Account of his Journey to Mequinez, and of Stewart's Embassy[5]—I had read in the morning Wasse's Greek Trochaics to Bentley; they appear inelegant, and made with difficulty—The Latin elegy contains only common-place, hastily expressed, so far as I have read, for it is long—They seem to be the verses of a scholar, who has no practice of writing—The Greek I did not always fully understand—I am in doubt about the sixth and last paragraphs; perhaps they are not printed right, for ἔυτοκον perhaps ἔυστοχον. q?—The following days [11th, 12th, and 13th], I read here and there—The *Bibliotheca Literaria* was so little supplied with papers that could interest curiosity, that it could not hope for long continuance[6]—Wasse, the chief contributor, was an unpolished scholar, who, with much literature, had no art or elegance of diction, at least in English.

Sunday, 14*th August*.—At Bodfari I heard the second lesson read, and the sermon preached in Welsh.

[1] [Dr. Shipley had been a chaplain with the Duke of Cumberland, and probably now entertained Dr. Johnson with some anecdotes collected from his military acquaintance, by which Johnson was led to conclude that the "Duke of Marlborough's officers were useless;" that is, that the duke saw and did every thing *himself*; a fact which, it is presumed, may be told of all great captains. —Ed.]

[2] [The title of the poem is Ποίημα γνωμικον.—Duppa.]

[3] [Leland's Itinerary, published by Thomas Hearne, in nine very thin octavo volumes, 1710.—Duppa.]

[4] [An extract from Leland.—Ed.]

[5] [This book is entitled "A Journey to Mequinez, the Residence of the present Emperor of Fez and Morocco, on the Occasion of Commodore Stewart's Embassy thither, for the Redemption of the British Captives, in the Year 1721." 8vo.—Duppa.]

[6] [The *Bibliotheca Literaria* was published in London, 1722-4, in quarto numbers, but only extended to ten numbers.—Duppa.]

The text was pronounced both in Welsh and English —The sound of the Welsh, in a continued discourse, is not unpleasant—Βρῶσις ὀλιγη—καϑ. α. φ.[1]—The letter of Chrysostom, against transubstantiation—Erasmus to the Nuns full of mystic notions and allegories. Tour to Wales.

Monday, 15*th August*.—Καϑ.—Imbecillitas genuum non sine aliquantulo doloris inter ambulandum, quem a prandio magis sensi[2].

Tuesday, 16*th August*.—[On this day he wrote to Mr. Levett.]

"TO MR. ROBERT LEVETT.

"Llewency, in Denbighshire, 16th Aug. 1774.

"DEAR SIR,—Mr. Thrale's affairs have kept him here a great while, nor do I know exactly when we shall come hence. I have sent you a bill upon Mr. Strahan.

"I have made nothing of the ipecacuanha, but have taken abundance of pills, and hope that they have done me good.

"Wales, so far as I have yet seen of it, is a very beautiful and rich country, all enclosed and planted. Denbigh is not a mean town. Make my compliments to all my friends, and tell Frank I hope he remembers my advice. When his money is out, let him have more. I am, sir, your humble servant,

"SAM. JOHNSON."

[*Thursday*, 18*th August*.]—We left Lleweney[3], and went forwards on our journey—We came to Abergeley, a mean town, in which little but Welsh is spoken, and divine service is seldom performed in English—Our way then lay to the seaside, at the foot of a mountain, called Penmaen Rhôs—Here the way was so steep, that we walked on the lower edge of the hill, to meet the coach, that went upon a road higher on the hill—Our walk was not long, nor unpleasant: the longer I walk, the less I feel its in-

[1] [*Sic*, probably for καϑαρσις αφιλης. See *ante*, 17th July, and 6th August. —ED.]

["A weakness of the knees, not without some pain in walking, which I feel increased after I have dined."—DUPPA.]

[3] [In Mr. Duppa's edition, the departure from Lleweney is erroneously (as appears from what follows) dated the 16th.—ED.]

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convenience—As I grow warm, my breath mends, and I think my limbs grow pliable.

We then came to Conway Ferry, and passed in small boats, with some passengers from the stage coach, among whom were an Irish gentlewoman, with two maids, and three little children, of which, the youngest was only a few months old. The tide did not serve the large ferry-boat, and therefore our coach could not very soon follow us—We were, therefore, to stay at the inn. It is now the day of the race at Conway, and the town was so full of company, that no money could purchase lodgings. We were not very readily supplied with cold dinner. We would have staid at Conway if we could have found entertainment, for we were afraid of passing Penmaen Mawr, over which lay our way to Bangor, but by bright daylight, and the delay of our coach made our departure necessarily late. There was, however, no stay on any other terms, than of sitting up all night. The poor Irish lady was still more distressed—Her children wanted rest—She would have been contented with one bed, but, for a time, none could be had—Mrs. Thrale gave her what help she could—At last two gentlemen were persuaded to yield up their room, with two beds, for which she gave half a guinea.

Our coach was at last brought, and we set out with some anxiety, but we came to Penmaen Mawr by daylight; and found a way, lately made, very easy, and very safe[1]—It was cut smooth, and enclosed between parallel walls; the outer of which secures the passenger from the precipice, which is deep and

[1] [Penmaen Mawr is a huge rocky promontory, rising nearly 1550 feet perpendicular above the sea. Along a shelf of this precipice is formed an excellent road, well guarded, toward the sea, by a strong wall, supported in many parts by arches turned underneath it. Before this wall was built, travellers sometimes fell down the precipices.—DUPPA.]

dreadful—This wall is here and there broken by mischievous wantonness—The inner wall preserves the road from the loose stones, which the shattered steep above it would pour down—That side of the mountain seems to have a surface of loose stones, which every accident may crumble—The old road was higher, and must have been very formidable—The sea beats at the bottom of the way. Tour to Wales.

At evening the moon shone eminently bright; and our thoughts of danger being now past, the rest of our journey was very pleasant. At an hour, somewhat late, we came to Bangor, where we found a very mean inn, and had some difficulty to obtain lodging—I lay in a room, where the other bed had two men.

Friday, 19th August.—We obtained boats to convey us to Anglesey, and saw Lord Bulkeley's house, and Beaumaris Castle.

I was accosted by Mr. Lloyd, the schoolmaster of Beaumaris, who had seen me at University College; and he, with Mr. Roberts, the register of Bangor, whose boat we borrowed, accompanied us. Lord Bulkeley's house is very mean, but his garden is spacious and shady, with large trees and smaller interspersed—The walks are straight, and cross each other, with no variety of plan; but they have a pleasing coolness and solemn gloom, and extend to a great length [1]. The castle is a mighty pile; the outward wall has fifteen round towers, besides square towers at the angles—There is then a void space between the wall and the castle, which has an area enclosed with a wall, which again has towers, larger

[1] [Baron Hill is the name of Lord Bulkeley's house, which is situated just above the town of Beaumaris, at the distance of three quarters of a mile, commanding so fine a view of the sea, and the coast of Caernarvon, that it has been sometimes compared to Mount Edgecombe, in Devonshire. Lord Lyttelton, speaking of the house and gardens, says, "The house is a bad one, but the gardens are made in a very fine taste."—DUPPA.]

Tour to Wales.

than those of the outer wall—The towers of the inner castle are, I think, eight—There is likewise a chapel entire, built upon an arch, as I suppose, and beautifully arched with a stone roof, which is yet unbroken—The entrance into the chapel is about eight or nine feet high, and was, I suppose, higher, when there was no rubbish in the area—This castle corresponds with all the representations of romancing narratives—Here is not wanting the private passage, the dark cavity, the deep dungeon, or the lofty tower—We did not discover the well—This is the most complete view that I have yet had of an old castle—It had a moat—The towers—We went to Bangor.

Saturday, 20th August.—We went by water from Bangor to Caernarvon, where we met Paoli and Sir Thomas Wynne[1]—Meeting by chance with one Troughton[2], an intelligent and loquacious wanderer, Mr. Thrale invited him to dinner—He attended us to the castle, an edifice of stupendous magnitude and strength; it has in it all that we observed at Beaumaris, and much greater dimensions: many of the smaller rooms floored with stone are entire; of the larger rooms, the beams and planks are all left: this is the state of all buildings left to time—We mounted the eagle tower by one hundred and sixty-nine steps, each of ten inches—We did not find the well; nor did I trace the moat; but moats there were, I believe, to all castles on the plain, which not only hindered access, but prevented mines—We saw but a very small part of this mighty ruin, and in all these old

[1] [Sir Thomas Wynne, created Lord Newborough, July 14th, 1776. Died October 12th, 1807.—Duppa.]

[2] ["Lieutenant Troughton I do recollect, loquacious and intelligent he was. He wore a uniform, and belonged, I think, to a man of war."—*Piozzi MS.* He was made a lieutenant in 1762, and died in 1786, in that rank; he was on half-pay, and did not belong to any ship when he met Dr. Johnson in 1774. It seems then that, even so late as this, *half-pay* officers wore their *uniforms* in the ordinary course of life.—Ed.]

buildings, the subterraneous works are concealed by the rubbish—To survey this place would take much time: I did not think there had been such buildings; it surpassed my ideas. Tour to Wales.

Sunday, 21st August—[at Caernarvon].—We were at church; the service in the town is always English; at the parish-church at a small distance, always Welsh—The town has by degrees, I suppose, been brought nearer to the sea-side—We received an invitation to Dr. Worthington—We then went to dinner at Sir Thomas Wynne's,—the dinner mean, Sir Thomas civil, his lady nothing[1]—Paoli civil—We supped with Colonel Wynne's lady, who lives in one of the towers of the castle—I have not been very well.

Monday, 22d August.—We went to visit Bodville[2], the place where Mrs. Thrale was born, and the churches called Tydweilliog and Llangwinodyl, which she holds by impropriation—We had an invitation to the house of Mr. Griffiths of Bryn o dol, where we found a small neat new-built house, with square rooms: the walls are of unhewn stone, and therefore thick; for the stones not fitting with exactness, are not strong without great thickness—He had planted a great deal of young wood in walks—Fruit trees do not thrive; but having grown a few years, reach some

[1] [Lady Catharine Perceval, daughter of the second Earl of Egmont: this was, it appears, the lady of whom Mrs. Piozzi relates, that "For a lady of quality, since dead, who received us at her husband's seat in Wales with less attention than he had long been accustomed to, he had a rougher denunciation: 'That woman,' cried Johnson, 'is like sour small beer, the beverage of her table, and produce of the wretched country she lives in: like that, she could never have been a good thing, and even that bad thing is spoiled.'" And it is probably of her too that another anecdote is told: "We had been visiting at a lady's house, whom, as we returned, some of the company ridiculed for her ignorance: 'She is not ignorant,' said he, 'I believe, of any thing she has been taught, or of any thing she is desirous to know; and I suppose if one wanted a little *run tea*, she might be a proper person enough to apply to.'" Mrs. Piozzi says, in her MS. Letters, "that Lady Catharine comes off well in the *diary*. He said many severe things of her, which he did not commit to paper." She died in 1782.—Ed.]

[2] ["Situated among the mountains of Caernarvonshire."—*Piozzi MS.*]

Tour to Wales.

barren stratum and wither—We found Mr. Griffiths not at home; but the provisions were good.

[*Tuesday, 23d August.*]—Mr. Griffiths came home the next day—He married a lady who has a house and estate at [Llanver[1],] over against Anglesea, and near Caernarvon, where she is more delighted, as it seems, to reside than at Bryn o dol—I read Lloyd's account of Mona, which he proves to be Anglesea—In our way to Bryn o dol, we saw at Llanerk a church built crosswise, very spacious and magnificent for this country—We could not see the parson, and could get no intelligence about it.

Wednesday, 24th August.—We went to see Bodville—Mrs. Thrale remembered the rooms, and wandered over them with recollection of her childhood—This species of pleasure is always melancholy—The walk was cut down, and the pond was dry—Nothing was better. We surveyed the churches, which are mean, and neglected to a degree scarcely imaginable—They have no pavement, and the earth is full of holes—The seats are rude benches; the altars have no rails—One of them has a breach in the roof—On the desk, I think, of each lay a folio Welsh Bible of the black letter, which the curate cannot easily read—Mr. Thrale purposes to beautify the churches, and if he prospers, will probably restore the tithes—The two parishes are, Llangwinodyl and Tydweilliog[2]—The methodists are here very prevalent—A better church will impress the people with more reverence of

[1] [*Piozzi MS.*]

[2] [These two parishes are perpetual curacies, endowed with the small tithes, which, in 1809, amounted to six pounds sixteen shillings and sixpence in each parish; but these sums are increased by Queen Ann's bounty; and, in 1809, the whole income for Llangwinodyl, including surplice fees, amounted to forty-six pounds two shillings and twopence, and for Tydweilliog, forty-three pounds nineteen shillings and tenpence; so that it does not appear that Mr. Thrale carried into effect his good intention.—DUPPA.]

public worship—Mrs. Thrale visited a house where she had been used to drink milk, which was left, with an estate of two hundred pounds a year, by one Lloyd [1], to a married woman who lived with him—We went to Pwllheli, a mean old town, at the extremity of the country—Here we bought something, to remember the place. Tour to Wales.

Thursday, 25th August.—We returned to Caernarvon, where we ate with Mrs. Wynne.

Friday, 26th August.—We visited, with Mrs. [2] Wynne, Llyn Badarn and Llyn Beris, two lakes, joined by a narrow strait—They are formed by the waters which fall from Snowdon, and the opposite mountains—On the side of Snowdon are the remains of a large fort [3], to which we climbed with great labour—I was breathless and harassed—The lakes have no great breadth, so that the boat is always near one bank or the other.—*Note. Queeny*'s goats, one hundred and forty-nine, I think [4].

Saturday, 27th August.—We returned to Bangor, where Mr. Thrale was lodged at Mr. Roberts's, the register.

Sunday, 28th August.—We went to worship at the cathedral—The quire is mean; the service was not well read.

Monday, 29th August.—We came to Mr. Myddel-

[1] [Mr. Lloyd was a very good-natured man; and when Mrs. Thrale was a little child, he was used to treat her with sweetmeats and milk; but what was now remarkable was, that she should recollect the house, which she had not seen since she was five years old.—DUPPA.

[2] ["Miss Thrale was amused with our rowing on Lake Llyn Beris, and Mrs. Glynn Wynne, wife of Lord Newburgh's brother, who accompanied us and acted as our guide, sang Welsh songs to the harp."—*Piozzi MS.*]

[3] ["Dolbadarne was the name of the fort."—*Piozzi MS.*]

[4] [Mr. Thrale was near-sighted, and could not see the goats browsing on Snowdon, and he promised his daughter, who was a child of ten years old, a penny for every goat she would show him, and Dr. Johnson kept the account; so that it appears her father was in debt to her one hundred and forty-nine pence. *Queeny* was an epithet, which had its origin in the nursery, by which [in allusion to Queen Esther], Mrs Thrale (whose name was Esther) was always distinguished by Johnson.—DUPPA.]

Tour to Wales.

ton's, of Gwaynynog, to the first place, as my *Mistress* observed, where we have been welcome[1].

(*Note.*—On the day when we visited Bodville [*Monday, 22d August*], we turned to the house of Mr. Griffiths, of Kefnamwyclih, a gentleman of large fortune, remarkable for having made great and sudden improvements in his seat and estate—He has enclosed a large garden with a brick wall—He is considered as a man of great accomplishments—He was educated in literature at the university, and served some time in the army, then quitted his commission, and retired to his lands. He is accounted a good man, and endeavours to bring the people to church.)

In our way from Bangor to Conway, we passed again the new road upon the edge of Penmaen Mawr, which would be very tremendous, but that the wall shuts out the idea of danger—In the wall are several breaches, made, as Mr. Thrale very reasonably conjectures, by fragments of rocks which roll down the mountain, broken perhaps by frost, or worn through by rain. We then viewed Conway—To spare the horrors at Penmaen Rhôs between Conway and St. Asaph, we sent the coach over the road cross the mountain with Mrs. Thrale, who had been tired with a walk some time before; and I, with Mr. Thrale and Miss, walked along the edge, where the path is very narrow, and much encumbered by little loose stones, which had fallen down, as we thought, upon the way since we passed it before. At Conway we took a short survey of the castle, which afforded us nothing new—It is larger than that of Beaumaris, and less than that of Caernarvon—It is built upon a rock so high and steep, that it is even now very difficult of

[1] ["It is very likely I did say so. My relations were not quite as forward as I thought they might have been to welcome a long distant kinswoman. The Mydd'eltons were more cordial. The old colonel had been a fellow collegian with Mr. Thrale and Lord Sandys, of Ombersley."—*Piozzi MS.*]

access—We found a round pit, which was called the Well; it is now almost filled, and therefore dry—We found the Well in no other castle—There are some remains of leaden pipes at Caernarvon, which, I suppose, only conveyed water from one part of the building to another—Had the garrison had no other supply, the Welsh, who must know where the pipes were laid, could easily have cut them. We came to the house of Mr. Myddelton (on Monday), where we staid to September 6, and were very kindly entertained—How we spent our time, I am not very able to tell[1]—We saw the wood, which is diversified and romantic. Tour to Wales.

Sunday, 4th September.—We dined with Mr. Myddelton[2], the clergyman, at Denbigh, where I saw the harvest men very decently dressed, after the afternoon service, standing to be hired—On other days, they stand at about four in the morning—They are hired from day to day.

Monday, 5th September.—We lay at Wrexham; a busy, extensive, and well built town—It has a very large and magnificent church. It has a famous fair[3].

[1] [However this may have been, he was both happy and amused, during his stay at Gwaynynog, and Mr. Myddelton was flattered by the honour of his visit. To perpetuate the recollection of it, he (to use Mr. Boswell's words) erected an urn on the banks of a rivulet, in the park, where Johnson delighted to stand and recite verses; on which is this inscription:

This spot was often dignified by the presence of
SAMUEL JOHNSON, LL.D.
Whose Moral Writings, exactly conformable to the
Precepts of Christianity,
Gave ardour to Virtue, and confidence to Truth.

In 1777, it would appear from a letter by Johnson to Mrs. Thrale, that he was informed that Mr. Myddelton meditated this honour, which seemed to be but little to his taste: "Mr. Myddelton's erection of an urn looks like an intention to bury me alive: I would as willingly see my friend, however benevolent and hospitable, quietly inurned. Let him think, for the present, of some more acceptable memorial."—Duppa.]

[2] ["Rector of Denbigh, was second brother to the owner of Gwaynynog. He had, I suppose, been in the army, for we used to call him *colonel*."—*Piozzi MS.*]

[3] [It was probably on the 6th Sept. in the way from Wrexham to Chirk, that they passed through Ruabon, where the following occurrence took place: "A Welsh parson of mean abilities, though a good heart, struck with reverence

Tour to Wales.

Wednesday, 7th September.—We came to Chirk Castle.

Thursday, 8th September.—We came to the house of Dr. Worthington[1]; at Llanrhaiadr[2]—Our entertainment was poor, though the house was not bad. The situation is very pleasant, by the side of a small river, of which the bank rises high on the other side, shaded by gradual rows of trees—The gloom, the stream, and the silence, generate thoughtfulness. The town is old, and very mean, but has, I think, a market—In this town, the Welsh translation of the Old Testament was made—The Welsh singing psalms were written by Archdeacon Price—They are not considered as elegant, but as very literal, and accurate—We came to Llanrhaiadr through Oswestry; a town not very little, nor very mean—The church, which I saw only at a distance, seems to be an edifice much too good for the present state of the place.

Friday, 9th September.—We visited the water-

at the sight of Dr. Johnson, whom he had heard of as the greatest man living, could not find any words to answer his inquiries concerning a motto round somebody's arms which adorned a tombstone in Ruabon churchyard. If I remember right, the words were,

Heb Dw, Heb Dym,
Dw o' diggon *.

And though of no very difficult construction, the gentleman seemed wholly confounded, and unable to explain them; till Mr. Johnson, having picked out the meaning by little and little, said to the man, '*Heb* is a preposition, I believe, sir, is it not?' My countryman recovering some spirits upon the sudden question, cried out, 'So I humbly presume, sir,' very comically."—*Anecdotes.*—ED.]

[1] [Dr. William Worthington, a man of distinguished learning, and an author of many works on religious subjects. He enjoyed considerable preferment in the church, and lived at Llanrhaiadr; of which parish he was the rector. He died October 6, 1778, aged seventy-five.—DUPPA. Dr. Johnson thus notices his death in a letter to Mrs. Thrale: "My clerical friend Worthington is dead. I have known him long—and to die is dreadful. I believe he was a very good man."—*Letters*, v. i. p. 26.—ED.]

[2] [Llanrhaiadr, being translated into English, is *The Village of the Fountain*, and takes its name from a spring, about a quarter of a mile from the church.—DUPPA. Mr. Duppa was misinformed. *Rhaiadr* signifies a *waterfall*, and not a *spring*; and a waterfall was, as we shall see presently, the chief feature of the vicinity.—ED.]

* [It is the Myddelton motto, and means,
Without God—without all!
God is all-sufficient!—*Piozzi MS.* p. 184.]

fall, which is very high, and in rainy weather very copious—There is a reservoir made to supply it—In its fall, it has perforated a rock—There is a room built for entertainment—There was some difficulty in climbing to a near view—Lord Lyttelton [1] came near it, and turned back—When we came back, we took some cold meat, and notwithstanding Doctor [Worthington's] importunities, went that day to Shrewsbury. Tour to Wales.

Saturday, 10*th September*.—I sent for Gwynn[2], and he showed us the town—The walls are broken, and narrower than those of Chester—The town is large, and has many gentlemen's houses, but the streets are narrow—I saw Taylor's library—We walked in the Quarry; a very pleasant walk by the river—Our inn was not bad.

Sunday, 11*th September*.—We were at St. Chads, a very large and luminous church—We were on the Castle Hill.

Monday, 12*th September*.—We called on Dr. Adams[3], and travelled towards Worcester, through Wenlock; a very mean place, though a borough—At noon, we came to Bridgenorth, and walked about the town, of which one part stands on a high rock, and part very low, by the river—There is an old tower, which, being crooked, leans so much, that it is frightful to pass by it—In the afternoon we came through Kinver[4], a town in Staffordshire, neat and

[1] [Thomas, the second Lord Lyttelton.—Duppa.]

[2] [Mr. Gwynn was an architect of considerable celebrity. He was a native of Shrewsbury, and was at this time completing a bridge across the Severn, called the English Bridge. Besides this bridge, he built one at Atcham, over the Severn, near to Shrewsbury; and the bridges at Worcester, Oxford, and Henley, are all built by him.—Duppa. See *ante*, v. ii. p. 25, and *post*, 19th March, 1776.—Ed.]

[3] [The master of Pembroke College, Oxford; who was also rector of St. Chads, in Shrewsbury.—Duppa.]

[4] [There must have been some unexplained reason why they left the straight high-road from Bridgenorth to Hartlebury, through Kidderminster, to call at the little village of Kinver.—Ed.]

Tour to Wales.

closely built—I believe it has only one street—The road was so steep and miry, that we were forced to stop at Hartlebury, where we had a very neat inn, though it made a very poor appearance.

Tuesday, 13th September.—We came to Lord Sandys's, at Ombersley, where we were treated with great civility [1]—The house is large—The hall is a very noble room.

Thursday, 15th September.—We went to Worcester, a very splendid city—The cathedral is very noble, with many remarkable monuments—The library is in the chapter-house—On the table lay the Nuremberg Chronicle, I think, of the first edition [2]. We went to the china warehouse—The cathedral has a cloister—The long aisle is, in my opinion, neither so wide nor so high as that of Lichfield.

Friday, 16th September.—We went to Hagley, where we were disappointed of the respect and kindness that we expected [3].

Saturday, 17th September.—We saw the house and park, which equalled my expectation—The house is one square mass—The offices are below—The rooms of elegance on the first floor, with two stories of bedchambers, very well disposed above it—The bedchambers have low windows, which abates the dignity of the house—The park has an artificial ruin, and wants water; there is, however, one tem-

[1] [It was here that Johnson had as much wall-fruit as he wished, and, as he told Mrs. Thrale, for the only time in his life.—DUPPA. See *ante*, v. i. p. 482. It seems they spent here Wednesday, the 14th Sept.—ED.]

[2] [The first edition was printed July 12, 1493. The author, or rather compiler of this chronicle, was one Hartman Schedel, of Nuremberg, a physician. —DUPPA.]

[3] [This visit was not to Lord Lyttelton, but to his uncle [called Billy Lyttelton, afterwards, by successive creations, Lord Westcote, and Lord Lyttelton], the father of the present lord, who lived at a house called Little Hagley.—DUPPA. This gentleman was an intimate friend of Mr. Thrale, and had some years before invited Johnson (through Mrs. Thrale) to visit him at Hagley, *ante*, v. ii. p. 131.—ED.]

porary cascade[1]—From the farthest hill there is a very wide prospect. Tour to Wales.

Sunday, 18*th September*.—I went to church—The church is, externally, very mean, and is therefore diligently hidden by a plantation—There are in it several modern monuments of the Lytteltons.

There dined with us Lord Dudley, and Sir Edward Lyttelton, of Staffordshire, and his lady—They were all persons of agreeable conversation.

I found time to reflect on my birthday, and offered a prayer, which I hope was heard.

Monday, 19*th September*.—We made haste away from a place where all were offended[2]—In the way we visited the Leasowes—It was rain, yet we visited all the waterfalls—There are, in one place, fourteen falls in a short line—It is the next place to Ilam gardens—Poor Shenstone never tasted his pension—It is not very well proved that any pension was obtained for him—I am afraid that he died of misery.

We came to Birmingham, and I sent for Wheeler[3], whom I found well.

Tuesday, 20*th September*.—We breakfasted with Wheeler, and visited the manufacture of *Papier machè*—The paper which they use is smooth whited brown; the varnish is polished with rotten stone—Wheeler gave me a teaboard—We then went to

[1] ["He was enraged at artificial ruins and temporary cascades, so that I wonder at his leaving his opinion of them dubious; besides he hated the Lytteltons, and would rejoice in an opportunity of insulting them."—*Piozzi MS.*—See *post*, *sub* 1781, *the Life of Lyttelton*.—Ed.]

[2] ["Mrs. Lyttelton, *ci-devant* Caroline Bristow, forced me to play at whist against my liking, and her husband took away Johnson's candle that he wanted to read by at the other end of the room. Those, I trust, were the offences."—*Piozzi MS.*]

[3] [Dr. Benjamin Wheeler; he was a native of Oxford, and originally on the foundation of Trinity College; afterwards he became a Fellow of Magdalene College, Canon of Christ Church, and Regius Professor of Divinity. He took his degree of A. M. Nov. 14, 1758, and D. D. July 6, 1770; and was a man of extensive learning. Dr. Johnson, in his letters to Mrs. Thrale, styles him "My learned friend, the man with whom I most delighted to converse."—*Lett.*—Dupp.]

Tour to Wales.

Boulton's [1], who, with great civility, led us through his shops—I could not distinctly see his enginery—Twelve dozen of buttons for three shillings—Spoons struck at once.

Wednesday, 21st September.—Wheeler came to us again—We came easily to Woodstock.

Thursday, 22d September.—We saw Blenheim and Woodstock park—The park contains two thousand five hundred acres; about four square miles. It has red deer— Mr. Bryant showed me the library with great civility—Durandi Rationale, 1459 [2]—Lascaris' Grammar of the first edition, well printed, but much less than later editions [3]—The first Batrachomyomachia [4]—The duke sent Mr. Thrale partridges and fruit—At night we came to Oxford.

Friday, 23d September.—We visited Mr. Coulson—The ladies wandered about the university.

Saturday, 24th September.—Kaϑ.—We dine [5] with

[1] [See *post*, 22d March, 1776.—Ed.]

[2] [This is a work written by William Durand, Bishop of Mende, and printed on vellum, in folio, by Fust and Schoeffer, in Mentz, 1459. It is the third book that is known to be printed with a date, and is considered as a curious and extraordinary specimen of early printing. An imperfect copy was sold at Dr. Askew's sale, Feb. 22, 1775, for sixty-one pounds, to Mr. Elmsly, the bookseller.—Duppa.]

[3] [Dr. Johnson, in another column of his Diary, has put down, in a note, "First printed book in Greek, Lascaris's Grammar, 4to. Mediolani, 1476." The imprint of this book is, *Mediolani Impressum per Magistrum Dionysium Paravisinum.* M.CCCC.LXXVI. *Die* xxx *Januarii.* This edition is very rare, and it is probable that Dr. Johnson saw it now for the first time. A copy was purchased for the king's library at Dr. Askew's sale, 1775, for twenty-one pounds ten shillings.

This was the first book that was ever printed in the Greek character. The first book printed in the English language was the *Historyes of Troye*, printed in 1471; an imperfect copy of which was put up to public sale in 1812, when there was a competition amongst men eminent for learning, rank, and fortune; and, according to their estimation of its value, it was sold for the sum of 1060*l.* 10*s.*—Duppa.]

[4] [The Battle of the Frogs and Mice. The first edition was printed by Laonicus Cretensis, 1486. This book consists of forty-one pages, small quarto, and the verses are printed with red and black ink alternately. A copy was sold at Dr. Askew's sale, 1775, for fourteen guineas.—Duppa.]

[5] ["Of the dinner at University College I remember nothing, unless it was there that Mr. Vansittart, a flourishing sort of character, showed off his graceful form by fencing with Mr. Seward, who joined us at Oxford. We had a grand dinner at *Queen's College*, and Dr. Johnson made Miss Thrale and me observe the ceremony of the grace cup; but I have but a faint remembrance of it, and

Mr. Coulson[1]—Vansittart[2] told me his distemper —Afterwards we were at Burke's [at Beaconsfield], where we heard of the dissolution of the parliament[3] —We went home. Tour to Wales.

["Dr. Johnson had always a very great personal regard and particular affection for Mr. Burke; and when at this time the general election broke up the delightful society in which we had spent some time at Beaconsfield, Dr. Johnson shook the hospitable master of the house kindly by the hand, and said, 'Farewell, my dear sir, and remember that I wish you all the success which ought to be wished you, which can possibly be wished you, indeed, *by an honest man*.'"] Anec. p. 186.

can in nowise tell who invited us, or how we came by our academical honour of hearing our healths drank in form, and I half believe in Latin."—*Piozzi MS.* The Editor suspects that Mrs. Piozzi, writing after a lapse of forty years, mentioned *Queen's* by mistake for *University* College.—ED.]

[1] [Mr. Coulson was a senior Fellow of University College; in habit and appearance somewhat resembling Johnson himself, and was considered in his time as an Oxford *character*. He took his degree of A. M. April 12, 1746. After this visit, Dr. Johnson told Mrs. Thrale that he was the man designated in the Rambler, under the name of Gelidus the philosopher.—DUPPA. It was Mrs. Piozzi's confusion of names, as she herself admits in her MS. letters to Mr. Duppa, which gave rise to the unfounded idea that Gelidus was meant for *Professor* Colson, of Cambridge (see *ante*, v. i. p. 72 and 192); Mrs. Piozzi meant Mr. Coulson, Fellow of *University*; but even as to this Mr. Coulson, of Oxford, Mrs. Piozzi must have been in some degree of error. Coulson was a humourist, and Johnson may have caught some hints from him; but the greater number of the points of the character of Gelidus *could* have no resemblance to him. Lord Stowell informs the editor that he was very eccentric. He would on a fine day hang out of the college windows his various pieces of apparel to air, which used to be universally answered by the young men hanging out from all the other windows quilts, carpets, rags, and every kind of trash, and this was called an *illumination*. His notions of the eminence and importance of his academic situation were so peculiar that, when he afterwards accepted a college living, he expressed to Lord Stowell his doubts whether, after living so long in the *great world*, he might not grow weary of the comparative retirement of a country parish.—ED.]

[2] [See *ante*, v. ii. p. 185 and 187 *n*. The *distemper* was no doubt a tendency to depression of spirits, which Dr. Johnson alludes to in the last cited passage.—ED.]

[3] [Dissolved the 30th September, 1774.—ED.]

"MR. BOSWELL TO DR. JOHNSON.

"Edinburgh, 30th August, 1774.

"You have given me an inscription for a portrait of Mary Queen of Scots, in which you, in a short and striking manner, point out her hard fate. But you will be pleased to keep in mind, that my picture is a representation of a particular scene in her history—her being forced to resign her crown, while she was imprisoned in the castle of Lochlevin. I must, therefore, beg that you will be kind enough to give me an inscription suited to that particular scene; or determine which of the two formerly transmitted to you is the best; and at any rate, favour me with an English translation. It will be doubly kind if you comply with my request speedily.

"Your critical notes on the specimen of Lord Hailes's 'Annals of Scotland' are excellent. I agreed with you on every one of them. He himself objected only to the alteration of *free* to *brave*, in the passage where he says that Edward 'departed with the glory due to the conqueror of a free people.' He says, to call the Scots brave would only add to the glory of their conqueror. You will make allowance for the national zeal of our annalist. I now send a few more leaves of the Annals, which I hope you will peruse, and return with observations, as you did upon the former occasion. Lord Hailes writes to me thus: 'Mr. Boswell will be pleased to express the grateful sense which Sir David Dalrymple has of Dr. Johnson's attention to his little specimen. The further specimen will show, that

'Even in an *Edward* he can see desert.'

"It gives me much pleasure to hear that a republication of Isaac Walton's Lives is intended. You have been in a mistake in thinking that Lord Hailes had it in view. I remember one morning, while he sat with you in my house, he said, that there should be a new edition of Walton's Lives; and you said that 'they should be benoted a little.' This was all that passed on that subject. You must, therefore, inform Dr. Horne, that he may resume his plan. I enclose a note concerning it; and if Dr. Horne will write to me, all the attention that I can give shall be cheerfully bestowed upon what I think a pious work, the preservation and elucidation of Walton, by whose writings I have been most pleasingly edified."

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"MR. BOSWELL TO DR. JOHNSON.

"Edinburgh, 16th Sept. 1774.

"Wales has probably detained you longer than I supposed. You will have become quite a mountaineer, by visiting Scotland one year and Wales another. You must next go to Switzerland. Cambria will complain, if you do not honour her also with some remarks. And I find *concessere columnæ*, the booksellers expect another book. I am impatient to see your 'Tour to Scotland and the Hebrides.' Might you not send me a copy by the post as soon as it is printed off?"

* * * * * *

"TO JAMES BOSWELL, ESQ.

"London, 1st Oct. 1774.

"DEAR SIR,—Yesterday I returned from my Welsh journey. I was sorry to leave my book suspended so long; but having an opportunity of seeing, with so much convenience, a new part of the island, I could not reject it. I have been in five of the six counties of North Wales; and have seen St. Asaph and Bangor, the two seats of their bishops; have been upon Penmanmaur and Snowdon, and passed over into Anglesea. But Wales is so little different from England, that it offers nothing to the speculation of the traveller.

"When I came home, I found several of your papers, with some pages of Lord Hailes's Annals, which I will consider. I am in haste to give you some account of myself, lest you should suspect me of negligence in the pressing business which I find recommended to my care, and which I knew nothing of till now, when all care is vain [1].

"In the distribution of my books I purpose to follow your advice, adding such as shall occur to me. I am not pleased with your notes of remembrance added to your names, for I hope I shall not easily forget them.

"I have received four Erse books, without any direction, and suspect that they are intended for the Oxford library. If that is the intention, I think it will be proper to add the metrical psalms, and whatever else is printed in Erse, that the present may be complete. The donor's name should be told.

"I wish you could have read the book before it was printed, but our distance does not easily permit it.

"I am sorry Lord Hailes does not intend to publish Walton; I am afraid it will not be done so well, if it be done at all.

[1] I had written to him, to request his interposition in behalf of a convict, who I thought was very unjustly condemned.—BOSWELL.

"I purpose now to drive the book forward. Make my compliments to Mrs. Boswell, and let me hear often from you. I am, dear sir, your affectionate humble servant,

"SAM. JOHNSON."

Parliament having been dissolved, and his friend Mr. Thrale, who was a steady supporter of government, having again to encounter the storm of a contested election, he wrote a short political pamphlet, entitled "The Patriot *," addressed to the electors of Great Britain; a title which, to factious men who consider a patriot only as an opposer of the measures of government, will appear strangely misapplied. It was, however, written with energetick vivacity; and, except those passages in which it endeavours to vindicate the glaring outrage of the house of commons in the case of the Middlesex election, and to justify the attempt to reduce our fellow-subjects in America to unconditional submission, it contained an admirable display of the properties of a real patriot, in the original and genuine sense;—a sincere, steady, rational, and unbiassed friend to the interests and prosperity of his king and country. It must be acknowledged, however, that both in this and his two former pamphlets, there was, amidst many powerful arguments, not only a considerable portion of sophistry, but a contemptuous ridicule of his opponents, which was very provoking.

"TO MR. PERKINS[1].

"25th October, 1774.

"SIR,—You may do me a very great favour. Mrs. Williams, a gentlewoman whom you may have seen at Mr. Thrale's,

[1] Mr. Perkins was for a number of years the worthy superintendent of Mr. Thrale's great brewery, and after his death became one of the proprietors of it; and now resides in Mr. Thrale's house in Southwark, which was the scene of so many literary meetings, and in which he continues the liberal hospitality for which it was eminent. Dr. Johnson esteemed him much. He hung up in the counting-house a fine proof of the admirable mezzotinto of Dr. Johnson, by Doughty; and when Mrs. Thrale asked him somewhat flippantly, "Why do

is a petitioner for Mr. Hetherington's charity; petitions are this day issued at Christ's hospital.

"I am a bad manager of business in a crowd; and if I should send a mean man, he may be put away without his errand. I must, therefore, entreat that you will go, and ask for a petition for Anna Williams, whose paper of inquiries was delivered with answers at the counting-house of the hospital on Thursday the 20th. My servant will attend you thither, and bring the petition home when you have it.

"The petition which they are to give us, is a form which they deliver to every petitioner, and which the petitioner is afterwards to fill up, and return to them again. This we must have, or we cannot proceed according to their directions. You need, I believe, only ask for a petition; if they inquire for whom you ask, you can tell them.

"I beg pardon for giving you this trouble; but it is a matter of great importance. I am, sir, your most humble servant,

"SAM. JOHNSON."

"TO JAMES BOSWELL, ESQ.

"London, 27th Oct. 1774.

"DEAR SIR,—There has appeared lately in the papers an account of the boat overset between Mull and Ulva, in which many passengers were lost, and among them Maclean of Col. We, you know, were once drowned[1]; I hope, therefore, that the story is either wantonly or erroneously told. Pray satisfy me by the next post.

"I have printed two hundred and forty pages. I am able to do nothing much worth doing to dear Lord Hailes's book. I will, however, send back the sheets; and hope, by degrees, to answer all your reasonable expectations.

"Mr. Thrale has happily surmounted a very violent and acrimonious opposition; but all joys have their abatement: Mrs. Thrale has fallen from her horse, and hurt herself very much. The rest of our friends, I believe, are well. My compliments to Mrs. Boswell.—I am, sir, your most affectionate servant,

"SAM. JOHNSON."

This letter, which shows his tender concern for an amiable young gentleman to whom he had been very

you put him up in the counting-house?" He answered, "Because, madam, I wish to have one wise man there." "Sir (said Johnson), I thank you. It is a very handsome compliment, and I believe you speak sincerely."—BOSWELL.

[1] In the newspapers.—BOSWELL.

much obliged in the Hebrides, I have inserted according to its date, though before receiving it I had informed him of the melancholy event that the young Laird of Col was unfortunately drowned.

"TO JAMES BOSWELL, ESQ.

"26th Nov. 1774.

"DEAR SIR,—Last night I corrected the last page of our 'Journey to the Hebrides.' The printer has detained it all this time, for I had, before I went into Wales, written all except two sheets. 'The Patriot' was called for by my political friends on Friday, was written on Saturday, and I have heard little of it. So vague are conjectures at a distance[1]. As soon as I can, I will take care that copies be sent to you, for I would wish that they might be given before they are bought; but I am afraid that Mr. Strahan will send to you and to the booksellers at the same time. Trade is as diligent as courtesy. I have mentioned all that you recommended. Pray make my compliments to Mrs. Boswell and the younglings. The club has, I think, not yet met.

"Tell me, and tell me honestly, what you think and what others say of our travels. Shall we touch the continent[2]?—I am, dear sir, your most humble servant, "SAM. JOHNSON."

In his manuscript diary of this year, there is the following entry:

"Nov. 27. Advent Sunday. I considered that this day, being the beginning of the ecclesiastical year, was a proper time for a new course of life. I began to read the Greek Testament regularly at one hundred and sixty verses every Sunday. This day I began the Acts.

"In this week I read Virgil's Pastorals. I learned to repeat the Pollio and Gallus. I read carelessly the first Georgick."

Such evidences of his unceasing ardour, both for "divine and human lore," when advanced into his sixty-fifth year, and notwithstanding his many dis-

[1] Alluding to a passage in a letter of mine, where, speaking of his "Journey to the Hebrides," I say, "But has not 'The Patriot' been an interruption, by the time taken to write it, and the time luxuriously spent in listening to its applauses?"—BOSWELL.

[2] We had projected a voyage together up the Baltick, and talked of visiting some of the more northern regions.—BOSWELL.

turbances from disease, must make us at once honour his spirit, and lament that it should be so grievously clogged by its material tegument. It is remarkable that he was very fond of the precision which calculation produces. Thus we find in one of his manuscript diaries, "12 pages in 4to. Gr. Test. and 30 pages in Beza's folio, comprise the whole in 40 days."

"DR. JOHNSON TO JOHN HOOLE, ESQ.[1]

"19th December, 1774.

"DEAR SIR,—I have returned your play[2], which you will find underscored with red, where there was a word which I did not like. The red will be washed off with a little water.

"The plot is so well framed, the intricacy so artful, and the disentanglement so easy, the suspense so affecting, and the passionate parts so properly interposed, that I have no doubt of its success.—I am, sir, your most humble servant,

"SAM. JOHNSON."

The first effort of his pen in 1775, was "Proposals for publishing the Works of Mrs. Charlotte Lennox †[3]," in three volumes quarto. In his diary, January 2, I find this entry: "Wrote Charlotte's Proposals." But, indeed, the internal evidence would have been quite sufficient. Her claim to the favour of the publick was thus enforced:

"Most of the pieces, as they appeared singly, have been read with approbation, perhaps above their merits, but of no great advantage to the writer. She hopes, therefore, that she shall not be considered as too indulgent to vanity, or too studious of interest, if from that labour which has hitherto been chiefly gainful to others, she endeavours to obtain at last some profit to herself and her children. She cannot decently enforce her

[1] [John Hoole, who from this time forward will be found much in Johnson's society, was the son of a watchmaker, born about 1726. He was a clerk in the India House, but devoted his leisure to literature. He published translations of Tasso's Jerusalem and Ariosto's Orlando. He died in 1803.—ED.]

[2] Comice.—BOSWELL.

[3] [See *ante*, v. i. p. 208.—ED.]

claim by the praise of her own performances: nor can she suppose, that, by the most artful and laboured address, any additional notice could be procured to a publication, of which her majesty has condescended to be the patroness."

He this year also wrote the Preface to Baretti's "Easy Lessons in Italian and English †."

"TO JAMES BOSWELL, ESQ.

"14th January, 1775.

"DEAR SIR,—You never did ask for a book by the post till now, and I did not think on it. You see now it is done. I sent one to the king, and I hear he likes it.

"I shall send a parcel into Scotland for presents, and intend to give to many of my friends. In your catalogue you left out Lord Auchinleck.

"Let me know, as fast as you read it, how you like it; and let me know if any mistake is committed, or any thing important left out. I wish you could have seen the sheets. My compliments to Mrs. Boswell, and to Veronica, and to all my friends. I am, sir, your most humble servant,

"SAM. JOHNSON."

"MR. BOSWELL TO DR. JOHNSON.

"Edinburgh, 19th Jan. 1775.

"Be pleased to accept of my best thanks for your 'Journey to the Hebrides,' which came to me by last night's post. I did really ask the favour twice; but you have been even with me by granting it so speedily. *Bis dat qui cito dat.* Though ill of a bad cold, you kept me up the greatest part of last night: for I did not stop till I had read every word of your book. I looked back to our first talking of a visit to the Hebrides, which was many years ago, when sitting by ourselves in the Mitre tavern in London, I think about *witching time o' night*; and then exulted in contemplating our scheme fulfilled, and a *monumentum perenne* of it erected by your superior abilities. I shall only say, that your book has afforded me a high gratification. I shall afterwards give you my thoughts on particular passages. In the mean time, I hasten to tell you of your having mistaken two names, which you will correct in London, as I shall do here, that the gentlemen who deserve the valuable compliments which you have paid them may enjoy their honours. In page

106, for *Gordon* read *Murchison*; and in page 357, for *Maclean* read *Macleod*[1].

* * * * *

"But I am now to apply to you for immediate aid in my profession, which you have never refused to grant when I requested it. I enclose you a petition for Dr. Memis, a physician at Aberdeen, in which Sir John Dalrymple has exerted his talents, and which I am to answer as counsel for the managers of the royal infirmary in that city. Mr. Jopp, the provost, who delivered to you your freedom, is one of my clients, and, *as a citizen of Aberdeen*, you will support him.

"The fact is shortly this. In a translation of the charter of the infirmary from Latin into English, made under the authority of the managers, the same phrase in the original is in one place rendered *physician*, but when applied to Dr. Memis is rendered *doctor of medicine*. Dr. Memis complained of this before the translation was printed, but was not indulged with having it altered; and he has brought an action for damages, on account of a supposed injury, as if the designation given to him was an inferior one, tending to make it be supposed he is *not a physician*, and consequently to hurt his practice. My father has dismissed the action as groundless, and now he has appealed to the whole court[2]."

"TO JAMES BOSWELL, ESQ.

"1st January, 1775.

"DEAR SIR,—I long to hear how you like the book; it is, I think, much liked here. But Macpherson is very furious; can you give me any more intelligence about him, or his Fingal? Do what you can, and do it quickly. Is Lord Hailes on our side?

"Pray let me know what I owed you when I left you, that I may send it to you.

"I am going to write about the Americans. If you have picked up any hints among your lawyers, who are great masters of the law of nations, or if your own mind suggests any thing, let me know. But mum, it is a secret.

[1] [It is strange that these errors have never been corrected: they will be found in vol. viii. pp. 265 and 401, of Murphy's edition, and vol. ix. pp. 44 and 150, of the Oxford edition.—ED.]

[2] In the court of session of Scotland an action is first tried by one of the judges, who is called the lord ordinary; and if either party is dissatisfied, he may appeal to the whole court, consisting of fifteen, the lord president and fourteen other judges, who have both in and out of court the title of lords from the name of their estates; as, Lord Auchinleck, Lord Monboddo, &c.—BOSWELL.

"I will send your parcel of books as soon as I can; but I cannot do as I wish. However, you find every thing mentioned in the book which you recommended.

"Langton is here; we are all that ever we were. He is a worthy fellow, without malice, though not without resentment[1].

"Poor Beauclerk is so ill that his life is thought to be in danger. Lady Di nurses him with very great assiduity.

"Reynolds has taken too much to strong liquor[2], and seems to delight in his new character.

"This is all the news that I have; but as you love, verses I will send you a few which I made upon Inchkenneth[3]; but remember the condition, you shall not show them, except to Lord Hailes, whom I love better than any man whom I know so little. If he asks you to transcribe them for him, you may do it, but I think he must promise not to let them be copied again, nor to show them as mine.

"I have at last sent back Lord Hailes's sheets. I never think about returning them, because I alter nothing. You will see that I might as well have kept them. However, I am ashamed of my delay; and if I have the honour of receiving any more, promise punctually to return them by the next post. Make my compliments to dear Mrs. Boswell, and to Miss Veronica. I am, dear sir, yours most faithfully,

"SAM. JOHNSON[4]."

[1] [This refers to the coolness alluded to, *ante*, vol. ii. p. 245, *n.* and 328. —ED.]

[2] It should be recollected that this fanciful description of his friend was given by Johnson after he himself had become a water-drinker.—BOSWELL. [This good-natured intimation of Mr. Boswell's cannot be admitted as an explanation of this expression. Johnson had been a water-drinker ever since 1766 (see *ante*, v. ii. p. 8), and, therefore, *that* could not be his motive for making, *nine years after*, an observation on Sir Joshua's "*new character.*" Sir Joshua was *always* convivial, and this expression was either an allusion to some little anecdote now forgotten, or arose out of that odd fancy which Johnson (perhaps from his own morbid feelings) entertained, that every one who drank wine, in any quantity whatsoever, was more or less drunk.—ED.]

[3] [See *ante*, p. 20.—ED.]

[4] He now sent me a Latin inscription for my historical picture, Mary, Queen of Scots, and afterwards favoured me with an English translation. Mr. Alderman Boydell, that eminent patron of the arts, has subjoined them to the engraving from my picture.

"Maria Scotorum Regina,
Hominum seditiosorum
Contumeliis lassata,
Minis territa, clamoribus victa,
Libello, per quem
Regno cedit,
Lacrimans trepidansque
Nomen apponit."

"MR. BOSWELL TO DR. JOHNSON.

"Edinburgh, 27th Jan, 1775.

* * * * * *

"You rate our lawyers here too high, when you call them great masters of the law of nations.

* * * * * *

"As for myself, I am ashamed to say I have read little and thought little on the subject of America. I will be much obliged to you, if you will direct me where I shall find the best information of what is to be said on both sides. It is a subject vast in its present extent and future consequences. The imperfect hints which now float in my mind tend rather to the formation of an opinion that our government has been precipitant and severe in the resolutions taken against the Bostonians. Well do you know that I have no kindness for that race. But nations, or bodies of men, should, as well as individuals, have a fair trial, and not be condemned on character alone. Have we not express contracts with our colonies, which afford a more certain foundation of judgment, than general political speculations on the mutual rights of states and their provinces or colonies? Pray let me know immediately what to read, and I shall diligently endeavour to gather for you any thing that I can find. Is Burke's speech on American taxation published by himself? Is it authentick? I remember to have heard you say, that you had never considered East Indian affairs; though, surely, they are of much importance to Great Britain. Under the recollection of this, I shelter myself from the reproach of ignorance about the Americans. If you write upon the subject, I shall certainly understand it. But, since you seem to expect that I should know something of it, without your instruction,

"Mary, Queen of Scots,
Harassed, terrified, and overpowered
By the insults, menaces,
And clamours
Of her rebellious subjects,
Sets her hand,
With tears and confusion,
To a resignation of the kingdom."—BOSWELL.

[It may be doubted whether "*regno* cedit," in the sense here intended, is quite correct. No one is ignorant that "*foro* cedit, *vitâ* cedit," and similar expressions, are classical; and that if Mary had been quitting the kingdom, instead of resigning the crown, *regno cedit* would be correct and elegant; but if *regnum* means *regal rights*, the accusative case would seem the more consonant with the analogies of grammar. Tacitus seems to make this distinction; he says of troops abandoning a *position*, "*loco cedunt*" (*German.* 6); but when they resign the *spoils* of the conquered, he says, "*bona interfectorum cedunt*" (*Hist.* 4, 64). So also Virgil, "cedat fama *loco*" (7 *Æn.* 332), for *giving way*; but "cedat *jus proprium* regi" (11 *Æn.* 369), for the resignation *of a right*.—ED.]

and that my own mind should suggest something, I trust you will put me in the way.

* * * * * *

"What does Becket mean by the *Originals* of Fingal and other poems of Ossian, which he advertises to have lain in his shop?"

* * * * * *

"TO JAMES BOSWELL, ESQ.

"28th Jan. 1775.

"DEAR SIR,—You sent me a case to consider, in which I have no facts but what are against us, nor any principles on which to reason. It is vain to try to write thus without materials. The fact seems to be against you; at least I cannot know nor say any thing to the contrary. I am glad that you like the book so well. I hear no more of Macpherson. I shall long to know what Lord Hailes says of it. Lend it him privately. I shall send the parcel as soon as I can. Make my compliments to Mrs. Boswell. I am, sir, &c.

"SAM. JOHNSON."

"MR. BOSWELL TO DR. JOHNSON.

"Edinburgh, 2d Feb. 1775.

* * * * * *

"As to Macpherson, I am anxious to have from yourself a full and pointed account of what has passed between you and him. It is confidently told here, that before your book came out he sent to you, to let you know that he understood you meant to deny the authenticity of Ossian's poems; that the originals were in his possession; that you might have inspection of them, and might take the evidence of people skilled in the Erse language; and that he hoped, after this fair offer, you would not be so uncandid as to assert that he had refused reasonable proof. That you paid no regard to his message, but published your strong attack upon him; and then he wrote a letter to you, in such terms as he thought suited to one who had not acted as a man of veracity. You may believe it gives me pain to hear your conduct represented as unfavourable, while I can only deny what is said, on the ground that your character refutes it, without having any information to oppose. Let me, I beg it of you, be furnished with a sufficient answer to any calumny upon this occasion.

"Lord Hailes writes to me (for we correspond more than we talk together), 'As to Fingal, I see a controversy arising,

and purpose to keep out of its way. There is no doubt that I might mention some circumstances; but I do not choose to commit them to paper[1].' What his opinion is I do not know. He says, 'I am singularly obliged to Dr. Johnson for his accurate and useful criticisms. Had he given some strictures on the general plan of the work, it would have added much to his favours.' He is charmed with your verses on Inchkenneth, says they are very elegant, but bids me tell you, he doubts whether

'Legitimas faciunt pectora pura preces'

be according to the rubrick[2]: but that is your concern; for, you know, he is a Presbyterian."

* * * * * *

"TO DR. LAWRENCE[3].

"7th Feb. 1775.

"SIR,—One of the Scotch physicians is now prosecuting a corporation that in some publick instrument have styled him *doctor of medicine* instead of *physician*. Boswell desires, being advocate for the corporation, to know whether *doctor of medicine* is not a legitimate title, and whether it may be considered as a disadvantageous distinction. I am to write to-night; be pleased to tell me. I am, sir, your most, &c.

"SAM. JOHNSON."

"TO JAMES BOSWELL, ESQ.

"7th Feb. 1775.

"MY DEAR BOSWELL,—I am surprised that, knowing as you do the disposition of your countrymen to tell lies in favour

[1] His lordship, notwithstanding his resolution, did commit his sentiments to paper, and in one of his notes affixed to his Collection of Old Scottish Poetry, he says, "to doubt the authenticity of those poems is a refinement in scepticism indeed."—J. BOSWELL.

[2] [Meaning, perhaps, that this line would, if taken as a *general principle*, exclude the expediency of any *form* of prayer, or the necessity of a priesthood, and consequently impugn our liturgy and church establishment; but Dr. Johnson's verses referred to a case not of *public* but of domestic prayer; and the Church of England, though its liturgy affords admirable helps to *private devotion*, does not affect to regulate *it* by any form or rubrick; it was, however, perhaps, this criticism which induced Johnson to substitute for this elegant line the obscure and awkward one,

"*Sint pro legitimis pura labella sacris.*"

See *ante*, p. 20, *n.*—ED.]

[3] The learned and worthy Dr. Lawrence, whom Dr. Johnson respected and loved as his physician and friend.—BOSWELL.

of each other[1], you can be at all affected by any reports that circulate among them. Macpherson never in his life offered me a sight of any original or of any evidence of any kind; but thought only of intimidating me by noise and threats, till my last answer—*that I would not be deterred from detecting what I thought a cheat by the menaces of a ruffian*—put an end to our correspondence.

"The state of the question is this. He, and Dr. Blair, whom I consider as deceived, say, that he copied the poem from old manuscripts. His copies, if he had them, and I believe him to have none, are nothing. Where are the manuscripts? They can be shown if they exist, but they were never shown. *De non existentibus et non apparentibus*, says our law, *eadem est ratio*. No man has a claim to credit upon his own word, when better evidence, if he had it, may be easily produced. But so far as we can find, the Erse language was never written till very lately for the purposes of religion. A nation that cannot write, or a language that was never written, has no manuscripts.

"But whatever he has he never offered to show. If old manuscripts should now be mentioned, I should, unless there were more evidence than can be easily had, suppose them another proof of Scotch conspiracy in national falsehood.

"Do not censure the expression; you know it to be true.

"Dr. Memis's question is so narrow as to allow no speculation; and I have no facts before me but those which his advocate has produced against you.

"I consulted this morning the president of the London College of physicians, who says, that with us, *doctor of physic* (we do not say *doctor of medicine*) is the highest title that a practiser of physic can have; that *doctor* implies not only *physician*, but teacher of physic; that every *doctor* is legally a *physician*; but no man, not a *doctor*, can *practise physic* but by *licence* particularly granted. The doctorate is a licence of itself. It seems to us a very slender cause of prosecution.

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"I am now engaged, but in a little time I hope to do all you

[1] My friend has, in this letter, relied upon my testimony, with a confidence, of which the ground has escaped my recollection.—BOSWELL. [This, and a subsequent phrase in this letter, must have left poor Mr. Boswell sorely perplexed between his desire to stand well with his countrymen, and his inability to deny Johnson's assertion. His evasion is awkward enough, for there are several passages in his Journal of the Tour which seem, if not to justify, at least to excuse Johnson's appeal to him; for instance, Mr. Boswell's observation, *ante*, 20th October, on "the *confident carelessness* of the statements with which he and Dr. Johnson were so constantly *deceived* and *provoked*."—ED.]

would have. My compliments to madam and Veronica. I am, sir, your most humble servant, "SAM. JOHNSON."

What words were used by Mr. Macpherson in his letter to the venerable sage, I have never heard; but they are generally said to have been of a nature very different from the language of literary contest. Dr. Johnson's answer appeared in the newspapers of the day, and has since been frequently republished; but not with perfect accuracy. I give it as dictated to me by himself, written down in his presence, and authenticated by a note in his own handwriting, "*This, I think, is a true copy*[1]."

"MR. JAMES MACPHERSON,—I received your foolish and impudent letter. Any violence offered me I shall do my best to repel; and what I cannot do for myself, the law shall do for me. I hope I never shall be deterred from detecting what I think a cheat, by the menaces of a ruffian.

"What would you have me retract? I thought your book an imposture; I think it an imposture still. For this opinion I have given my reasons to the publick, which I here dare you to refute. Your rage I defy. Your abilities, since your Homer, are not so formidable; and what I hear of your morals inclines me to pay regard not to what you shall say, but to what you shall prove. You may print this if you will.

"SAM. JOHNSON."

Mr. Macpherson little knew the character of Dr. Johnson, if he supposed that he could be easily intimidated; for no man was ever more remarkable for personal courage. He had, indeed, an awful dread of death, or rather, "of something after death:" and what rational man, who seriously thinks of quitting all that he has ever known, and going into a new and unknown state of being, can be without that dread? But his fear was from reflection; his courage natural. His fear, in that one instance, was the re-

[1] I have deposited it in the British Museum.—BOSWELL.

sult of philosophical and religious consideration. He feared death, but he feared nothing else, not even what might occasion death.

Piozzi, p. 214. [Fear was indeed a sensation to which Dr. Johnson was an utter stranger, excepting when some sudden apprehensions seized him that he was going to die; and even then, he kept all his wits about him, to express the most humble and pathetic petitions to the Almighty: and when the first paralytic stroke took his speech from him, he instantly set about composing a prayer in Latin, at once to deprecate God's mercy, to satisfy himself that his mental powers remained unimpaired, and to keep them in exercise, that they might not perish by permitted stagnation.

When one day he had at Streatham taken tincture of antimony instead of emetic wine, for a vomit, he was himself the person to direct what should be done for him, and managed with as much coolness and deliberation as if he had been prescribing for an indifferent person.]

Many instances of his resolution may be mentioned. One day, at Mr. Beauclerk's house in the country, when two large dogs were fighting [1], he went up to them, and beat them till they separated; and at another time, when told of the danger there was that a gun might burst if charged with many balls, he put in six or seven, and fired it off against a wall. Mr. Langton told me, that when they were swimming together near Oxford, he cautioned Dr. Johnson against a pool, which was reckoned particularly dangerous; upon which Johnson directly swam into it. He told me himself that one night he was attacked in the street by four men, to whom he would not

[1] ["When we inquired," says Mrs. Piozzi, "into the truth of this story, he answered, the dogs have been somewhat magnified, I believe. They were, as I remember, two stout young pointers; but the story has gained but little." *Piozzi, p.* 88. This story was told *ante*, p. 21.—ED.]

yield, but kept them all at bay, till the watch came up, and carried both him and them to the round-house. In the playhouse at Lichfield, as Mr. Garrick informed me, Johnson having for a moment quitted a chair which was placed for him between the side-scenes, a gentleman took possession of it, and, when Johnson on his return civilly demanded his seat, rudely refused to give it up; upon which Johnson laid hold of it, and tossed him and the chair into the pit[1]. Foote, who so successfully revived the old comedy, by exhibiting living characters, had resolved to imitate Johnson on the stage, expecting great profits from his ridicule of so celebrated a man. Johnson being informed of his intention, and being at dinner at Mr. Thomas Davies's, the bookseller, from whom I had the story, he asked Mr. Davies, "what was the common price of an oak stick?" and being answered sixpence, "Why then, sir," said he, "give me leave to send your servant to purchase me a shilling one. I'll have a double quantity; for I am told Foote means *to take me off*, as he calls it, and I am determined the fellow shall not do it with impunity." Davies took care to acquaint Foote of this, which effectually checked the wantonness of the mimick. Mr. Macpherson's menaces made Johnson provide himself with the same implement of defence; and had he been attacked, I have no doubt that, old as he was, he would have made his corporal prowess be felt as much as his intellectual.

His "Journey to the Western Islands of Scotland*" is a most valuable performance. It abounds in extensive philosophical views of society, and in ingenious sentiment and lively description. A considerable

[1] [If Mrs. Piozzi had reported any statement so obviously exaggerated as this, Mr. Boswell would have been very indignant.—Ed.]

part of it, indeed, consists of speculations, which many years before he saw the wild regions which we visited together, probably had employed his attention, though the actual sight of those scenes undoubtedly quickened and augmented them. Mr. Orme, the very able historian, agreed with me in this opinion, which he thus strongly expressed: "There are in that book thoughts, which, by long revolution in the great mind of Johnson, have been formed and polished like pebbles rolled in the ocean!"

That he was to some degree of excess *a true born Englishman*, so as to have entertained an undue prejudice against both the country and the people of Scotland, must be allowed. But it was a prejudice of the head, and not of the heart[1]. He had no ill-will to the Scotch; for, if he had been conscious of that, he never would have thrown himself into the bosom of their country, and trusted to the protection of its remote inhabitants with a fearless confidence. His remark upon the nakedness of the country, from its being denuded of trees, was made after having travelled two hundred miles along the eastern coast, where certainly trees are not to be found near the road; and he said it was "a map of the road" which he gave. His disbelief of the authenticity of the poems ascribed to Ossian, a Highland bard, was confirmed in the course of his journey, by a very strict examination of the evidence offered for it; and although their authenticity was made too much a national point by the Scotch, there were many respectable persons in that country, who did not concur in

[1] [This is a distinction which the Editor is not sure that he understands. Did Mr. Boswell think that he improved the case by representing Johnson's dislike of Scotland as the result not of *feeling* but of *reason?* In truth, in the printed Journal of his Tour, there is nothing that a fair and liberal Scotchman can or does complain of; but his conversation is full of the harshest and often most unjust sarcasms against the Scotch, nationally and individually.—ED.]

this: so that his judgment upon the question ought not to be decried, even by those who differ from him. As to myself, I can only say, upon a subject now become very uninteresting, that when the fragments of Highland poetry first came out, I was much pleased with their wild peculiarity, and was one of those who subscribed to enable their editor, Mr. Macpherson, then a young man, to make a search in the Highlands and Hebrides for a long poem in the Erse language, which was reported to be preserved somewhere in those regions. But when there came forth an Epick poem in six books, with all the common circumstances of former compositions of that nature; and when, upon an attentive examination of it, there was found a perpetual recurrence of the same images which appear in the fragments; and when no ancient manuscript, to authenticate the work, was deposited in any publick library, though that was insisted on as a reasonable proof, *who* could forbear to doubt?

Johnson's grateful acknowledgments of kindness received in the course of this tour completely refute the brutal reflections which have been thrown out against him, as if he had made an ungrateful return; and his delicacy in sparing in his book those who we find, from his letters to Mrs. Thrale, were just objects of censure[1], is much to be admired. [We have seen his kind acknowledgment of Macleod's hospitality, and the loss of poor *Col* is recorded in his journal in affectionate and pathetic terms.] His candour and amiable disposition is conspicuous from his conduct, when informed by Mr. Macleod, of Rasay, that he had committed a mistake, which gave that gentleman some uneasiness. He wrote him [as ED.

[1] [The only person censured in these letters is Sir A. Macdonald, to whom Boswell no doubt alludes, but whom *his* delicacy did not spare. See *ante*, v. ii. p. 380.—ED.]

we have seen[1]] a courteous and kind letter, and inserted in the newspapers an advertisement, correcting the mistake [2].

The observations of my friend Mr. Dempster[3] in a letter written to me, soon after he had read Dr. Johnson's book, are so just and liberal, that they cannot be too often repeated.

* * * * *

"There is nothing in the book, from beginning to end, that a Scotchman need to take amiss. What he says of the country is true; and his observations on the people are what must naturally occur to a sensible, observing, and reflecting inhabitant of a convenient metropolis, where a man on thirty pounds a year may be better accommodated with all the little wants of life, than Col or Sir Allan.

"I am charmed with his researches concerning the Erse language, and the antiquity of their manuscripts. I am quite convinced; and I shall rank Ossian and his Fingals and Oscars amongst the nursery tales, not the true history of our country, in all time to come.

"Upon the whole, the book cannot displease, for it has no pretensions. The authour neither says he is a geographer, nor an antiquarian, nor very learned in the history of Scotland, nor a naturalist, nor a fossilist. The manners of the people, and the face of the country, are all he attempts to describe, or seems to have thought of. Much were it to be wished, that they who have travelled into more remote, and of course more curious regions, had all possessed his good sense. Of the state of learning, his observations on Glasgow university show he has formed a very sound judgment. He understands our climate too; and he has accurately observed the changes, however slow and imperceptible to us, which Scotland has undergone, in consequence of the blessings of liberty and internal peace."

* * * * *

Mr. Knox, another native of Scotland, who has

[1] [See *ante*, vol. ii. p. 493.—ED.]

[2] See *ante*, p. 110.—BOSWELL.

[3] [Boswell was so vehemently attacked by his countrymen, as if he were *particeps criminis* with Dr. Johnson, that he thought it expedient to produce these *testimonia scotorum* in his own defence.—ED.]

since made the same tour, and published an account of it, is equally liberal.

"I have read," says he, "his book again and again, travelled with him from Berwick to Glenelg, through countries with which I am well acquainted; sailed with him from Glenelg to Rasay, Sky, Rum, Col, Mull, and Icolmkill, but have not been able to correct him in any matter of consequence. I have often admired the accuracy, the precision, and the justness of what he advances, respecting both the country and the people.

"The Doctor has every where delivered his sentiments with freedom, and in many instances with a seeming regard for the benefit of the inhabitants, and the ornament of the country. His remarks on the want of trees and hedges for shade, as well as for shelter to the cattle, are well founded, and merit the thanks, not the illiberal censure of the natives. He also felt for the distresses of the Highlanders, and explodes with great propriety the bad management of the grounds, and the neglect of timber in the Hebrides."

Having quoted Johnson's just compliments on the Rasay family, he says,

"On the other hand, I found this family equally lavish in their encomiums upon the Doctor's conversation, and his subsequent civilities to a young gentleman of that country, who, upon waiting upon him at London, was well received, and experienced all the attention and regard that a warm friend could bestow. Mr. Macleod having also been in London, waited upon the Doctor, who provided a magnificent and expensive entertainment in honour of his old Hebridean acquaintance."

And, talking of the military road by Fort Augustus, he says,

"By this road, though one of the most rugged in Great Britain, the celebrated Dr. Johnson passed from Inverness to the Hebride Isles. His observations on the country and people are extremely correct, judicious, and instructive[1]."

Mr. Tytler, the acute and able vindicator of Mary Queen of Scots, in one of his letters to Mr. James

[1] Page 103.—BOSWELL.

Elphinstone, published in that gentleman's "Forty Years' Correspondence," says,

"I read Dr. Johnson's 'Tour' with very great pleasure. Some few errours he has fallen into, but of no great importance, and those are lost in the numberless beauties of his work.

"If I had leisure, I could perhaps point out the most exceptionable places; but at present I am in the country, and have not his book at hand. It is plain he meant to speak well of Scotland; and he has in my apprehension done us great honour in the most capital article, the character of the inhabitants."

His private letters to Mrs. Thrale, written during the course of his journey, which therefore may be supposed to convey his genuine feelings at the time, abound in such benignant sentiment towards the people who showed him civilities, that no man whose temper is not very harsh and sour can retain a doubt of the goodness of his heart.

It is painful to recollect with what rancour he was assailed by numbers of shallow irritable North Britons, on account of his supposed injurious treatment of their country and countrymen, in his "Journey." Had there been any just ground for such a charge, would the virtuous and candid Dempster have given his opinion of the book, in the terms in which I have quoted? Would the patriotic Knox[1] have spoken of it as he has done? Would Mr. Tytler, surely

"—— a *Scot*, if ever *Scot* there were,"

have expressed himself thus? And let me add, that, citizen of the world as I hold myself to be, I have that degree of predilection for my *natale solum*, nay, I have that just sense of the merit of an ancient nation, which has been ever renowned for its valour, which in former times maintained its independence

[1] I observed with much regret, while the first edition was passing through the press (August, 1790), that this ingenious gentleman is dead.—BOSWELL.

against a powerful neighbour, and in modern times has been equally distinguished for its ingenuity and industry in civilized life, that I should have felt a generous indignation at any injustice done to it. Johnson treated Scotland no worse than he did even his best friends, whose characters he used to give as they appeared to him, both in light and shade. Some people, who had not exercised their minds sufficiently, condemned him for censuring his friends. But Sir Joshua Reynolds, whose philosophical penetration and justness of thinking were not less known to those who lived with him, than his genius in his art admired by the world, explained his conduct thus:

"He was fond of discrimination, which he could not show without pointing out the bad as well as the good in every character; and as his friends were those whose characters he knew best, they afforded him the best opportunity for showing the acuteness of his judgment."

He expressed to his friend, Mr. Windham of Norfolk[1], his wonder at the extreme jealousy[2] of the Scotch, and their resentment at having their country described by him as it really was; when to say that it was a country as good as England would have been a gross falsehood. "None of us," said he, "would be offended if a foreigner who has travelled here should say, that vines and olives don't grow in England." And as to his prejudice against the Scotch, which I always ascribed to that nationality which he observed in *them*, he said to the same gentleman, "When I find a Scotchman, to whom an

[1] [The Right Honourable William Windham of Felbrigg, born 1750, died 1810. He cultivated Johnson's acquaintance for the last few years of his life with great assiduity, as will be seen in the last volume of this work.—ED.]

[2] [We may be allowed to express our wonder at the *extreme* prejudice of Johnson against Scotland and the Scotch; which is the more surprising, because he was himself a *jacobite*, and many of his earliest acquaintances and some of his nearest friends were Scotch (*ante*, vol. i. p. 379). The Editor has a strong suspicion that there was some *personal* cause for this unreasonable and, as it appears, *unaccountable* antipathy.—ED.]

Englishman is as a Scotchman, that Scotchman shall be as an Englishman to me." His intimacy with many gentlemen of Scotland, and his employing so many natives of that country as his amanuenses, prove that his prejudice was not virulent; and I have deposited in the British Museum, amongst other pieces of his writing, the following note in answer to one from me, asking if he would meet me at dinner at the Mitre, though a friend of mine, a Scotchman, was to be there:

"Mr. Johnson does not see why Mr. Boswell should suppose a Scotchman less acceptable than any other man. He will be at the Mitre."

My much-valued friend Dr. Barnard, now Bishop of Killaloe, having once expressed to him an apprehension that if he should visit Ireland he might treat the people of that country more unfavourably than he had done the Scotch, he answered, with strong pointed double-edged wit, "Sir, you have no reason to be afraid of me. The Irish are not in a conspiracy to cheat the world by false representations of the merits of their countrymen. No, sir: the Irish are a *fair people*;—they never speak well of one another." [Mr. Murphy relates that Johnson one day asked him, "Have you observed the difference between your own country impudence and Scotch impudence?" Murphy answering in the negative; "Then I will tell you," said Johnson: "the impudence of an Irishman is the impudence of a fly that buzzes about you, and you put it away, but it returns again, and still flutters and teases. The impudence of a Scotchman is the impudence of a leech that fixes and sucks your blood."]

Murph. Essay, p. 105.

Johnson told me of an instance of Scottish nationality, which made a very unfavourable impression

upon his mind. A Scotchman of some consideration in London solicited him to recommend by the weight of his learned authority, to be master of an English school, a person of whom he who recommended him confessed he knew no more but that he was his countryman. Johnson was shocked at this unconscientious conduct.

All the miserable cavillings against his "Journey," in newspapers, magazines, and other fugitive publications, I can speak from certain knowledge, only furnished him with sport. At last there came out a scurrilous volume [1], larger than Johnson's own, filled with malignant abuse, under a name, real or fictitious, of some low man in an obscure corner of Scotland, though supposed to be the work of another Scotchman, who has found means to make himself well known both in Scotland and England. The effect which it had upon Johnson was, to produce this pleasant observation to Mr. Seward, to whom he lent the book: "This fellow must be a blockhead. They don't know how to go about their abuse. Who will read a five shilling book against me? No, sir, if they had wit, they should have kept pelting me with pamphlets."

"MR. BOSWELL TO DR. JOHNSON.

"Edinburgh, 18th Feb. 1775.

"You would have been very well pleased if you had dined with me to-day. I had for my guests, Macquharrie, young Maclean of Col, the successor of our friend, a very amiable man, though not marked with such active qualities as his bro-

[1] [This was, no doubt, Dr. M'Nicol's book, which has been more than once referred to. It is styled "Remarks on Dr. Samuel Johnson's Journey to the Hebrides, &c., by the Rev. Donald M'Nicol, A. M., Minister of Lismore, in Argyllshire." It had, by way of motto, a citation from *Ray's Proverbs*: "*Old men* and *travellers* LIE by authority." It was not printed till 1779. The second Scotchman, whom Mr. Boswell supposes to have helped in this work, Sir James Mackintosh very reasonably surmises to have been Macpherson.—ED.]

ther; Mr. Maclean of Torloisk in Mull[1], a gentleman of Sir Allan's family; and two of the clan Grant; so that the Highland and Hebridean genius reigned. We had a great deal of conversation about you, and drank your health in a bumper. The toast was not proposed by me, which is a circumstance to be remarked, for I am now so connected with you, that any thing that I can say or do to your honour has not the value of an additional compliment. It is only giving you a guinea out of that treasure of admiration which already belongs to you, and which is no hidden treasure; for I suppose my admiration of you is co-existent with the knowledge of my character.

"I find that the Highlanders and Hebrideans in general are much fonder of your 'Journey,' than the low-country or *hither* Scots. One of the Grants said to-day, that he was sure you were a man of a good heart, and a candid man, and seemed to hope he should be able to convince you of the antiquity of a good proportion of the poems of Ossian. After all that has passed, I think the matter is capable of being proved to a certain degree. I am told that Macpherson got one old Erse MS. from Clanranald, for the restitution of which he executed a formal obligation; and it is affirmed, that the Gaelick (call it Erse or call it Irish) has been written in the Highlands and Hebrides for many centuries. It is reasonable to suppose, that such of the inhabitants as acquired any learning possessed the art of writing as well as their Irish neighbours and Celtick cousins; and the question is, can sufficient evidence be shown of this?

"Those who are skilled in ancient writings can determine the age of MSS., or at least can ascertain the century in which they were written; and if men of veracity, who are so skilled, shall tell us that MSS. in the possession of families in the Highlands and isles are the works of a remote age, I think we should be convinced by their testimony.

"There is now come to this city, Ranald Macdonald from the Isle of Egg, who has several MSS. of Erse poetry, which he wishes to publish by subscription. I have engaged to take three copies of the book, the price of which is to be six shillings, as I would subscribe for all the Erse that can be printed, be it old or new, that the language may be preserved. This man says, that some of his manuscripts are ancient; and, to be sure,

[1] [Maclean of Torloisk was grandfather to the present Marchioness of Northampton.—WALTER SCOTT.]

one of them which was shown to me does appear to have the duskiness of antiquity.

* * * * * *

"The inquiry is not yet quite hopeless, and I should think that the exact truth may be discovered, if proper means be used. I am, &c. "JAMES BOSWELL."

"TO JAMES BOSWELL, ESQ.

"25th Feb. 1775.

"DEAR SIR,—I am sorry that I could get no books for my friends in Scotland. Mr. Strahan has at last promised to send two dozen to you. If they come, put the name of my friends into them; you may cut them out[1], and paste them with a little starch in the book.

"*You* then are going wild about Ossian. Why do you think any part can be proved? The dusky manuscript of Egg is probably not fifty years old: if it be an hundred, it proves nothing. The tale of Clanranald is no proof. Has Clanranald told it? Can he prove it? There are, I believe, no Erse manuscripts. None of the old families had a single letter in Erse that we heard of. You say it is likely that they could write. The learned, if any learned there were, could; but knowing by that learning some written language, in that language they wrote, as letters had never been applied to their own. If there are manuscripts, let them be shown, with some proof that they are not forged for the occasion. You say many can remember parts of Ossian. I believe all those parts are versions of the English; at least there is no proof of their antiquity.

"Macpherson is said to have made some translations himself; and having taught a boy to write it, ordered him to say that he had learnt it of his grandmother. The boy, when he grew up, told the story. This Mrs. Williams heard at Mr. Strahan's table. Don't be credulous; you know how little a Highlander can be trusted. Macpherson is, so far as I know, very quiet. Is not that proof enough? Every thing is against him. No visible manuscript: no inscription in the language: no correspondence among friends: no transaction of business, of which a single scrap remains in the ancient families. Macpherson's pretence is that the character was Saxon. If he had not talked unskilfully of *manuscripts*, he might have fought with oral tradition much longer. As to Mr. Grant's inform-

[1] From a list in his handwriting.—BOSWELL.

ation, I suppose he knows much less of the matter than ourselves.

"In the mean time, the bookseller says that the sale[1] is sufficiently quick. They printed four thousand. Correct your copy wherever it is wrong, and bring it up. Your friends will all be glad to see you. I think of going myself into the country about May.

"I am sorry that I have not managed to send the book sooner. I have left four for you, and do not restrict you absolutely to follow my directions in the distribution. You must use your own discretion.

"Make my compliments to Mrs. Boswell: I suppose she is now beginning to forgive me. I am, dear sir, your humble servant, "SAM. JOHNSON."

ED. [He about this time again visited Oxford, chiefly it would seem with the friendly design of having Mr. Carter established as riding-master there, under the Duchess of Queensberry's donation[2].

"DR. JOHNSON TO MRS. THRALE.

"University College, 3d March, 1775.

Lett. v. i. p. 212. "The fate of my proposal for our friend Mr. Carter will be decided on Monday. Those whom I have spoken to are all friends. I have not abated any part of the entrance or payment, for it has not been thought too much, and I hope he will have scholars.

"I am very deaf; and yet cannot well help being much in company, though it is often very uncomfortable. But when I have done this thing, which I hope is a good thing, or find that I cannot do it, I wish to live a while under your care and protection."]

On Tuesday, 21st March, I arrived in London; and on repairing to Dr. Johnson's before dinner, found him in his study, sitting with Mr. Peter Garrick, the elder brother of David, strongly resembling him in countenance and voice, but of more sedate and

[1] Of his "Journey to the Western Islands of Scotland."—BOSWELL.

[2] [For a further explanation of this matter, see *post*, *sub* 12th March, 1776. —ED.]

placid manners[1]. Johnson informed me, that though Mr. Beauclerk was in great pain, it was hoped he was not in danger, and that he now wished to consult Dr. Heberden, to try the effect of a "*new understanding*." Both at this interview, and in the evening at Mr. Thrale's, where he and Mr. Peter Garrick and I met again, he was vehement on the subject of the Ossian controversy; observing, "We do not know that there are any ancient Erse manuscripts; and we have no other reason to disbelieve that there are men with three heads, but that we do not know that there are any such men." He also was outrageous upon his supposition that my countrymen "loved Scotland better than truth," saying, "All of them,—nay not all,—but *droves* of them, would come up, and attest any thing for the honour of Scotland." He also persevered in his wild allegation, that he questioned if there was a tree between Edinburgh and the English border older than himself. I assured him he was mistaken, and suggested that the proper punishment would be that he should receive a stripe at every tree above a hundred years old, that was found within that space. He laughed, and said, "I believe I might submit to it for a *baubee*."

The doubts which, in my correspondence with him, I had ventured to state as to the justice and wisdom of the conduct of Great Britain towards the American colonies, while I at the same time requested that he would enable me to inform myself upon that momentous subject, he had altogether disregarded; and had recently published a pamphlet, entitled "Taxation no Tyranny; an Answer to the Resolutions and Address of the American Congress *."

[1] [See *ante*, p. 126, *n.* and *post*, 23d March, 1776.—Ed.]

He had long before indulged most unfavourable sentiments of our fellow-subjects in America. For, as early as 1769, I was told by Dr. John Campbell, that he had said of them, "Sir, they are a race of convicts, and ought to be thankful for any thing we allow them short of hanging."

Of this performance I avoided to talk with him; for I had now formed a clear and settled opinion, that the people of America were well warranted to resist a claim that their fellow-subjects in the mother-country should have the entire command of their fortunes, by taxing them without their own consent; and the extreme violence which it breathed appeared to me so unsuitable to the mildness of a christian philosopher, and so directly opposite to the principles of peace which he had so beautifully recommended in his pamphlet respecting Falkland's Islands, that I was sorry to see him appear in so unfavourable a light. Besides, I could not perceive in it that ability of argument, or that felicity of expression, for which he was, upon other occasions, so eminent. Positive assertion, sarcastical severity, and extravagant ridicule, which he himself reprobated as a test of truth, were united in this rhapsody.

That this pamphlet was written at the desire of those who were then in power, I have no doubt[1]; and, indeed, he owned to me, that it had been revised and curtailed by some of them. He told me that they had struck out one passage, which was to this effect: "That the colonists could with no solidity argue from their not having been taxed while in their infancy, that they should not now be taxed. We do not put a calf into the plough; we wait till he is an ox." He said, "They struck it out either critically as too

[1] [Yet see *ante*, v. i. p. 361 and *n.*—ED.]

ludicrous, or politically as too exasperating. I care not which. It was their business. If an architect says I will build five stories, and the man who employs him says I will have only three, the employer is to decide." "Yes, sir (said I), in ordinary cases. But should it be so when the architect gives his skill and labour *gratis?*"

Unfavourable as I am constrained to say my opinion of this pamphlet was, yet since it was congenial with the sentiments of numbers at that time, and as every thing relating to the writings of Dr. Johnson is of importance in literary history, I shall therefore insert some passages which were struck out, it does not appear why, either by himself or those who revised it. They appear printed in a few proof leaves of it in my possession, marked with corrections in his own handwriting. I shall distinguish them by *italicks.*

In the paragraph where he says, the Americans were incited to resistance by European intelligence from

"men whom they thought their friends, but who were friends only to themselves,"

there followed—

"and made by their selfishness, the enemies of their country."

And the next paragraph ran thus:

"On the original contrivers of mischief, *rather than on those whom they have deluded,* let an insulted nation pour out its vengeance."

The paragraph which came next was in these words:

"Unhappy is that country in which men can hope for advancement by favouring its enemies. The tranquillity of stable government is not always easily preserved against the machinations of single innovators; but what can be the hope of quiet, when factions hostile to the legislature can be openly formed and openly avowed?"

After the paragraph which now concludes the pamphlet, there follows this, in which he certainly means the great Earl of Chatham, and glances at a certain popular lord chancellor[1].

"*If, by the fortune of war, they drive us utterly away, what they will do next can only be conjectured. If a new monarchy is erected, they will want a king. He who first takes into his hand the sceptre of America should have a name of good omen.* WILLIAM *has been known both a conqueror and deliverer; and perhaps England, however contemned, might yet supply them with another* WILLIAM. *Whigs, indeed, are not willing to be governed; and it is possible that King* WILLIAM *may be strongly inclined to guide their measures: but whigs have been cheated like other mortals, and suffered their leader to become their tyrant, under the name of their protector. What more they will receive from England, no man can tell. In their rudiments of empire they may want a chancellor.*"

Then came this paragraph:

"*Their numbers are, at present, not quite sufficient for the greatness which, in some form of government or other, is to rival the ancient monarchies; but by Dr. Franklin's rule of progression, they will, in a century and a quarter, be more than equal to the inhabitants of Europe. When the whigs of America are thus multiplied, let the princes of the earth tremble in their palaces. If they should continue to double and to double, their own hemisphere would not contain them. But let not our boldest oppugners of authority look forward with delight to this futurity of whiggism.*"

How it ended I know not, as it is cut off abruptly at the foot of the last of these proof pages.

His pamphlets in support of the measures of administration were published on his own account, and he afterwards collected them into a volume, with the title of "Political Tracts, by the authour of the Rambler," with this motto:

"Fallitur egregio quisquis sub principe credit
Servitium; nunquam libertas gratior extat
Quam sub rege pio."—*Claudianus.*

[1] [Lord Camden.—ED.]

These pamphlets drew upon him numerous attacks. Against the common weapons of literary warfare he was hardened; but there were two instances of animadversion which I communicated to him, and from what I could judge, both from his silence and his looks, appeared to me to impress him much[1].

One was, "A Letter to Dr. Samuel Johnson, occasioned by his late political Publications." It appeared previous to his "Taxation no Tyranny," and was written by Dr. Joseph Towers. In that performance, Dr. Johnson was treated with the respect due to so eminent a man, while his conduct as a political writer was boldly and pointedly arraigned, as inconsistent with the character of one, who, if he did employ his pen upon politics,

"it might reasonably be expected should distinguish himself, not by party violence and rancour, but by moderation and by wisdom."

It concluded thus:

"I would, however, wish you to remember, should you again address the publick under the character of a political writer, that luxuriance of imagination or energy of language will ill compensate for the want of candour, of justice, and of truth. And I shall only add, that should I hereafter be disposed to read, as I heretofore have done, the most excellent of all your performances, 'The Rambler,' the pleasure which I have been accustomed to find in it will be much diminished by the reflection that the writer of so moral, so elegant, and so valuable a work, was capable of prostituting his talents in such productions as 'The False Alarm,' the 'Thoughts on the Transactions respecting Falkland's Islands,' and 'The Patriot.'"

I am willing to do justice to the merit of Dr.

[1] [Mr. Boswell, by a very natural prejudice, construes Johnson's *silence and looks* into something like a concurrence in *his* own sentiments; but it does not appear that Johnson ever abated one jot of the firmness and decision of his opinion on these questions. See his conversation *passim*, and his letter to Mr. Westley, *post*, 6th Feb. 1776.—ED.]

Towers, of whom I will say, that although I abhor[1] his whiggish democratical notions and propensities (for I will not call them principles), I esteem him as an ingenious, knowing, and very convivial man.

The other instance was a paragraph of a letter to me, from my old and most intimate friend the Rev. Mr. Temple, who wrote the character of Gray, which has had the honour to be adopted both by Mr. Mason and Dr. Johnson in their accounts of that poet. The words were,

"How can your great, I will not say your *pious*, but your *moral* friend, support the barbarous measures of administration, which they have not the face to ask even their infidel pensioner Hume to defend?"

However confident of the rectitude of his own mind, Johnson may have felt sincere uneasiness that his conduct should be erroneously imputed to unworthy motives by good men; and that the influence of his valuable writings should on that account be in any degree obstructed or lessened.

He complained to a right honourable friend[2] of

[1] [Mr. Boswell is here very inconsistent; for *abhorring* Dr. Towers's *whiggish democratical* notions and *propensities*, how can he allow any weight to his opinions in a case which called these propensities into full effect; and above all, how could he suppose that Dr. Johnson, with his known feelings and opinions, could be influenced by a person professing such doctrines?—ED.]

[2] [Mr. Gerard Hamilton. This anecdote is wholly at variance with Mr. Boswell's own assertion, *ante*, v. i. p. 361; and—without going the whole length of that assertion, "that Johnson's pension had *no influence whatsoever* on his political publications"—Mr. Hamilton's anecdote may be doubted, not only from a consideration of Johnson's own character and principles, but from the evidence of all his other friends—persons who knew him more intimately than Mr. Hamilton—Mrs. Thrale, Mr. Murphy, Sir J. Hawkins, Mr. Tyers—who all declare that his political pamphlets expressed the opinions which in private conversation he always maintained. Mr. Boswell, we have seen, was of the same opinion as to Johnson's sincerity, till he took up the adverse side of the political question. *Then*, indeed, he admits, not only without contradiction, but with a species of confirmation, Mr. Hamilton's anecdote. It must, moreover, be observed, that the anecdote itself is not very consistent; for it states that Johnson consulted Mr. Hamilton on the *contradictory* objects of *resigning* his pension altogether, and of endeavouring to have it *secured* to him for life. It must be recollected, in weighing Mr. Hamilton's testimony on this point, that we have it only at second hand, and that there is reason to believe that he had been connected in some mysterious political engagement with Dr. Johnson, which might tend to discolour his view of this matter.—ED.]

distinguished talents and very elegant manners, with whom he maintained a long intimacy, and whose generosity towards him will afterwards appear, that his pension having been given to him as a literary character, he had been applied to by administration to write political pamphlets; and he was even so much irritated, that he declared his resolution to resign his pension. His friend showed him the impropriety of such a measure, and he afterwards expressed his gratitude, and said he had received good advice. To that friend he once signified a wish to have his pension secured to him for his life; but he neither asked nor received from government any reward whatsoever for his political labours.

On Friday, March 24, I met him at the LITERARY CLUB, where were Mr. Beauclerk, Mr. Langton, Mr. Colman, Dr. Percy, Mr. Vesey, Sir Charles Bunbury, Dr. George Fordyce, Mr. Steevens, and Mr. Charles Fox. Before he came in, we talked of his "Journey to the Western Islands," and of his coming away, "willing to believe the second-sight[1]," which seemed to excite some ridicule. I was then so impressed with the truth of many of the stories of which I had been told, that I avowed my conviction, saying, "He is only *willing* to believe: I *do* believe. The evidence is enough for me, though not for his great mind. What will not fill a quart-bottle will fill a pint-bottle. I am filled with belief." "Are you?" said Colman; "then cork it up."

I found his "Journey" the common topick of conversation in London at this time, wherever I happened to be. At one of Lord Mansfield's formal Sunday evening conversations, strangely called *Levées*, his lordship addressed me, "We have all been reading

[1] Johnson's "Journey to the Western Islands of Scotland."—*Works*, vol. viii. p. 347.—BOSWELL.

your travels, Mr. Boswell." I answered, "I was but the humble attendant of Dr. Johnson." The chief-justice replied, with that air and manner which none, who ever saw and heard him, can forget, "He speaks ill of nobody but Ossian [1]."

Johnson was in high spirits this evening at the club, and talked with great animation and success. He attacked Swift, as he used to do upon all occasions. "The 'Tale of a Tub' is so much superiour to his other writings, that one can hardly believe he was the authour of it [2]: there is in it such a vigour of mind, such a swarm of thoughts, so much of nature, and art, and life." I wondered to hear him say of "Gulliver's Travels," "When once you have thought of big men and little men, it is very easy to do all the rest." I endeavoured to make a stand for Swift, and tried to rouse those who were much more able to defend him; but in vain. Johnson at last, of his own accord, allowed very great merit to the inventory of articles found in the pocket of "the Man Mountain," particularly the description of his watch, which

[1] [It is not easy to guess how the *air* and *manner*, even of Lord Mansfield, could have set off such an unmeaning expression as this. Johnson denied the authenticity of the poems attributed to Ossian, but that was not *speaking ill of Ossian*, in the sense which Mr. Boswell evidently gives to the phrase.—Ed.]

[2] This doubt has been much agitated on both sides, I think without good reason. See Addison's "Freeholder," May 4th, 1714; "An Apology for the Tale of a Tub;" Dr. Hawkesworth's "Preface to Swift's Works," and Swift's "Letter to Tooke the Printer," and Tooke's "Answer" in that collection; Sheridan's "Life of Swift;" Mr. Courtenay's note on p. 3 of his "Poetical Review of the Literary and Moral Character of Dr. Johnson;" and Mr. Cooksey's "Essay on the Life and Character of John, Lord Somers, Baron of Evesham."

Dr. Johnson here speaks only to the *internal evidence*. I take leave to differ from him, having a very high estimation of the powers of Dr. Swift. His "Sentiments of a Church-of-Englandman;" his "Sermon on the Trinity," and other serious pieces, prove his learning as well as his acuteness in logick and metaphysicks; and his various compositions of a different cast exhibit not only wit, humour, and ridicule; but a knowledge "of nature, and art, and life;" a combination, therefore, of those powers, when (as the "Apology" says) "the authour was young, his invention at the height, and his reading fresh in his head," might surely produce "The Tale of a Tub."—Boswell. [See *ante*, vol. i. p. 464. After the letter to Benjamin Tooke, the printer, there was no longer any room for controversy. The most zealous friend of Swift would only have to add, that he who wished to detract from his merit was obliged to deny (contrary to all evidence) that he was the author of his own works.—Ed.]

it was conjectured was his God, as he consulted it upon all occasions. He observed, that Swift put his name to but two things (after he had a name to put), "The Plan for the Improvement of the English Language," and the last "Drapier's Letter."

From Swift, there was an easy transition to Mr. Thomas Sheridan. JOHNSON. "Sheridan is a wonderful admirer of the tragedy of Douglas, and presented its authour with a gold medal. Some years ago, at a coffee-house in Oxford, I called to him, 'Mr. Sheridan, Mr. Sheridan, how came you to give a gold medal to Home, for writing that foolish play?' This, you see, was wanton and insolent; but I *meant* to be wanton and insolent. A medal has no value but as a stamp of merit. And was Sheridan to assume to himself the right of giving that stamp? If Sheridan was magnificent enough to bestow a gold medal as a honorary reward of dramatick excellence, he should have requested one of the Universities to choose the person on whom it should be conferred. Sheridan had no right to give a stamp of merit: it was counterfeiting Apollo's coin [1]."

On Monday, March 27, I breakfasted with him at Mr. Strahan's. He told us, that he was engaged to

[1] [The medal was presented in 1757, and as it does not appear that Johnson and Sheridan ever met after the affair of the pension, (*ante*, 1762), this fact occurred probably in Johnson's visit to Oxford, in 1759. It seems, therefore, that Johnson had begun to be "*wanton* and *insolent*" towards Sheridan before the pension had caused the cup of gall to overflow. Mr. Whyte, the friend of Sheridan, gives the history of the *medal* thus: "When Sheridan undertook to play *Douglas* in Dublin, he had liberally written to Home, promising him the profits of the third night. It happened, however, that these profits fell very short, and Sheridan was rather perplexed what to do. At first, he thought of offering the author a piece of plate, but, on the suggestion of Mr. Whyte, the idea of a medal was adopted. The medal (Mr. Whyte adds) had the additional grace of being conveyed to Mr. Home through the hands of Lord Macartney and Lord Bute, but had a narrow escape of being intercepted by the way, for, as Mr. Whyte was bringing it to London, he was stopped by a highwayman and robbed of his purse, but contrived to secrete and preserve the medal."—*Whyte's True Account of the Gold Medal*, Dublin, 1794. When Johnson called *Douglas* "a foolish play," he was not only "*wanton* and *insolent*," as he admits, but showed very bad taste, and very violent prejudice.—ED.]

go that evening to Mrs. Abingdon's benefit. "She was visiting some ladies whom I was visiting, and begged that I would come to her benefit. I told her I could not hear: but she insisted so much on my coming, that it would have been brutal to have refused her." This was a speech quite characteristical. He loved to bring forward his having been in the gay circles of life; and he was, perhaps, a little vain of the solicitations of this elegant and fashionable actress. He told us, the play was to be "The Hypocrite," altered from Cibber's "Nonjuror," so as to satirize the methodists. "I do not think," said he, "the character of the Hypocrite justly applicable to the methodists, but it was very applicable to the Nonjurors. I once said to Dr. Madan [1], a clergyman of Ireland, who was a great whig, that perhaps a Nonjuror would have been less criminal in taking the oaths imposed by the ruling power, than refusing them; because refusing them necessarily laid him under almost an irresistible temptation to be more criminal; for a man *must* live, and if he precludes himself from the support furnished by the establishment will probably be reduced to very wicked shifts to maintain himself [2]." BOSWELL. "I should think, sir, that a

[1] [No doubt a mistake for Dr. *Madden*, already mentioned. See *ante*, vol. i. p. 306.—ED.]

[2] This was not merely a cursory remark; for, in his Life of Fenton, he observes, "With many other wise and virtuous men, who, at that time of discord and debate (about the beginning of this century), consulted conscience, well or ill formed, more than interest, he doubted the legality of the government; and refusing to qualify himself for publick employment, by taking the oaths required, left the University without a degree." This conduct Johnson calls "perverseness of integrity." The question concerning the morality of taking oaths, of whatever kind, imposed by the prevailing power at the time, rather than to be excluded from all consequence, or even any considerable usefulness in society, has been agitated with all the acuteness of casuistry. It is related, that he who devised the oath of abjuration profligately boasted, that he had framed a test which should "damn one half of the nation, and starve the other." Upon minds not exalted to inflexible rectitude, or minds in which zeal for a party is predominant to excess, taking that oath against conviction may have been palliated under the plea of necessity, or ventured upon in heat, as upon the whole producing more good than evil. At a county election in Scotland,

man who took the oaths contrary to his principles was a determined wicked man, because he was sure he was committing perjury; whereas a Nonjuror might be insensibly led to do what was wrong, without being so directly conscious of it." JOHNSON. "Why, sir, a man who goes to bed to his patron's wife is pretty sure that he is committing wickedness." BOSWELL. "Did the nonjuring clergyman do so, sir?" "I am afraid many of them did[1]."

I was startled at this argument[2], and could by on means think it convincing. Had not his own father complied with the requisition of government[3], (as to which he once observed to me, when I pressed him upon it, "*That*, sir, he was to settle with himself,") he would probably have thought more unfavourably of a Jacobite who took the oaths:

"———————— had he not resembled
My father as he *swore* ———."

Mr. Strahan talked of launching into the great

many years ago, when there was a warm contest between the friends of the Hanoverian succession, and those against it, the oath of abjuration having been demanded, the freeholders upon one side rose to go away. Upon which a very sanguine gentleman, one of their number, ran to the door to stop them, calling out with much earnestness, "Stay, stay, my friends, and let us swear the rogues out of it!"—BOSWELL. [What a proof is this of the impolicy and inefficacy of these sorts of tests when we find a man of Johnson's morality and religious scruples characterising a conscientious refusal to take the oaths as a *perverse integrity*, and justifying a compliance by such loose talk as he used on this occasion!—ED.]

[1] [What evidence is there of this being the prevailing sin of the nonjuring clergy beyond Cibber's comedy, which, slight evidence as a comedy would be in any such case, is next to none at all on this occasion, for Cibber's play was a mere adaptation of Moliere's *Tartuffe*?—ED.]

[2] [Mr. Boswell was too civil when he called this *an argument*. It seems very *lax sophistry*. Why should it follow, that because a man is conscientious in one point, he should be profligate in another?—ED.]

[3] [Extract from the book containing the proceedings of the corporation of Lichfield: "19th July, 1712, Agreed that Mr. Michael Johnson be, and he is hereby elected a magistrate and brother of their incorporation; a day is given him to Thursday next to take the oath of fidelity and allegiance, and the oath of a magistrate. Signed, &c."—"25th July, 1712. Mr. Johnson took the oath of allegiance, and that he believed there was no transubstantiation in the Sacrament of the Lord's Supper, before, &c."—HARWOOD.]

ocean of London, in order to have a chance for rising into eminence; and observing that many men were kept back from trying their fortunes there, because they were born to a competency, said, "Small certainties are the bane of men of talents;" which Johnson confirmed. Mr. Strahan put Johnson in mind of a remark which he had made to him: "There are few ways in which a man can be more innocently employed than in getting money." "The more one thinks of this," said Strahan, "the juster it will appear."

Mr. Strahan had taken a poor boy from the country as an apprentice, upon Johnson's recommendation. Johnson having inquired after him, said, "Mr. Strahan, let me have five guineas on account, and I'll give this boy one. Nay, if a man recommends a boy, and does nothing for him, it is sad work. Call him down."

I followed him into the court-yard [1], behind Mr. Strahan's house; and there I had a proof of what I had heard him profess, that he talked alike to all. "Some people tell you that they let themselves down to the capacity of their hearers. I never do that. I speak uniformly, in as intelligible a manner as I can."

"Well, my boy, how do you go on?" "Pretty well, sir; but they are afraid I ar'n't strong enough for some parts of the business." JOHNSON. "Why I shall be sorry for it; for when you consider with how little mental power and corporeal labour a printer can get a guinea a week, it is a very desirable occupation for you. Do you hear—take all the pains

[1] [This was "*surveillance*," as the French call it, with a vengeance! and this fact, which Mr. Boswell owns with such amusing simplicity, may be taken as a specimen of the "*espionage*" which he exercised over Johnson. The reader will have observed, that two French phrases are here used, because, though Mr. Boswell's affectionate curiosity led *him* into such courses, English manners have no such practice, nor the English language a term to describe it. —ED.]

you can; and if this does not do, we must think of some other way of life for you. There 's a guinea."

Here was one of the many, many instances of his active benevolence. At the same time, the slow and sonorous solemnity with which, while he bent himself down, he addressed a little thick short-legged boy, contrasted with the boy's awkwardness and awe, could not but excite some ludicrous emotions.

I met him at Drury-lane playhouse in the evening. Sir Joshua Reynolds, at Mrs. Abington's request, had promised to bring a body of wits to her benefit; and having secured forty places in the front boxes, had done me the honour to put me in the group. Johnson sat on the seat directly behind me; and as he could neither see nor hear at such a distance from the stage, he was wrapped up in grave abstraction, and seemed quite a cloud, amidst all the sunshine of glitter and gaiety. I wondered at his patience in sitting out a play of five acts, and a farce of two. He said very little; but after the prologue to "Bon Ton" had been spoken, which he could hear pretty well from the more slow and distinct utterance, he talked on prologue-writing, and observed, "Dryden has written prologues superiour to any that David Garrick has written; but David Garrick has written more good prologues than Dryden has done. It is wonderful that he has been able to write such variety of them."

At Mr. Beauclerk's, where I supped, was Mr. Garrick, whom I made happy with Johnson's praise of his prologues; and I suppose in gratitude to him, he took up one of his favourite topicks, the nationality of the Scotch, which he maintained in a pleasant manner, with the aid of a little poetical fiction. "Come, come, don't deny it: they are really national. Why, now, the Adams are as liberal-minded men as

any in the world: but, I don't know how it is, all their workmen are Scotch. You are, to be sure, wonderfully free from that nationality: but so it happens, that you employ the only Scotch shoeblack in London[1]." He imitated the manner of his old master with ludicrous exaggeration; repeating, with pauses and half-whistlings interjected,

> "Os homini sublime dedit,—cælumque tueri,
> Jussit,—et erectos ad sidera—tollere vultus,"

looking *downwards* all the time[2], and, while pronouncing the four last words, absolutely touching the ground with a kind of contorted gesticulation[3].

Garrick, however, when he pleased, could imitate Johnson very exactly; for that great actor, with his distinguished powers of expression which were so universally admired, possessed also an admirable talent of mimickry. He was always jealous[4] that Johnson spoke lightly of him. I recollect his ex-

[1] [See *ante*, vol. ii. p. 229 and *n.*—Ed.]

[2] [This exhibition of Johnson's *downward* look and gesticulations while reciting *os sublime* and *tollere vultus*, resembles one which Lord Byron describes. "Mr. Grattan's manners in private life were odd, but natural. Curran used to take him off, *bowing to the very ground*, and '*thanking God that he had no peculiarity of gesture or appearance*,' in a way irresistibly ridiculous."—*Moore's Life of Byron*, vol. i. p. 405.—Ed.]

[3] [Mr. Whyte has related an anecdote of Johnson's violence of gesticulation, which, but for this evidence of Garrick's, one could have hardly believed. "The house on the right at the bottom of Beaufort Buildings was occupied by Mr. Chamberlaine, Mrs. Sheridan's eldest brother (an eminent surgeon), by whom Johnson was often invited in the snug way with the family party. At one of those social meetings Johnson as usual sat next the lady of the house; the dessert still continuing, and the ladies in no haste to withdraw, Mrs. Chamberlaine had moved a little back from the table, and was carelessly dangling her foot backwards and forwards as she sat, enjoying 'the feast of reason and the flow of soul.' Johnson, the while, in a moment of abstraction, was convulsively working his hand up and down, which the lady observing, she roguishly edged her foot within his reach, and, as might partly have been expected, Johnson clenched hold of it, and drew off her shoe; she started, and hastily exclaimed, 'O, fie! Mr. Johnson!' The company at first knew not what to make of it: but one of them, perceiving the joke, tittered. Johnson, not improbably aware of the trick, apologised. 'Nay, madam, recollect yourself; I know not that I have justly incurred your rebuke; the emotion was involuntary, and the action not intentionally rude.'"—*Whyte's Miscel. Nova*, p. 50.—Ed.]

[4] [On the contrary, the anecdote which follows rather proves that Garrick had learned to repel Johnson's contemptuous expressions with an easy gaiety. —Ed.]

hibiting him to me one day, as if saying, "Davy has some convivial pleasantry about him, but 'tis a futile fellow;" which he uttered perfectly with the tone and air of Johnson.

I cannot too frequently request of my readers, while they peruse my account of Johnson's conversation, to endeavour to keep in mind his deliberate and strong utterance. His mode of speaking was indeed very impressive[1]; and I wish it could be preserved as musick is written, according to the very ingenious method of Mr. Steele[2], who has shown how the recitation of Mr. Garrick, and other eminent speakers, might be transmitted to posterity *in score*[3].

Next day I dined with Johnson at Mr. Thrale's. He attacked Gray, calling him "a dull fellow." BOSWELL. "I understand he was reserved, and might appear dull in company; but surely he was not dull in poetry." JOHNSON. "Sir, he was dull in company, dull in his closet, dull every where. He was dull in a new way, and that made many people think him GREAT. He was a mechanical

[1] My noble friend Lord Pembroke said once to me at Wilton, with a happy pleasantry and some truth, "that Dr. Johnson's sayings would not appear so extraordinary, were it not for his *bow-wow way*." The sayings themselves are generally of sterling merit; but, doubtless, his *manner* was an addition to their effect; and therefore should be attended to as much as may be. It is necessary, however, to guard those who were not acquainted with him against overcharged imitations or caricatures of his manner, which are frequently attempted, and many of which are second-hand copies from the late Mr. Henderson, the actor, who, though a good mimick of some persons, did not represent Johnson correctly. —BOSWELL.

[2] See "*Prosodia Rationalis*; or, an Essay towards establishing the Melody and Measure of Speech, to be expressed and perpetuated by peculiar Symbols. London, 1779."—BOSWELL.

[3] I use the phrase *in score*, as Dr. Johnson has explained it in his Dictionary. "*A song in* SCORE, the words with the musical notes of a song annexed." But I understand that in scientifick propriety it means all the parts of a musical composition noted down in the characters by which it is exhibited to the eye of the skilful.—BOSWELL. It was *declamation* that Steele pretended to reduce to notation by new characters. This he called the *melody* of speech, not the *harmony*, which the term *in score* implies.—BURNEY. [The true meaning of the term *score* is, that when music, in different parts for different voices or instruments, is written on the same page, the bars, instead of being drawn only across each stave, are, to lead the eyes of the several performers, *scored* from the top to the bottom of the pages.—ED.]

poet." He then repeated some ludicrous lines, which have escaped my memory, and said, "Is not that GREAT, like his Odes?" Mrs. Thrale maintained that his Odes were melodious; upon which he exclaimed,

"Weave the warp, and weave the woof;"—

I added, in a solemn tone,

"The winding-sheet of Edward's race."

There is a good line.—"Ay (said he), and the next line is a good one, (pronouncing it contemptuously),

'Give ample verge and room enough.'—

No, sir, there are but two good stanzas in Gray's poetry, which are in his 'Elegy in a Country Churchyard.'" He then repeated the stanza,

"For who to dumb forgetfulness a prey," &c.

mistaking one word; for instead of *precincts* he said *confines*. He added, "The other stanza I forget."

A young lady[1] who had married a man much her inferiour in rank being mentioned, a question arose how a woman's relations should behave to her in such a situation; and, while I recapitulate the debate, and recollect what has since happened, I cannot but be struck in a manner that delicacy[2] forbids me to express. While I contended that she ought to be treated with an inflexible steadiness of displeasure, Mrs. Thrale was all for mildness and forgiveness, and, according to the vulgar phrase, "making the

[1] [No doubt Lady Susan Fox, eldest daughter of the first Earl of Ilchester, born in 1743, who, in 1773, married Mr. William O'Brien, an actor. She died on the 9th August, 1827.—ED.]

[2] [Mr. Boswell's *delicacy* to Mrs. Piozzi is quite exemplary! but after all, there is nothing which he has insinuated or said too bad for such a lamentable and degrading weakness as she was guilty of in her marriage with Mr. Piozzi. —ED.]

best of a bad bargain." JOHNSON. "Madam, we must distinguish. Were I a man of rank, I would not let a daughter starve who had made a mean marriage; but having voluntarily degraded herself from the station which she was originally entitled to hold, I would support her only in that which she herself had chosen; and would not put her on a level with my other daughters. You are to consider, madam, that it is our duty to maintain the subordination of civilized society; and when there is a gross and shameful deviation from rank, it should be punished so as to deter others from the same perversion."

After frequently considering this subject, I am more and more confirmed in what I then meant to express, and which was sanctioned by the authority, and illustrated by the wisdom of Johnson; and I think it of the utmost consequence to the happiness of society, to which subordination is absolutely necessary. It is weak and contemptible, and unworthy, in a parent to relax in such a case. It is sacrificing general advantage to private feelings. And let it be considered that the claim of a daughter who has acted thus, to be restored to her former situation, is either fantastical or unjust. If there be no value in the distinction of rank, what does she suffer by being kept in the situation to which she has descended? If there be a value in that distinction, it ought to be steadily maintained. If indulgence be shown to such conduct, and the offenders know that in a longer or shorter time they shall be received as well as if they had not contaminated their blood by a base alliance, the great check upon that inordinate caprice which generally occasions low marriages will be removed, and the fair and comfortable order of improved life will be miserably disturbed.

Lord Chesterfield's letters being mentioned, John-

son said,' "It was not to be wondered at that they had so great a sale, considering that they were the letters of a statesman, a wit, one who had been so much in the mouths of mankind, one long accustomed *virûm volitare per ora.*"

On Friday, 31st March, I supped with him and some friends at a tavern. One of the company[1] attempted, with too much forwardness, to rally him on his late appearance at the theatre; but had reason to repent of his temerity. "Why, sir, did you go to Mrs. Abington's benefit? Did you see?" JOHNSON. "No, sir." "Did you hear?" JOHNSON. "No, sir." "Why then, sir, did you go?" JOHNSON. "Because, sir, she is a favourite of the publick; and when the publick cares the thousandth part for you that it does for her, I will go to your benefit too."

Next morning I won a small bet from Lady Diana Beauclerk, by asking him as to one of his particularities, which her ladyship laid I durst not do. It seems he had been frequently observed at the club to put into his pocket the Seville oranges, after he had squeezed the juice of them into the drink which he made for himself. Beauclerk and Garrick talked of it to me, and seemed to think that he had a strange unwillingness to be discovered. We could not divine what he did with them; and this was the bold question to be put. I saw on his table, the spoils of the preceding night, some fresh peels nicely scraped and cut into pieces. "O, sir (said I), I now partly see what you do with the squeezed oranges which you put into your pocket at the club." JOHNSON. "I have a great love for them." BOSWELL. "And pray, sir, what do you do with them? You scrape

[1] [This is supposed to have been Mr. Boswell himself.—ED.]

them it seems, very neatly, and what next?" JOHNSON. "Let them dry, sir." BOSWELL. "And what next?" JOHNSON. "Nay, sir, you shall know their fate no further." BOSWELL. "Then the world must be left in the dark. It must be said (assuming a mock solemnity) he scraped them and let them dry, but what he did with them next he never could be prevailed upon to tell." JOHNSON. "Nay, sir, you should say it more emphatically:—he could not be prevailed upon, even by his dearest friends, to tell[1]."

He had this morning received his diploma as doctor of laws from the university of Oxford. He did not vaunt of his new dignity, but I understood he was highly pleased with it. I shall here insert the progress and completion of that high academical honour, in the same manner as I have traced his obtaining that of master of arts.

"TO THE REV. DR. FOTHERGILL,

Vice-chancellor of the university of Oxford, to be communicated to the heads of houses, and proposed in convocation.

"Downing-street, 3d March, 1775.

"MR. VICE-CHANCELLOR AND GENTLEMEN,—The honour of the degree of M. A. by diploma, formerly conferred upon Mr. Samuel Johnson, in consequence of his having eminently distinguished himself by the publication of a series of essays,

[1] [The following extract of one of what Miss Seward would call his *love-letters* to Miss Boothby, probably explains, in terms hardly suitable to the correspondence with a lady, the use to which he put these orange peels.—"Give me leave, who have thought much on medicine, to propose to you an easy and, I think, very probable remedy for indigestion and lubricity of the bowels. Dr. Lawrence has told me your case. Take an ounce of dried orange peel, finely powdered, divide it into scruples, and take one scruple at a time in any manner: the best way is, perhaps, to drink it in a glass of hot red port, or to eat it first, and drink the wine after it. If you mix cinnamon or nutmeg with the powder it were not worse; but it will be more bulky, and so more troublesome. This is a medicine not disgusting, not costly, easily tried, and if not found useful, easily left off. I would not have you offer it to the doctor as mine. Physicians do not love intruders; yet do not take it without his leave. But do not be easily put off, for it is in my opinion very likely to help you, and not likely to do you harm: do not take too much in haste; a scruple once in three hours, or about five scruples a day, will be sufficient to begin, or less if you find any aversion. I think using sugar with it might be bad; if syrup, use old syrup of quinces; but even that I do not like. I should think better of conserve of sloes."—*Lett.* 31st Dec. [1755].—ED.]

excellently calculated to form the manners of the people, and in which the cause of religion and morality has been maintained and recommended by the strongest powers of argument and elegance of language, reflected an equal degree of lustre upon the university itself.

"The many learned labours which have since that time employed the attention and displayed the abilities of that great man, so much to the advancement of literature and the benefit of the community, render him worthy of more distinguished honours in the republick of letters; and I persuade myself that I shall act agreeably to the sentiments of the whole university, in desiring that it may be proposed in convocation to confer on him the degree of doctor in civil law by diploma; to which I readily give my consent; and am, Mr. Vice-chancellor and gentlemen, your affectionate friend and servant, "NORTH [1]."

"DIPLOMA.

"*Cancellarius, magistri, et scholares universitatis Oxoniensis omnibus ad quos presentes literæ pervenerint, salutem in Domino sempiternam.*

"*Sciatis, virum illustrem, Samuelem Johnson, in omni humaniorum literarum genere eruditum, omniumque scientiarum comprehensione felicissimum, scriptis suis, ad popularium mores formandos summâ verborum elegantiâ ac sententiarum gravitate compositis, ita olim inclaruisse, ut dignus videretur cui ab academiâ suâ eximia quædam laudis præmia deferentur, quique venerabilem Magistrorum ordinem summâ cum dignitate cooptaretur:*

"*Cùm verò eundem clarissimum virum tot postea tantique labores, in patriâ præsertim linguâ ornandâ et stabiliendâ feliciter impensi, ita insigniverint, ut in literarum republicâ princeps jam et primarius jure habeatur; nos, cancellarius, magistri, et scholares universitatis Oxoniensis, quò talis viri merita pari honoris remuneratione exæquentur, et perpetuum suæ simul laudis, nostræque ergà literas propensissimæ voluntatis extet monumentum, in solenni convocatione doctorum et magistrorum regentium, et non regentium, prædictum Samuelem Johnson doctorem in jure civili renunciavimus et constituimus, eumque, virtute præsentis diplomatis, singulis juribus, privilegiis et honoribus, ad istum gradum quàquà pertinentibus, frui et gaudere jussimus. In cujus rei testimonium commune universitatis Oxoniensis sigillum præsentibus apponi fecimus.*

"*Datum in domo nostræ convocationis die tricesimo mensis Martii, anno Domini millesimo septingentesimo, septuagesimo quinto* [2]."

[1] Extracted from the Convocation Register, Oxford.—BOSWELL.

[2] The original is in my possession. He showed me the diploma, and allowed

" *Viro Reverendo* THOMÆ FOTHERGILL, *S. T. P. universitatis Oxoniensis vice-cancellario.*

" *S. P. D.*

" SAM. JOHNSON.

" *Multis non est opus, ut testimonium quo, te præside, Oxonienses nomen meum posteris commendârunt, quali animo acceperim compertum faciam. Nemo sibi placens non lætatur; nemo sibi non placet, qui vobis, literarum arbitris, placere potuit. Hoc tamen habet incommodi tantum beneficium, quod mihi nunquam posthâc sine vestræ famæ detrimento vel labi liceat vel cessare; semperque sit timendum ne quod mihi tam eximiæ laudi est, vobis aliquando fiat opprobrio. Vale*[1].

" '7. *Id. Apr.* 1775."

[" TO MRS. THRALE. Lett. v. i. p. 213.

" 1st April, 1775.

" I had mistaken the day on which I was to dine with Mr. Bruce, and hear of Abyssinia, and therefore am to dine this day with Mr. Hamilton.

" The news from Oxford is that no tennis-court can be hired at any price[2]; and that the vice-chancellor will not write to the Clarendon trustees without some previous intimation that his request will not be unacceptable. We must, therefore, find some way of applying to Lord Mansfield, who, with the Archbishop of York and the Bishop of Chester, holds the trust. Thus are we thrown to a vexatious distance. Poor [Carter]! do not tell him.

me to read it, but would not consent to my taking a copy of it, fearing perhaps that I should blaze it abroad in his lifetime. His objection to this appears from the [following] letter to Mrs. Thrale, in which he scolds her for the grossness of her flattery of him. It is remarkable that he never, so far as I know, assumed his title of *doctor*, but called himself *Mr.* Johnson, as appears from many of his cards or notes to myself, and I have seen many from him to other persons, in which he uniformly takes that designation. I once observed on his table a letter directed to him with the addition of *esquire*, and objected to it as being a designation inferiour to that of doctor; but he checked me, and seemed pleased with it, because, as I conjectured, he liked to be sometimes taken out of the class of literary men, and to be merely *genteel—un gentilhomme comme un autre*. [The editor suspects that one reason why Johnson was a little reserved about this Oxford degree was that *Lord North* appeared as the prime mover in it, and that Johnson did not much relish the appearance of owing literary distinction to Lord North; firstly, because he was personally dissatisfied with his lordship; and, secondly, because the degree, at that particular moment, might look like a reward for his *political* pamphlets. When Mr. Boswell is so severe on Mrs. Piozzi for inaccuracy and exaggeration, may we not fairly ask whether the gentle allusion to *flattery* (in the letter which Mr. Boswell did not publish) can be fairly called "*scolding* Mrs. Piozzi for the *grossness* of her flattery?"—ED.]

[1] "The original is in the hands of Dr. Fothergill, then vice-chancellor, who made this transcript."—T. WARTON.

[2] [For a riding-school for Mr. Carter.—ED.]

Lett. v. i. p. 214.

"The other Oxford news is that they have sent me a degree of doctor of laws, with such praises in the diploma as, perhaps, ought to make me ashamed; they are very like your praises. I wonder whether I shall ever show them to you.

"Boswell will be with you. Please to ask Murphy the way to Lord Mansfield. Dr. Wetherell, who is now here, and will be here for some days, is very desirous of seeing the brew-house; I hope Mr. Thrale will send him an invitation. He does what he can for Carter.

"To-day I dine with Hamilton; to-morrow with Hoole; on Monday with Paradise; on Tuesday with master and mistress; on Wednesday with Dilly; but come back to the *tower*[1]."]

He revised some sheets of Lord Hales's "Annals of Scotland," and wrote a few notes on the margin with red ink, which he bade me tell his lordship did not sink into the paper, and might be wiped off with a wet sponge, so that it did not spoil his manuscript. I observed to him that there were very few of his friends so accurate as that I could venture to put down in writing what they told me as his sayings. JOHNSON. "Why should you write down *my* sayings?" BOSWELL. "I write them when they are good." JOHNSON. "Nay, you may as well write down the sayings of any one else that are good." But *where*, I might with great propriety have added, can I find such?

I visited him by appointment in the evening, and we drank tea with Mrs. Williams. He told me that he had been in the company of a gentleman[2] whose extraordinary travels had been much the subject of conversation. But I found he had not listened to him with that full confidence, without which there is

[1] [The *tower* was a separate room at Streatham, where Dr. Johnson slept.—PIOZZI. So called probably because it was *bowed*. The editor slept in that room many years after, and was pleased to find that Dr. Johnson's writing-table was carefully preserved, and that even the blots of his ink were not cleaned away.—ED.]

[2] [Bruce, the Abyssinian traveller, with whom he had dined this day at Mr. Gerard Hamilton's.—ED.]

little satisfaction in the society of travellers. I was curious to hear what opinion so able a judge as Johnson had formed of his abilities, and I asked if he was not a man of sense. JOHNSON. "Why, sir, he is not a distinct relater; and I should say, he is neither abounding nor deficient in sense. I did not perceive any superiority of understanding." BOSWELL. "But will you not allow him a nobleness of resolution, in penetrating into distant regions?" JOHNSON. "That, sir, is not to the present purpose: we are talking of sense. A fighting cock has a nobleness of resolution."

Next day, Sunday, 2d April, I dined with him at Mr. Hoole's. We talked of Pope. JOHNSON. "He wrote his 'Dunciad' for fame. That was his primary motive. Had it not been for that, the dunces might have railed against him till they were weary, without his troubling himself about them. He delighted to vex them, no doubt; but he had more delight in seeing how well he could vex them."

The "Odes to Obscurity and Oblivion," in ridicule of "cool Mason and warm Gray," being mentioned, Johnson said, "They are Colman's best things." Upon its being observed that it was believed these odes were made by Colman and Lloyd jointly;—JOHNSON. "Nay, sir, how can two people make an ode? Perhaps one made one of them, and one the other." I observed that two people had made a play, and quoted the anecdote of Beaumont and Fletcher, who were brought under suspicion of treason, because while concerting the plan of a tragedy when sitting together at a tavern, one of them was overheard saying to the other, "I'll kill the king." JOHNSON. "The first of these odes is the best; but they are both good. They exposed a very bad kind

of writing[1]." BOSWELL. "Surely, sir, Mr. Mason's 'Elfrida' is a fine poem: at least you will allow there are some good passages in it." JOHNSON. "There are now and then some good imitations of Milton's bad manner."

Piozzi, p. 28. [Mrs. Piozzi has heard Johnson relate how he used to sit in some coffee-house, and turn Mason's Caractacus into ridicule for the diversion of himself and of chance comers-in. "The Elfrida (says he) was too exquisitely pretty[2]; I could make no fun out of that." When upon some occasions he would express his astonishment that he should have an enemy in the world, while he had been doing nothing but good to his neighbours, Mrs. Piozzi used to make him recollect these circumstances: "Why, child, (said he), what harm could that do the fellow? I always thought very well of Mason for a *Cambridge* man; he is, I believe, a mighty blameless character."]

I often wondered at his low estimation of the writings of Gray and Mason. Of Gray's poetry I have in a former part of this work expressed my high opinion; and for that of Mr. Mason I have ever entertained a warm admiration. His "Elfrida" is exquisite, both in poetical description and moral sentiment; and his "Caractacus" is a noble drama. Nor can I omit paying my tribute of praise to some of his smaller poems, which I have read with pleasure, and which no criticism shall persuade me not to like. If I wondered at Johnson's not tasting the works of Mason and Gray, still more have I wondered at their not tasting his works: that they should

[1] [Gray's odes are still on every table and in every mouth, and there are not, the editor believes, a dozen libraries in England which could produce these "*best things*," written by *two professed* wits in ridicule of them.—ED.]

[2] [The editor has not thought himself at liberty to suppress this judgment, because it seems in substance authorised by Boswell's account, although the expression is very unlike Johnson's style.—ED.]

be insensible to his energy of diction, to his splendour of images, and comprehension of thought. Tastes may differ as to the violin, the flute, the hautboy; in short all the lesser instruments: but who can be insensible to the powerful impressions of the majestic organ?

His "Taxation no Tyranny" being mentioned, he said, "I think I have not been attacked enough for it. Attack is the re-action; I never think I have hit hard, unless it re-bounds." BOSWELL. "I don't know, sir, what you would be at. Five or six shots of small arms in every newspaper, and repeated cannonading in pamphlets, might, I think, satisfy you. But, sir, you 'll never make out this match, of which we have talked, with a certain political lady[1], since you are so severe against her principles." JOHNSON. "Nay, sir, I have the better chance for that. She is like the Amazons of old; she must be courted by the sword. But I have not been severe upon her." BOSWELL. "Yes, sir, you have made her ridiculous." JOHNSON. "That was already done, sir. To endeavour to make *her* ridiculous, is like blacking the chimney."

I put him in mind that the landlord at Ellon in Scotland said, that he heard he was the greatest man in England, next to Lord Mansfield. "Ay, sir (said he), the exception defined the idea. A Scotchman could go no farther:

'The force of Nature could no farther go.'"

Lady Miller's collection of verses by fashionable people, which were put into her Vase at Batheaston villa[2], near Bath, in competition for honorary prizes,

[1] [Mrs. Macaulay: see *ante*, v. i. p. 225. Dr. Macaulay had been dead some years, and the lady did not re-marry till 1778.—ED.]

[2] [*Batheaston.*—The following extract, from one of Horace Walpole's letters, will explain the personages and proceedings of this farce: "You must know, that near Bath is erected a new Parnassus, composed of three laurels, a myrtle-tree,

being mentioned, he held them very cheap: "*Bouts-rimés,*" said he, "is a mere conceit, and an *old* conceit *now;* I wonder how people were persuaded to write in that manner for this lady." I named a gentleman of his acquaintance[1] who wrote for the Vase. JOHNSON. "He was a blockhead for his pains." BOSWELL. "The Duchess of Northumberland wrote[2]." JOHNSON. "Sir, the Duchess of Northumberland may do what she pleases: nobody will say any thing to a lady of her high rank. But I should be apt to throw ******'s verses in his face."

a weeping-willow, and a view of the Avon, which has been now christened Helicon. Ten years ago there lived a Madam [Riggs], an old rough humourist, who passed for a wit; her daughter, who passed for nothing, married to a captain [Miller], full of good-natured officiousness. These good folks were friends of Miss Rich *, who carried me to dine with them at Bath-Easton, now Pindus. They caught a little of what was then called taste, built, and planted, and begot children, till the whole caravan were forced to go abroad to retrieve. Alas! Mrs. Miller is returned a beauty, a genius, a Sappho, a tenth muse, as romantic as Mademoiselle Scuderi, and as sophisticated as Mrs. V[esey †]. The captain's fingers are loaded with cameos, his tongue runs over with *virtù;* and that both may contribute to the improvement of their own country, they have introduced *bouts-rimés* as a new discovery. They hold a Parnassus-fair every Thursday, give out rhymes and themes, and all the flux of quality at Bath contend for the prizes. A Roman vase, dressed with pink ribands and myrtles, receives the poetry, which is drawn out every festival: six judges of these Olympic games retire and select the brightest composition, which the respective successful acknowledge, kneel to Mrs. Calliope [Miller], kiss her fair hand, and are crowned by it with myrtle, with—I don't know what. You may think this a fiction, or exaggeration. Be dumb, unbelievers! The collection is printed, published,—yes, on my faith! there are bouts-rimés on a buttered muffin, by her Grace the Duchess of Northumberland; receipts to make them by Corydon the venerable, alias ———; others very pretty by Lord P[almerston]; some by Lord C[armarthen]; many by Mrs. [Miller] herself, that have no fault but wanting metre; and immortality promised to her without end or measure. In short, since folly, which never ripens to madness but in this hot climate, ran distracted, there never was any thing so entertaining, or so dull—for you cannot read so long as I have been telling."—*Works,* vol. v. p. 185.—ED.]

[1] [Probably the Rev. Richard Graves, who was for some years tutor in the house of Johnson's friend, Mr. Fitzherbert, and who contributed to the Batheaston Vase. He was Rector of Claverton, near Bath, where he died in 1804.—ED.]

[2] [Lady Anne Stuart, second daughter of Lord Bute, married in 1764 to the second Duke of Northumberland, from whom she was divorced in 1779.—ED.]

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* Daughter of Sir Robert Rich, and sister to the second wife of George, Lord Lyttelton.

† [A literary lady, of whom we shall see more hereafter.—ED.]

I talked of the cheerfulness of Fleet-street, owing to the constant quick succession of people which we perceive passing through it. JOHNSON. "Why, sir, Fleet-street has a very animated appearance; but I think the full tide of human existence is at Charing-cross."

He made the common remark on the unhappiness which men who have led a busy life experience, when they retire in expectation of enjoying themselves at ease, and that they generally languish for want of their habitual occupation, and wish to return to it. He mentioned as strong an instance of this as can well be imagined. "An eminent tallow-chandler in London, who had acquired a considerable fortune, gave up the trade in favour of his foreman, and went to live at a country-house near town. He soon grew weary, and paid frequent visits to his old shop, where he desired they might let him know their *melting-days*, and he would come and assist them; which he accordingly did. Here, sir, was a man to whom the most disgusting circumstances in the business to which he had been used was a relief from idleness."

On Wednesday, 5th April, I dined with him at Messieurs Dillys, with Mr. John Scott of Amwell, the Quaker, Mr. Langton, Mr. Miller (now Sir John), and Dr. Thomas Campbell [1], an Irish clergyman, whom I took the liberty of inviting to Mr. Dilly's table, having seen him at Mr. Thrale's, and been told that he had come to England chiefly with a view to see Dr. Johnson, for whom he entertained the highest veneration. He has since published "A Philosophical Survey of the South of Ireland," a very entertaining book, which has, however, one fault—that it assumes the fictitious character of an Englishman.

[1] [See *post*, 6th April.—ED.]

We talked of publick speaking. JOHNSON. "We must not estimate a man's powers by his being able or not able to deliver his sentiments in publick. Isaac Hawkins Browne, one of the first wits of this country, got into parliament, and never opened his mouth. For my own part, I think it is more disgraceful never to try to speak, than to try it and fail; as it is more disgraceful not to fight, than to fight and be beaten." This argument appeared to me fallacious; for if a man has not spoken, it may be said that he would have done very well if he had tried; whereas, if he has tried and failed, there is nothing to be said for him. "Why then," I asked, "is it thought disgraceful for a man not to fight, and not disgraceful not to speak in publick?" JOHNSON. "Because there may be other reasons for a man's not speaking in publick than want of resolution: he may have nothing to say (laughing). Whereas, sir, you know courage is reckoned the greatest of all virtues; because, unless a man has that virtue, he has no security for preserving any other."

He observed, that "the statutes against bribery were intended to prevent upstarts with money from getting into parliament;" adding, that "if he were a gentleman of landed property, he would turn out all his tenants who did not vote for the candidate whom he supported." LANGTON. "Would not that, sir, be checking the freedom of election?" JOHNSON. "Sir, the law does not mean that the privilege of voting should be independent of old family interest, of the permanent property of the country."

On Thursday, 6th April, I dined with him at Mr. Thomas Davies's, with Mr. Hicky, the painter, and my old acquaintance Mr. Moody, the player.

Dr. Johnson, as usual, spoke contemptuously of Colley Cibber. "It is wonderful that a man, who

for forty years had lived with the great and the witty, should have acquired so ill the talents of conversation: and he had but half to furnish; for one half of what he said was oaths." He, however, allowed considerable merit to some of his comedies, and said there was no reason to believe that the "Careless Husband" was not written by himself. Davies said, he was the first dramatick writer who introduced genteel ladies upon the stage. Johnson refuted his observation by instancing several such characters in comedies before his time. DAVIES (trying to defend himself from a charge of ignorance). "I mean genteel moral characters." "I think," said Hicky, "gentility and morality are inseparable." BOSWELL. "By no means, sir. The genteelest characters are often the most immoral. Does not Lord Chesterfield give precepts for uniting wickedness and the graces? A man, indeed, is not genteel when he gets drunk; but most vices may be committed very genteelly: a man may debauch his friend's wife genteelly: he may cheat at cards genteelly." HICKY. "I do not think *that* is genteel." BOSWELL. "Sir, it may not be like a gentleman, but it may be genteel." JOHNSON. "You are meaning two different things. One means exteriour grace; the other honour. It is certain that a man may be very immoral with exteriour grace. Lovelace, in 'Clarissa,' is a very genteel and a very wicked character. Tom Hervey[1], who died t'other day, though a vicious man, was one of the genteelest men that ever lived." Tom Davies instanced Charles the Second. JOHNSON (taking fire at any attack upon that Prince, for whom he had an extraordinary partiality). "Charles the Second was licentious in his practice; but he always had a reverence for what was good. Charles the Second knew his people, and rewarded merit. The

[1] [S *ante*, vol. ii. p. 33.—ED.]

church was at no time better filled than in his reign. He was the best king we have had from his time till the reign of his present majesty, except James the Second, who was a very good king[1], but unhappily believed that it was necessary for the salvation of his subjects that they should be Roman Catholicks. *He* had the merit of endeavouring to do what he thought was for the salvation of the souls of his subjects, till he lost a great empire. *We*, who thought that we should *not* be saved if we were Roman Catholicks, had the merit of maintaining our religion, at the expense of submitting ourselves to the government of King William, (for it could not be done otherwise,)—to the government of one of the most worthless scoundrels that ever existed[2]. No, Charles the Second was not such a man as ————[3], (naming another king). He did not destroy his father's will. He took money, indeed, from France: but he did not betray those over whom he ruled: he did not let the

[1] [All this seems so contrary to historical truth and common sense, that no explanation can be given of it; but it excites a lively curiosity to know more of Dr. Johnson's personal history during the years 1745 and 1746, during which Boswell could find no trace of him. See *ante*, vol. i. p. 152.—Ed.]

[2] [He was always vehement against King William: a gentleman who dined at a nobleman's table in his company and that of Mr. Thrale, who related the anecdote, was willing to enter the lists in defence of King William's character, and, having opposed and contradicted Johnson two or three times petulantly enough, the master of the house began to feel uneasy, and expect disagreeable consequences; to avoid which he said, loud enough for the Doctor to hear, "Our friend here has no meaning now in all this, except just to relate at club to-morrow how he teased Johnson at dinner to-day—this is all to do himself *honour*." "No, upon my word," replied the other, "I see no *honour* in it, whatever you may do." "Well, sir," returned Dr. Johnson, sternly, "if you do not *see* the *honour*, I am sure I *feel* the *disgrace*."—*Piozzi*, p. 156.—Ed.]

[3] [George the Second.—The story of the will is told by Horace Walpole, in his very amusing (but often *inaccurate*) *Reminiscences*: "At the first council held by the new sovereign, Dr. Wake, Archbishop of Canterbury, produced the will of the late king, and delivered it to the successor, expecting it would be opened and read in council. On the contrary, his majesty put it into his pocket and stalked out of the room, without uttering a word on the subject. The poor prelate was thunderstruck, and had not the presence of mind or the courage to demand the testament's being opened, or at least to have it registered. No man present chose to be more hardy than the person to whom the deposit had been intrusted; perhaps none of them immediately conceived the possible violation of so solemn an act, so notoriously existent. Still, as the king never mentioned the will more, whispers, only by degrees, informed the public that the will was burnt, at least that its injunctions were never fulfilled."—*Reminiscences*, ch. vi. —Ed.]

French fleet pass ours. George the First knew nothing, and desired to know nothing; did nothing, and desired to do nothing; and the only good thing that is told of him is, that he wished to restore the crown to its hereditary successor." He roared with prodigious violence against George the Second. When he ceased, Moody interjected, in an Irish tone, and with a comick look, "Ah! poor George the Second."

I mentioned that Dr. Thomas Campbell had come from Ireland to London, principally to see Dr. Johnson. He seemed angry at this observation. DAVIES. "Why, you know, sir, there came a man from Spain to see Livy [1]; and Corelli came to England to see Purcell [2], and when he heard he was dead, went directly back again to Italy." JOHNSON. "I should not have wished to be dead to disappoint Campbell, had he been so foolish as you represent him; but I should have wished to have been a hundred miles off." This was apparently perverse; and I do believe it was not his real way of thinking: he could not but like a man who came so far to see him. He laughed with some complacency, when I told him Campbell's odd expression to me concerning him: "That having seen such a man, was a thing to talk of a century hence,"—as if he could live so long [3].

[1] Plin. Epist. Lib. ii. Ep. 3.—BOSWELL.

[2] Mr. Davies was here mistaken. Corelli never was in England.—BURNEY.

[3] [Mrs. Thrale gives, in her lively style, a sketch of this gentleman: "We have a flashy friend here (at Bath) already, who is much your adorer. I wonder how you will like *him*? An Irishman he is; very handsome, very hot-headed, loud and lively, and sure to be a favourite with you, he tells us, for he can live with a man of ever so odd a temper. *My master* laughs, but likes him, and it diverts me to think what you will do when he professes that he would clean shoes for you; that he would shed his blood for you; with twenty more extravagant flights; and you say *I* flatter! *Upon my honour, sir*, and *indeed now*, as Dr. Campbell's phrase is, I am but a twitter to him."—*Letters*, 16th May, 1776. Johnson, in his reply, 18th May, 1776, asks "who can be this new friend of mine?" The Editor is unable to reconcile Mrs. Thrale's wonder "*how Johnson would like him*," and Johnson's ignorance of "*who he was*," in May, 1776, with Boswell's statement, that Campbell had dined *thrice* in his company, in April, 1775—one of the places being Mr. and Mrs. Thrale's own house: see *post*, 6th May. There can be no error in the date of the letters 1776,

We got into an argument whether the judges who went to India might with propriety engage in trade. Johnson warmly maintained that they might, "For why," he urged, "should not judges get riches, as well as those who deserve them less?" I said, they should have sufficient salaries, and have nothing to take off their attention from the affairs of the publick. JOHNSON. "No judge, sir, can give his whole attention to his office; and it is very proper that he should employ what time he has to himself to his own advantage, in the most profitable manner[1]." "Then, sir," said Davies, who enlivened the dispute by making it somewhat dramatick, "he may become an insurer; and when he is going to the bench, he may be stopped,—'Your lordship cannot go yet; here is a bunch of invoices; several ships are about to sail.'" JOHNSON. "Sir, you may as well say a judge should not have a house; for they may come and tell him—'Your lordship's house is on fire;' and so, instead of minding the business of his court, he is to be occupied in getting the engine with the greatest speed. There is no end of this. Every judge who has land trades to a certain extent in corn or in cattle, and in the land itself: undoubtedly his steward acts for him, and so do clerks for a great merchant. A judge may be a farmer, but he is not to geld his own pigs. A judge may play a little at cards for his amusement; but he is not to play at marbles, or chuck farthing

because thoy were written while Mrs. Thrale was at Bath, after the loss of her son, which event took place in March, 1776, and is alluded to in the letters. Nor can Mr. Boswell's date be mistaken, for he says, that Campbell dined at Mr. Dilly's on Wednesday the 5th April, and the 5th April fell on a Wednesday in 1775. Mr. Boswell had, moreover, left London in 1776, prior to the date of Mrs. Thrale's, so that he could not have met Dr. Campbell in *that* year. The discrepancy is on a point of no importance, but it seems inexplicable.—ED.]

[1] [This must have been said in a mere spirit of argumentation, for we have seen (*ante*, v. ii. p. 341.) that he was angry at a judge's being so much like an ordinary gentleman as even to wear a *round hat* in his own country house, and he censured him for being so much of a farmer as to farm a part of his demesne for his own amusement.—ED.]

in the Piazza. No, sir, there is no profession to which a man gives a very great proportion of his time. It is wonderful, when a calculation is made, how little the mind is actually employed in the discharge of any profession. No man would be a judge, upon the condition of being totally a judge. The best employed lawyer has his mind at work but for a small proportion of his time; a great deal of his occupation is merely mechanical. I once wrote for a magazine: I made a calculation, that if I should write but a page a day, at the same rate, I should, in ten years, write nine volumes in folio, of an ordinary size and print." BOSWELL. "Such as 'Carte's History?'" JOHNSON. "Yes, sir; when a man writes from his own mind, he writes very rapidly[1]. The greatest part of a writer's time is spent in reading, in order to write; a man will turn over half a library, to make one book."

I argued warmly against the judges trading, and mentioned Hale as an instance of a perfect judge, who devoted himself entirely to his office. JOHNSON. "Hale, sir, attended to other things besides law; he left a great estate." BOSWELL. "That was because what he got accumulated without any exertion and anxiety on his part."

While the dispute went on, Moody once tried to say something on our side. Tom Davies clapped him on the back, to encourage him. Beauclerk, to whom I mentioned this circumstance, said, "that he could not conceive a more humiliating situation than to be clapped on the back by Tom Davies."

We spoke of Rolt, to whose 'Dictionary of Commerce' Dr. Johnson wrote the preface. JOHNSON.

[1] Johnson certainly did, who had a mind stored with knowledge, and teeming with imagery; but the observation is not applicable to writers in general.—BOSWELL.

"Old Gardener, the bookseller, employed Rolt and Smart to write a monthly miscellany, called 'The Universal Visitor.' There was a formal written contract, which Allen the printer saw. Gardener thought as you do of the judge. They were bound to write nothing else; they were to have, I think, a third of the profits of his sixpenny pamphlet; and the contract was for ninety-nine years. I wish I had thought of giving this to Thurlow, in the cause about literary property. What an excellent instance would it have been of the oppression of booksellers towards poor authors!" smiling[1]. Davies, zealous for the honour of *the trade*, said Gardener was not properly a bookseller. JOHNSON. "Nay, sir; he certainly was a bookseller. He had served his time regularly, was a member of the Stationers' Company, kept a shop in the face of mankind, purchased copyright, and was a *bibliopole*, sir, in every sense. I wrote for some months in 'The Universal Visitor' for poor Smart, while he was mad, not then knowing the terms on which he was engaged to write, and thinking I was doing him good. I hoped his wits would soon return to him. Mine returned to me, and I wrote in 'The Universal Visitor' no longer."

Friday, 7th April, I dined with him at a tavern, with a numerous company[2]. JOHNSON. "I have been reading 'Twiss's Travels in Spain,' which are

[1] There has probably been some mistake as to the terms of this supposed extraordinary contract, the recital of which from hearsay afforded Johnson so much play for his sportive acuteness. Or if it was worded as he supposed, it is so strange that I should conclude it was a joke. Mr. Gardener, I am assured, was a worthy and liberal man.—BOSWELL.

[2] [At *the Club*, where there were present Mr. Charles Fox (president), Sir J. Reynolds, Drs. Johnson and Percy, Messrs. Beauclerk, Boswell, Chamier, Gibbon, Langton, and Steevens: why Mr. Boswell sometimes *sinks the club* is not quite clear. He might very naturally have felt some reluctance to betray the private conversation of a convivial meeting, but that feeling would have operated on *all* occasions. It may, however, be observed that he generally endeavours to confine his report to what was said either by *Johnson* or *himself*. —ED.]

just come out. They are as good as the first book of travels that you will take up. They are as good as those of Keysler or Blainville; nay, as Addison's, if you except the learning. They are not so good as Brydone's, but they are better than Pococke's. I have not, indeed, cut the leaves yet; but I have read in them where the pages are open, and I do not suppose that what is in the pages which are closed is worse than what is in the open pages. It would seem," he added, "that Addison had not acquired much Italian learning, for we do not find it introduced into his writings. The only instance that I recollect is his quoting '*Stavo bene; per star meglio, sto qui*[1].'"

I mentioned Addison's having borrowed many of his classical remarks from Leandro Alberti[2]. Mr. Beauclerk said, "It was alleged that he had borrowed also from another Italian authour." JOHNSON. "Why, sir, all who go to look for what the classicks have said of Italy must find the same passages[3]; and I should think it would be one of the first things the Italians would do on the revival of learning, to collect all that the Roman authours have said of their country."

[1] Addison, however, does not mention where this celebrated epitaph, which has eluded a very diligent inquiry, is found.—MALONE. [It is mentioned by old Howell. "The Italian saying may be well applied to poor England: "I was well—would be better—took physic—and died."—*Lett.* 20th Jan. 1647. —ED.]

[2] [This observation is, as Mr. Markland observes to me, to be found in Lord Chesterfield's letters to his son: "I have been lately informed of an Italian book, which I believe may be of use to you, and which, I dare say, you may get at Rome; written by one Alberti, about fourscore or a hundred years ago, a thick quarto. It is a classical description of Italy; from whence I am assured that Mr. Addison, to save himself trouble, has taken most of his remarks and classical references. I am told that it is an excellent book for a traveller in Italy."—Vol. ii. p. 351. If credit is to be given to Addison himself (and who can doubt his veracity?) this supposition must be groundless. He expressly says, "*I have taken care* to consider particularly the several passages of the ancient poets, which have any relation to the places or curiosities I met with; for, before I entered on my voyage, *I took care to refresh my memory* among the classic authors, and *to make such collections out of them* as I might afterwards have occasion for, &c."—*Preface to Remarks.*—ED.]

[3] "But if you find the same *applications* in another book, then Addison's learning falls to the ground," *ante*, p. 4.—MALONE.

Ossian being mentioned;—JOHNSON. "Supposing the Irish and Erse languages to be the same, which I do not believe [1], yet as there is no reason to suppose that the inhabitants of the Highlands and Hebrides ever wrote their native language, it is not to be credited that a long poem was preserved among them. If we had no evidence of the art of writing being practised in one of the counties of England, we should not believe that a long poem was preserved *there*, though in the neighbouring counties, where the same language was spoken, the inhabitants could write." BEAUCLERK. "The ballad of 'Lilliburlero' was once in the mouths of all the people of this country, and is said to have had a great effect in bringing about the revolution. Yet I question whether any body can repeat it now; which shows how improbable it is that much poetry should be preserved by tradition."

One of the company suggested an internal objection to the antiquity of the poetry said to be Ossian's, that we do not find the *wolf* in it, which must have been the case had it been of that age.

The mention of the wolf had led Johnson to think of other wild beasts; and while Sir Joshua Reynolds and Mr. Langton were carrying on a dialogue about something which engaged them earnestly, he, in the midst of it, broke out, "Pennant tells of bears." What he added I have forgotten. They went on, which he, being dull of hearing, did not perceive, or, if he did, was not willing to break off his talk; so he continued to vociferate his remarks, and *bear* ("like a word in a catch," as Beauclerk said) was repeatedly heard at intervals; which coming from him who, by those who did not know him, had been

[1] [He was in error. See *ante*, vol. ii. p. 149.—ED.]

so often assimilated to that ferocious animal, while we who were sitting round could hardly stifle laughter, produced a very ludicrous effect. Silence having ensued, he proceeded: "We are told, that the black bear is innocent; but I should not like to trust myself with him." Mr. Gibbon muttered, in a low tone of voice, "I should not like to trust myself with *you*." This piece of sarcastick pleasantry was a prudent resolution, if applied to a competition of abilities[1].

Patriotism having become one of our topicks, Johnson suddenly uttered, in a strong determined tone, an apophthegm, at which many will start: "Patriotism is the last refuge of a scoundrel[2]." But let it be considered, that he did not mean a real and generous love of our country, but that pretended patriotism, which so many, in all ages and countries, have made a cloak for self-interest. I maintained, that certainly all patriots were not scoundrels. Being urged (not by Johnson) to name one exception, I mentioned an eminent person[3], whom we all greatly admired. JOHNSON. "Sir, I do not say that he is *not* honest; but we have no reason to conclude from his political conduct that he *is* honest. Were he to accept a place from this ministry, he would lose that character of firmness which he has, and might be turned out of his place in a year. This ministry is neither stable, nor grateful to their friends, as Sir Robert Walpole

[1] [Mr. Green, the anonymous author of the "Diary of a Lover of Literature" (printed at Ipswich), states, under the date of 13th June, 1796, that a friend whom he designates by the initial M (and whom I believe to be my able and obliging friend Sir James Mackintosh), talking to him of the relative ability of Burke and Gibbon, said, "Gibbon might have been cut out of a corner of Burke's mind without his missing it." I fancy, now that enthusiasm has cooled, Sir James would be inclined to allow Gibbon a larger share of mind, though his intellectual powers can never be compared with Burke's.—ED.]

[2] [This remarkable *sortie*, which has very much amused the world, will hereafter be still more amusing, when it is known, that it appears by the books of the Club, that at the moment it was uttered, *Mr. Fox was in the chair*.—ED.]

[3] [No doubt Mr. Burke.—ED.]

was; so that he may think it more for his interest to take his chance of his party coming in."

Mrs. Pritchard being mentioned, he said, "Her playing was quite mechanical. It is wonderful how little mind she had. Sir, she had never read the tragedy of Macbeth all through. She no more thought of the play out of which her part was taken, than a shoemaker thinks of the skin out of which the piece of leather of which he is making a pair of shoes is cut."

On Saturday, May 8, I dined with him at Mr. Thrale's, where we met the Irish Dr. Campbell[1]. Johnson had supped the night before at Mrs. Abington's with some fashionable people whom he named; and he seemed much pleased with having made one in so elegant a circle. Nor did he omit to pique his *mistress* a little with jealousy of her housewifery; for he said, with a smile, "Mrs. Abington's jelly, my dear lady, was better than yours."

Mrs. Thrale, who frequently practised a coarse[2] mode of flattery, by repeating his *bon mots* in his hearing, told us that he had said, a certain celebrated actor[3] was just fit to stand at the door of an auction-room with a long pole, and cry, "Pray, gentlemen, walk in;" and that a certain authour, upon hearing this, had said, that another still more celebrated actor[4] was fit for nothing better than that, and would pick your pocket after you came out. JOHNSON. "Nay, my dear lady, there is no wit in what our friend

[1] [See *ante*, pp. 213 and 217.—ED.]

[2] [Certainly coarse enough; but not unfrequently practised by Boswell himself; and not much coarser than writing every *mot*, *bon* or otherwise, which he spoke, and giving him the record to read next morning.—See *Tour to the Hebrides*, *passim*.—ED.]

[3] [Probably Sheridan.—ED.]

[4] [Certainly Garrick; the *author* was, perhaps, Murphy: a great friend of the Thrales, and who had occasional differences with Garrick.—ED.]

added; there is only abuse. You may as well say of any man that he will pick a pocket. Besides, the man who is stationed at the door does not pick people's pockets; that is done within by the auctioneer."

Mrs. Thrale told us that Tom Davies repeated, in a very bald manner, the story of Dr. Johnson's first repartee to me, which I have related exactly[1]. He made me say, "I *was born* in Scotland," instead of "I *come from* Scotland;" so that Johnson's saying, "That, sir, is what a great many of your countrymen cannot help," had no point, or even meaning; and that upon this being mentioned to Mr. Fitzherbert, he observed, "It is not every man that can *carry a bon mot.*"

On Monday, April 10, I dined with him at General Oglethorpe's[2], with Mr. Langton and the Irish Dr. Campbell, whom the general had obligingly given me leave to bring with me. This learned gentleman was thus gratified with a very high intellectual feast, by not only being in company with Dr. Johnson, but with General Oglethorpe, who had been so long a celebrated name both at home and abroad[3].

I must, again and again, entreat of my readers not to suppose that my imperfect record of conversation

[1] Vol. i. p. 401.—BOSWELL.

[2] Let me here be allowed to pay my tribute of most sincere gratitude to the memory of that excellent person, my intimacy with whom was the more valuable to me, because my first acquaintance with him was unexpected and unsolicited. Soon after the publication of my "Account of Corsica," he did me the honour to call on me, and approaching me with a frank courteous air, said, "My name, sir, is Oglethorpe, and I wish to be acquainted with you." I was not a little flattered to be thus addressed by an eminent man, of whom I had read in Pope, from my early years,

"Or, driven by strong benevolence of soul,
Will fly like Oglethorpe from pole to pole."

I was fortunate enough to be found worthy of his good opinion, insomuch, that I not only was invited to make one in the many respectable companies whom he entertained at his table, but had a cover at his hospitable board every day when I happened to be disengaged; and in his society I never failed to enjoy learned and animated conversation, seasoned with genuine sentiments of virtue and religion.—BOSWELL.

[3] [See *ante*, vol. i. p. 97.—ED.]

contains the whole of what was said by Johnson, or other eminent persons who lived with him. What I have preserved, however, has the value of the most perfect authenticity.

He this day enlarged upon Pope's melancholy remark,

"Man never *is*, but always *to be* blest."

He asserted, that *the present* was never a happy state to any human being; but that, as every part of life, of which we are conscious, was at some point of time a period yet to come, in which felicity was expected, there was some happiness produced by hope. Being pressed upon this subject, and asked if he really was of opinion, that though, in general, happiness was very rare in human life, a man was not sometimes happy in the moment that was present, he answered, Reyn. Recoll. "Never, but when he is drunk." [It was a gloomy axiom of his, that the pains and miseries of human life outweighed its happiness and good; but on a lady's asking him, whether he would not permit *the ease and quiet of common life* to be put into the scale of happiness and good, he seemed embarrassed (very unusual with him), and, answering in the affirmative, rose from his seat, as if to avoid the inference and reply, which his answer authorized the lady to make.]

Piozzi, p. 219-20. [Dr. Johnson did not like any one who said they were happy, or who said any one else was so. "It was all *cant*," he would cry; "the dog knows he is miserable all the time." A friend whom he loved exceedingly told him on some occasion notwithstanding, that his wife's sister was *really* happy, and called upon the lady to confirm his assertion, which she did somewhat roundly as we say, and with an accent and manner capable of offending Dr. Johnson, if her

position had not been sufficient, without any thing more, to put him in a very ill humour. "If your sister-in-law is really the contented being she professes herself, sir," said he, "her life gives the lie to every research of humanity; for she is happy without health, without beauty, without money, and without understanding." This story he told me himself; and when I expressed something of the horror I felt, "The same stupidity," said he, "which prompted her to extol felicity she never felt, hindered her from feeling what shocks you on repetition. I tell you, the woman is ugly, and sickly, and foolish, and poor; and would it not make a man hang himself to hear such a creature say it was happy?"] Piozzi, p. 220.

He urged General Oglethorpe to give the world his Life. He said, "I know no man whose Life would be more interesting. If I were furnished with materials, I should be very glad to write it[1]."

Mr. Scott of Amwell's Elegies were lying in the room. Dr. Johnson observed, "They are very well; but such as twenty people might write." Upon this I took occasion to controvert Horace's maxim,

> "———— mediocribus esse poetis
> Non Di, non homines, non concessêre columnæ:"

for here (I observed) was a very middle-rate poet, who pleased many readers, and therefore poetry of a middle sort was entitled to some esteem; nor could I see why poetry should not, like every thing else, have different gradations of excellence, and consequently of value. Johnson repeated the common

[1] The general seemed unwilling to enter upon it at this time; but upon a subsequent occasion he communicated to me a number of particulars, which I have committed to writing; but I was not sufficiently diligent in obtaining more from him, not apprehending that his friends were so soon to lose him; for notwithstanding his great age, he was very healthy and vigorous, and was at at last carried off by a violent fever, which is often fatal at any period of life. —BOSWELL.

remark, that "as there is no necessity for our having poetry at all, it being merely a luxury, an instrument of pleasure, it can have no value, unless when exquisite in its kind." I declared myself not satisfied. "Why, then, sir," said he, "Horace and you must settle it." He was not much in the humour of talking.

No more of his conversation for some days appears in my journal, except that when a gentleman told him he had bought a suit of lace for his lady, he said, "Well, sir, you have done a good thing and a wise thing." "I have done a good thing," said the gentleman, "but I do not know that I have done a wise thing." JOHNSON. "Yes, sir; no money is better spent than what is laid out for domestic satisfaction. A man is pleased that his wife is dressed as well as other people; and a wife is pleased that she is dressed."

On Friday, April 14, being Good Friday, I repaired to him in the morning, according to my usual custom on that day, and breakfasted with him. I observed that he fasted so very strictly, that he did not even taste bread, and took no milk with his tea; I suppose because it is a kind of animal food.

He entered upon the state of the nation, and thus discoursed; "Sir, the great misfortune now is, that government has too little power. All that it has to bestow must of necessity be given to support itself; so that it cannot reward merit. No man, for instance, can now be made a bishop for his learning and piety[1]; his only chance for promotion is his being connected

[1] From this too just observation there are some eminent exceptions.—BOSWELL. [That a general assertion should be pronounced *too just* by the very person who admits that it is not universally just is a little odd; but, moreover, the "eminent exceptions" destroy the whole force of the assertion. In a constitution of government and society like ours, influence, interest, and connexions must have *some* weight in the distribution even of church patronage. Johnson's assertion was that they had *all* the weight, to the *utter exclusion* of piety and learning. Boswell, by denying the entire exclusion, defeats the force of Johnson's observation, which certainly was too broadly and, of course, incorrectly expressed.—ED.]

with somebody who has parliamentary interest. Our several ministers in this reign have outbid each other in concessions to the people. Lord Bute, though a very honourable man,—a man who meant well,—a man who had his blood full of prerogative,—was a theoretical statesman, a book-minister, and thought this country could be governed by the influence of the crown alone. Then, sir, he gave up a great deal. He advised the king to agree that the judges should hold their places for life, instead of losing them at the accession of a new king. Lord Bute, I suppose, thought to make the king popular by this concession; but the people never minded it; and it was a most impolitick measure. There is no reason why a judge should hold his office for life, more than any other person in publick trust. A judge may be partial otherwise than to the crown; we have seen judges partial to the populace. A judge may become corrupt, and yet there may not be legal evidence against him. A judge may become froward from age. A judge may grow unfit for his office in many ways. It was desirable that there should be a possibility of being delivered from him by a new king. That is now gone by an act of parliament *ex gratiâ* of the crown. Lord Bute advised the king to give up a very large sum of money [1], for which nobody thanked him. It was of consequence to the king, but nothing to the publick, among whom it was divided. When

[1] The money arising from the property of the prizes taken before the declaration of war, which were given to his majesty by the peace of Paris, and amounted to upwards of 700,000*l.*, and from the lands in the ceded islands, which were estimated at 200,000*l.* more. Surely, there was a noble munificence in this gift from a monarch to his people. And let it be remembered, that during the Earl of Bute's administration, the king was graciously pleased to give up the hereditary revenues of the crown, and to accept, instead of them, of the limited sum of 800,000*l.* a year; upon which Blackstone observes, that "The hereditary revenues, being put under the same management as the other branches of the publick patrimony, will produce more, and be better collected than heretofore; and the publick is a gainer of upwards of 100,000*l. per annum*, by this disinterested bounty of his majesty."—*Com.* book i. chap. viii. p. 330.—BOSWELL.

I say Lord Bute advised, I mean, that such acts were done when he was minister, and we are to suppose that he advised them. Lord Bute showed an undue partiality to Scotchmen. He turned out Dr. Nichols[1], a very eminent man, from being physician to the king, to make room for one of his countrymen, a man very low in his profession[2]. He had ********** [3] and **** to go on errands for him. He had occasion for people to go on errands for him; but he should not have had Scotchmen; and, certainly, he should not have suffered them to have access to him before the first people in England."

I told him, that the admission of one of them before the first people in England, which had given the greatest offence, was no more than what happens at every minister's levee, where those who attend are admitted in the order that they have come, which is better than admitting them according to their rank: for if that were to be the rule, a man who has waited all the morning might have the mortification to see a peer, newly come, go in before him, and keep him waiting still. JOHNSON. "True, sir; but ***** [4] should not have come to the levee, to be in the way of people of consequence. He saw Lord Bute at all times; and could have said what he had to say at

[1] [Frank Nichols. He was of Exeter College; M.A., June, 1721; B.M., February, 1724; M.D., 1729. Died 1778, in the eightieth year of his age.—HALL.]

[2] [Probably Dr. Duncan, who was appointed physician to the king in 1760; and not, as has been surmised, Sir John Pringle, who was appointed physician to the queen in 1761.—ED.]

[3] [The Editor was convinced that the first of these blanks meant *Wedderburn*, till he found that Sir James Mackintosh doubted it, from thinking that Wedderburn was already too high in the scale of society to be spoken of so contemptuously as Johnson here does; but, on a full consideration of all the circumstances, the Editor is finally satisfied that *Wedderburn* was here meant. The second blank, Sir James thinks, and the Editor agrees with him, means, certainly, *Home*, the author of Douglas. Boswell *always* puts a number of asterisks equal to the letters of the names he suppresses, and, in this case, the asterisks fit the names of Wedderburn and Home; and, moreover, we find *Wedderburn* and *Home* distinctly associated as satellites of Lord Bute, in Wilkes's celebrated dedication of Mortimer.—ED.]

[4] [Home.—ED.]

any time, as well as at the levee. There is now no prime minister; there is only an agent for government in the house of commons. We are governed by the cabinet; but there is no one head there since Sir Robert Walpole's time." BOSWELL. "What then, sir, is the use of parliament?" JOHNSON. "Why, sir, parliament is a large council to the king; and the advantage of such a council is, having a great number of men of property concerned in the legislature, who, for their own interest, will not consent to bad laws. And you must have observed, sir, the administration is feeble and timid, and cannot act with that authority and resolution which is necessary. Were I in power, I would turn out every man who dared to oppose me. Government has the distribution of offices, that it may be enabled to maintain its authority."

"Lord Bute," he added, "took down too fast, without building up something new." BOSWELL. "Because, sir, he found a rotten building. The political coach was drawn by a set of bad horses; it was necessary to change them." JOHNSON. "But he should have changed them one by one."

I told him I had been informed by Mr. Orme, that many parts of the East Indies were better mapped than the Highlands of Scotland. JOHNSON. "That a country may be mapped, it must be travelled over." "Nay," said I, meaning to laugh with him at one of his prejudices, "can't you say, it is not *worth* mapping?"

As we walked to St. Clement's church, and saw several shops open upon this most solemn fast-day of the christian world, I remarked, that one disadvantage arising from the immensity of London was, that nobody was heeded by his neighbour; there was no fear of censure for not observing Good Friday, as it

ought to be kept; and as it is kept in country towns. He said, it was, upon the whole, very well observed even in London.[1] He however owned that London was too large; but added, "It is nonsense to say the head is too big for the body. It would be as much too big, though the body were ever so large; that is to say, though the country was ever so extensive. It has no similarity to a head connected with a body."

Dr. Wetherell, master of the University College, Oxford, accompanied us home from church; and after he was gone, there came two other gentlemen, one of whom uttered the common-place complaints, that by the increase of taxes, labour would be dear, other nations would undersell us, and our commerce would be ruined. JOHNSON (smiling). "Never fear, sir; our commerce is in a very good state; and suppose we had no commerce at all, we could live very well on the produce of our own country." I cannot omit to mention, that I never knew any man who was less disposed to be querulous than Johnson. Whether the subject was his own situation, or the state of the publick, or the state of human nature in general, though he saw the evils, his mind was turned to resolution, and never to whining or complaint.

We went again to St. Clement's in the afternoon. He had found fault with the preacher in the morning for not choosing a text adapted to the day. The preacher in the afternoon had chosen one extremely proper: "It is finished."

After the evening service, he said, "Come, you shall go home with me, and sit just an hour." But he was better than his word; for after we had drunk tea with Mrs. Williams, he asked me to go up to his

[1] [Yet how enormously the metropolis has increased in population and extent since the year 1775.—ED.]

study with him, where we sat a long while together in a serene undisturbed frame of mind, sometimes in silence, and sometimes conversing, as we felt ourselves inclined, or more properly speaking, as *he* was inclined; for during all the course of my long intimacy with him, my respectful attention never abated, and my wish to hear him was such, that I constantly watched every dawning of communication from that great and illuminated mind.

He observed, "All knowledge is of itself of some value. There is nothing so minute or inconsiderable, that I would not rather know it than not. In the same manner, all power, of whatever sort, is of itself desirable. A man would not submit to learn to hem a ruffle of his wife, or his wife's maid: but if a mere wish could attain it, he would rather wish to be able to hem a ruffle[1]."

He again advised me to keep a journal fully and minutely, but not to mention such trifles as that meat was too much or too little done, or that the weather was fair or rainy. He had till very near his death a contempt for the notion that the weather affects the human frame.

I told him that our friend Goldsmith had said to me that he had come too late into the world, for that Pope and other poets had taken up the places in the Temple of Fame; so that as but a few at any period can possess poetical reputation, a man of genius can now hardly acquire it. JOHNSON. "That is one of the most sensible things I have ever heard of Goldsmith. It is difficult to get literary fame, and it is every day growing more difficult[2]. Ah, sir, that

[1] [Johnson said that he had once attempted to learn knitting from Dempster's sister: *post*, 7th April, 1778.—ED.]

[2] [With all due deference, it seems as silly as any thing that poor Goldsmith ever said. Literary fame was perhaps as cheaply earned in the last half of the eighteenth century as at any time in our history, and when Johnson

should make a man think of securing happiness in another world, which all who try sincerely for it may attain. In comparison of that, how little are all other things! The belief of immortality is impressed upon all men, and all men act under an impression of it, however they may talk, and though, perhaps, they may be scarcely sensible of it." I said, it appeared to me that some people had not the least notion of immortality; and I mentioned a distinguished gentleman[1] of our acquaintance. JOHNSON. "Sir, if it were not for the notion of immortality, he would cut a throat to fill his pockets." When I quoted this to Beauclerk, who knew much more of the gentleman than we did, he said in his acid manner, "He would cut a throat to fill his pockets, if it were not for fear of being hanged."

Dr. Johnson proceeded: "Sir, there is a great cry about infidelity; but there are, in reality, very few infidels. I have heard a person, originally a quaker, but now, I am afraid, a deist, say, that he did not believe there were, in all England, above two hundred infidels[2]."

He was pleased to say, "If you come to settle here, we will have one day in the week on which we will meet by ourselves. That is the happiest conversation where there is no competition, no vanity, but a calm quiet interchange of sentiments." In his private register this evening is thus marked,

said it is difficult to get literary fame, he should have recollected that if it were not *difficult*, it would not be *fame*; and, after all, did not Goldsmith himself gain a great reputation without any very great difficulty? Goldsmith, who had read and borrowed a great deal from the light literature of the French, found a somewhat similar observation in *Vigneul-Marvilliana*, from La Bruyere, "Les anciens ont tout dit-on vient aujourd'hui trop tard pour dire des choses nouvelles." —See *Vig. Mar.* v. i. p. 349.

[1] [All this seems so extravagantly abusive, that the editor hopes he will be forgiven for not venturing a surmise as to the name of the "distinguished gentleman" so ill, and probably so unjustly, treated by his *friends*.—ED.]

[2] [The editor would have had no doubt that this was Cuming (see *ante*, v. ii. p. 454), but that Johnson says "*now* a deist," and that Cuming had died in 1774. Sir James Mackintosh thought Dyer was meant; but he too was dead.—ED.]

"Boswell sat with me till night; we had some serious talk." Prayers & Med. p. 138.

It also appears from the same record, that after I left him he was occupied in religious duties, in

"giving Francis, his servant, some directions for preparation to communicate; in reviewing his life, and resolving on better conduct."

["Easter Eve, 15th April, 1775. Ibid, p. 139, 140.

"I rose more early than is common, after a night disturbed by flatulencies, though I had taken so little. I prayed, but my mind was unsettled, and I did not fix upon the book. After the bread and tea, I trifled, and about three ordered coffee and buns for my dinner. I find more faintness and uneasiness in fasting than I did formerly.

"While coffee was preparing, Collier came in, a man whom I had not seen for more than twenty years, but whom I consulted about Macky's books. We talked of old friends and past occurrences, and eat and drank together.

"I then read a little in the Testament, and tried Fiddes's Body of Divinity, but did not settle.

"I then went to evening prayer, and was tolerably composed."]

The humility and piety which he discovers on such occasions is truly edifying. No saint, however, in the course of his religious warfare, was more sensible of the unhappy failure of pious resolves than Johnson. He said one day, talking to an acquaintance on this subject, "Sir, hell is paved with good intentions[1]."

On Sunday, 16th April, being Easter-day, after having attended the solemn service at St. Paul's, I dined with Dr. Johnson and Mrs. Williams. I maintained that Horace was wrong in placing happiness in *Nil admirari*, for that I thought admiration one of the most agreeable of all our feelings; and I regretted that I had lost much of my disposition to

[1] This is a proverbial sentence. "Hell (says Herbert) is full of good meanings and wishings."—*Jacula Prudentum*, p. 11. edit. 1651.—MALONE.

admire, which people generally do as they advance in life. JOHNSON. "Sir, as a man advances in life, he gets what is better than *admiration*,—*judgment*, to estimate things at their true value." I still insisted that admiration was more pleasing than judgment, as love is more pleasing than friendship. The feeling of friendship is like that of being comfortably filled with roast beef; love, like being enlivened with champagne. JOHNSON. "No, sir; admiration and love are like being intoxicated with champagne; judgment and friendship like being enlivened. Waller has hit upon the same thought with you[1]: but I don't believe you have borrowed from Waller. I wish you would enable yourself to borrow more."

He then took occasion to enlarge on the advantages of reading, and combated the idle superficial notion, that knowledge enough may be acquired in conversation. "The foundation (said he) must be laid by reading. General principles must be had from books, which, however, must be brought to the test of real life. In conversation you never get a system. What is said upon a subject is to be gathered from a hundred people. The parts of a truth, which a man gets thus, are at such a distance from each other that he never attains to a full view."

"TO BENNET LANGTON, ESQ.

"17th April, 1775.

"DEAR SIR,—I have inquired more minutely about the medicine for the rheumatism, which I am sorry to hear that you still want. The receipt is this:

[1] "Amoret 's as sweet and good
As the most delicious food;
Which but tasted does impart
Life and gladness to the heart.

"Sacharissa's beauty 's wine,
Which to madness does incline;
Such a liquor as no brain
That is mortal can sustain."—BOSWELL.

"Take equal quantities of flour of sulphur, and *flour* of mustard-seed, make them an electuary with honey or treacle; and take a bolus as big as a nutmeg several times a day, as you can bear it; drinking after it a quarter of a pint of the infusion of the root of lovage.

"Lovage, in Ray's 'Nomenclature,' is levisticum: perhaps the botanists may know the Latin name.

"Of this medicine I pretend not to judge. There is all the appearance of its efficacy, which a single instance can afford: the patient was very old, the pain very violent, and the relief, I think, speedy and lasting.

"My opinion of alterative medicine is not high, but *quid tentasse nocebit?* if it does harm, or does no good, it may be omitted; but that it may do good, you have, I hope, reason to think is desired by, sir, your most affectionate, humble servant,

"SAM. JOHNSON."

On Tuesday, April 18, he and I were engaged to go with Sir Joshua Reynolds to dine with Mr. Cambridge, at his beautiful villa on the banks of the Thames, near Twickenham. Dr. Johnson's tardiness was such, that Sir Joshua, who had an appointment at Richmond early in the day, was obliged to go by himself on horseback, leaving his coach to Johnson and me. Johnson was in such good spirits, that every thing seemed to please him as we drove along.

Our conversation turned on a variety of subjects. He thought portrait-painting an improper employment for a woman [1]. "Publick practice of any art," he observed, "and staring in men's faces, is very indelicate in a female." I happened to start a question, whether when a man knows that some of his intimate friends are invited to the house of another friend, with whom they are all equally intimate, he may join them without an invitation. JOHNSON. "No, sir; he is not to go when he is not invited. They may be invited on purpose to abuse him," smiling.

[1] [This topic was probably suggested to them by Miss Reynolds, who practised that art; and we shall see that one of the last occupations of Johnson's life was to sit for his picture to that lady.—ED.]

As a curious instance how little a man knows, or wishes to know, his own character in the world, or rather as a convincing proof that Johnson's roughness was only external, and did not proceed from his heart, I insert the following dialogue. JOHNSON. "It is wonderful, sir, how rare a quality good humour is in life. We meet with very few good-humoured men." I mentioned four of our friends, none of whom he would allow to be good-humoured. One was *acid*, another was *muddy*, and to others he had objections which have escaped me. Then shaking his head and stretching himself at ease in the coach, and smiling with much complacency, he turned to me and said, "I look upon *myself* as a good-humoured fellow." The epithet *fellow*, applied to the great lexicographer, the stately moralist, the masterly critick, as if it had been *Sam* Johnson, a mere pleasant companion, was highly diverting; and this light notion of himself struck me with wonder. I answered, also smiling, "No, no, sir; that will *not* do. You are good-natured, but not good-humoured; you are irascible. You have not patience with folly and absurdity. I believe you would pardon them, if there were time to deprecate your vengeance; but punishment follows so quick after sentence, that they cannot escape[1]."

I had brought with me a great bundle of Scotch magazines and newspapers, in which his "Journey to the Western Islands" was attacked in every mode; and I read a great part of them to him, knowing they would afford him entertainment. I wish the writers of them had been present; they would have been sufficiently vexed. One ludicrous imitation of his style, by Mr. Maclaurin[2], now one of the Scotch

[1] [See, on Johnson's politeness, *post*, 30th April, 1778.—ED.]

[2] [It may be doubted whether, if Mr. Maclaurin had not taken this liberty, Mr. Boswell would have recorded Dr. Johnson's censure of his cook.—See *ante*, v. i. p. 481.—ED.]

judges, with the title of Lord Dreghorn, was distinguished by him from the rude mass. "This," said he, "is the best. But I could caricature my own style much better myself." He defended his remark upon the general insufficiency of education in Scotland; and confirmed to me the authenticity of his witty saying on the learning of the Scotch—"Their learning is like bread in a besieged town; every man gets a little, but no man gets a full meal[1]." "There is," said he, "in Scotland a diffusion of learning, a certain portion of it widely and thinly spread. A merchant has as much learning as one of their clergy."

He talked of "Isaac Walton's Lives," which was one of his most favourite books. Dr. Donne's life, he said, was the most perfect of them. He observed, that "it was wonderful that Walton, who was in a very low situation of life, should have been familiarly received by so many great men, and that at a time when the ranks of society were kept more separate than they are now[2]." He supposed that Walton had then given up his business as a linendraper and sempster, and was only an author[3]; and added, "that he was a great panegyrist." BOSWELL. "No quality will get a man more friends than a disposition to admire the qualities of others. I do not mean flattery, but a sincere admiration." JOHNSON. "Nay, sir, flattery

[1] [Mrs. Piozzi repeats this story (p. 203), probably more truly and more forcibly, though with rather less delicacy of expression—"Every man gets a *mouthful*, but no man a *bellyful*;" and adds, that Johnson told her that some officious friend carried it to Lord Bute, while the question of his pension was afloat, and that Lord Bute only replied, "He will have the pension, nevertheless."—ED.]

[2] [Dr. Johnson seems to confound *distinction* of ranks with *separation*. Literature has always been a passport into higher society. Walton was received as Johnson himself was, not on a footing of personal or political equality, but of social and literary intercourse.—ED.]

[3] Johnson's conjecture was erroneous. Walton did not retire from business till 1643. But in 1661, Dr. King, bishop of Chichester, in a letter prefixed to his "Lives," mentions his having been familiarly acquainted with him for forty years; and in 1631 he was so intimate with Dr. Donne, that he was one of the friends who attended him on his deathbed.—J. BOSWELL.

pleases very generally. In the first place, the flatterer may think what he says to be true; but, in the second place, whether he thinks so or not, he certainly thinks those whom he flatters of consequence enough to be flattered."

No sooner had we made our bow to Mr. Cambridge, in his library,[1] than Johnson ran eagerly to one side of the room, intent on poring over the backs of the books. Sir Joshua observed (aside), "He runs to the books as I do to the pictures; but I have the advantage. I can see much more of the pictures than he can of the books." Mr. Cambridge, upon this, politely said, "Dr. Johnson, I am going, with your pardon, to accuse myself, for I have the same custom which I perceive you have. But it seems odd that one should have such a desire to look at the backs of books." Johnson, ever ready for contest, instantly started from his reverie, wheeled about and answered, "Sir, the reason is very plain. Knowledge is of two kinds. We know a subject ourselves, or we know where we can find information upon it. When we inquire into any subject, the first thing we have to do is to know what books have treated of it. This leads us to look at catalogues, and the backs of books in libraries." Sir Joshua observed to me the extraordinary promptitude with which Johnson flew upon an argument. "Yes," said I, "he has no formal preparation, no flourishing with his sword; he is through your body in an instant." [Mrs. Piozzi describes Johnson's promptitude of thought and expression on such occasions by a very happy classical allusion:

Piozzi, p. 155.

[1] The first time he dined with me, he was shown into my book room, and instantly pored over the lettering of each volume within his reach. My collection of books is very miscellaneous, and I feared there might be some among them that he would not like. But seeing the number of volumes very considerable, he said, "You are an honest man to have formed so great an accumulation of knowledge."—BURNEY.

"His notions rose up like the dragon's teeth sown by Cadmus, all ready clothed, and in bright armour fit for battle."]

Johnson was here solaced with an elegant entertainment, a very accomplished family, and much good company; among whom was Mr. Harris of Salisbury, who paid him many compliments on his "Journey to the Western Islands."

The common remark as to the utility of reading history being made;—JOHNSON. "We must consider how very little history there is; I mean real authentick history[1]. That certain kings reigned, and certain battles were fought, we can depend upon as true; but all the colouring, all the philosophy of history is conjecture." BOSWELL. "Then, sir, you would reduce all history to no better than an almanack[2], a mere chronological series of remarkable events." Mr. Gibbon, who must at that time have been employed upon his history, of which he published the first volume in the following year, was present; but did not step forth in defence of that species of writing. He probably did not like to *trust* himself with Johnson[3].

Johnson observed, that the force of our early habits was so great, that though reason approved, nay, though our senses relished a different course, almost every man returned to them. I do not believe there is any observation upon human nature better founded than this; and in many cases, it is a very painful truth; for where early habits have been mean and wretched, the joy and elevation resulting from better modes of life must be damped by the gloomy con-

[1] [See *ante*, vol. ii. p. 81, *n.*—ED.]

[2] [This allusion was revived in our day, in a very striking manner, by Mr. (now Lord) Plunkett, in one of his speeches in the house of commons, in which he said, that if not read in the spirit of prudence and experience, "history was no better than *an old almanack*."—*Par. Deb.* 28th Feb. 1825.—ED.]

[3] See *ante*, p. 223.—BOSWELL.

sciousness of being under an almost inevitable doom to sink back into a situation which we recollect with disgust. It surely may be prevented, by constant attention and unremitting exertion to establish contrary habits of superiour efficacy.

"The Beggar's Opera," and the common question, whether it was pernicious in its effects, having been introduced:—JOHNSON. "As to this matter, which has been very much contested, I myself am of opinion, that more influence has been ascribed to 'The Beggar's Opera' than it in reality ever had; for I do not believe that any man was ever made a rogue by being present at its representation. At the same time I do not deny that it may have some influence, by making the character of a rogue familiar, and in some degree pleasing[1]." Then collecting himself, as it were, to give a heavy stroke: "There is in it such a *labefactation* of all principles as may be injurious to morality."

While he pronounced this response, we sat in a comical sort of restraint, smothering a laugh, which we were afraid might burst out. In his Life of Gay, he has been still more decisive as to the inefficiency of "The Beggar's Opera" in corrupting society. But I have ever thought somewhat differently; for, indeed, not only are the gaiety and heroism of a highwayman very captivating to a youthful imagination, but the arguments for adventurous depredation are so plausible, the allusions so lively, and the con-

[1] A very eminent physician, whose discernment is as acute and penetrating in judging of the human character as it is in his own profession, remarked once at a club where I was, that a lively young man, fond of pleasure, and without money, would hardly resist a solicitation from his mistress to go upon the highway, immediately after being present at the representation of "The Beggar's Opera." I have been told of an ingenious observation by Mr. Gibbon, that "The Beggar's Opera may, perhaps, have sometimes increased the number of highwaymen: but that it has had a beneficial effect in refining that class of men, making them less ferocious, more polite, in short, more like gentlemen." Upon this Mr. Courtenay said, that "Gay was the Orpheus of highwaymen." —BOSWELL.

trasts with the ordinary and more painful modes of acquiring property are so artfully displayed, that it requires a cool and strong judgment to resist so imposing an aggregate: yet, I own, I should be very sorry to have "The Beggar's Opera" suppressed; for there is in it so much of real London life, so much brilliant wit, and such a variety of airs, which, from early association of ideas, engage, soothe, and enliven the mind, that no performance which the theatre exhibits delights me more.

The late "*worthy*" Duke of Queensbury[1], as Thomson, in his "Seasons," justly characterizes him, told me, that when Gay showed him "The Beggar's Opera," his grace's observation was, "This is a very odd thing, Gay; I am satisfied that it is either a very good thing, or a very bad thing." It proved the former, beyond the warmest expectations of the authour, or his friends. Mr. Cambridge, however, showed us to-day, that there was good reason enough to doubt concerning its success. He was told by Quin, that during the first night of its appearance it was long in a very dubious state; that there was a disposition to damn it, and that it was saved by the song,

"Oh ponder well! be not severe!"

the audience being much affected by the innocent looks of Polly, when she came to those two lines, which exhibit at once a painful and ridiculous image,

"For on the rope that hangs my dear,
Depends poor Polly's life."

Quin himself had so bad an opinion of it, that he refused the part of Captain Macheath, and gave it to

[1] [The third Duke of Queensbury, and second Duke of Dover; the patron of Gay and Thomson. He died in 1778, in the 80th year of his age.—ED.]

Walker, who acquired great celebrity by his grave [1] yet animated performance of it.

We talked of a young gentleman's marriage [2] with an eminent singer, and his determination that she should no longer sing in publick, though his father was very earnest she should, because her talents would be liberally rewarded, so as to make her a good fortune. It was questioned whether the young gentleman who had not a shilling in the world, but was blest with very uncommon talents, was not foolishly delicate, or foolishly proud, and his father truly rational without being mean. Johnson, with all the high spirit of a Roman senator, exclaimed, "He resolved wisely and nobly to be sure. He is a brave man. Would not a gentleman be disgraced by having his wife singing publickly for hire? No, sir, there can be no doubt here ***[3]."

Johnson arraigned the modern politicks of this country, as entirely devoid of all principle of whatever kind. "Politicks," said he, "are now nothing more than means of rising in the world. With this sole view do men engage in politicks, and their whole conduct proceeds upon it[4]. How different in that respect is the state of the nation now from what it was in the time of Charles the First, during the

[1] [The *gravity* of the performance of Macbeath seems a strange merit.—ED.]

[2] [This, no doubt, alludes to Mr. R. B. Sheridan's refusal to allow his wife to sing in public. He resinging at Oxford, at the installation of Lord North, as chancellor, in 1773, was put on the footing of obliging his lordship and the university; and when, on that occasion, several degrees were conferred "*honoris causa*," Lord North observed, that Sheridan's degree should be "*uxoris causâ*."—HALL.]

[3] [An indelicate allusion is here omitted.—ED.]

[4] [In those troublesome times men were contending for *fundamental principles*, and were always zealous, and sometimes disinterested in proportion to the greatness of the public stake; but since the Revolution, and the extinction of the claims of the house of Stuart, the principles of our constitution are so generally admitted, that little is left to be contested for, except the hands by which affairs shall be administered: in such junctures, politics must become more of a *profession*, in which men will seek *personal* advancement, than when their private feelings were mixed up with questions of vital public importance.—ED.]

Usurpation, and after the Restoration, in the time of Charles the Second. Hudibras affords a strong proof how much hold political principles had then upon the minds of men. There is in Hudibras a great deal of bullion which will always last. But to be sure the brightest strokes of his wit owed their force to the impression of the characters, which was upon men's minds at the time; to their knowing them, at table and in the street; in short, being familiar with them; and above all, to his satire being directed against those whom a little while before they had hated and feared. The nation in general has ever been loyal, has been at all times attached to the monarch, though a few daring rebels have been wonderfully powerful for a time. The murder of Charles the First was undoubtedly not committed with the approbation or consent of the people. Had that been the case, parliament would not have ventured to consign the regicides to their deserved punishment[1]. And we know what exuberance of joy there was when Charles the Second was restored. If Charles the Second had bent all his mind to it, had made it his sole object, he might have been as absolute as Louis the Fourteenth[2]." A gentleman observed he would have done no harm if he had. JOHNSON. "Why, sir, absolute princes seldom do any harm. But they who are governed by them are governed by chance. There is no security for good government." CAMBRIDGE. "There have been many sad victims to

[1] [The Editor concurs in Johnson's opinion as to the *fact*; but it seems to him, that the *proof* adduced is very inclusive, for if the execution of the regicides proves *one* state of the public mind, surely the execution of the king himself might be adduced to prove *another*.—ED.]

[2] [Did Dr. Johnson forget the power of the public purse, placed in the hands of the house of commons, and all the arts, intrigues, and violence which Charles and his ministers tried, and tried in vain to evade, or resist that control? Did he also forget that there were *juries* in that reign? a jury might occasionally be packed or intimidated, but there still were *juries*!—ED.]

absolute government." JOHNSON. "So, sir, have there been to popular factions." BOSWELL. "The question is, which is worst, one wild beast or many?"

Johnson praised "The Spectator," particularly the character of Sir Roger de Coverley. He said, "Sir Roger did not die a violent death, as has been generally fancied. He was not killed; he died only because others were to die, and because his death afforded an opportunity to Addison for some very fine writing. We have the example of Cervantes making Don Quixote die. I never could see why Sir Roger is represented as a little cracked. It appears to me that the story of the widow was intended to have something superinduced upon it; but the superstructure did not come."

Somebody found fault with writing verses in a dead language, maintaining that they were merely arrangements of so many words, and laughed at the universities of Oxford and Cambridge, for sending forth collections of them not only in Greek and Latin, but even in Syriack, Arabick, and other more unknown tongues. JOHNSON. "I would have as many of these as possible; I would have verses in every language that there are the means of acquiring. Nobody imagines that an university is to have at once two hundred poets: but it should be able to show two hundred scholars. Pieresc's death was lamented, I think, in forty languages. And I would have had at every coronation, and every death of a king, every *Gaudium*, and every *Luctus*, university-verses, in as many languages as can be acquired. I would have the world to be thus told, 'Here is a school where every thing may be learnt.'"

Having set out next day on a visit to the Earl of Pembroke, at Wilton, and to my friend, Mr. Temple,

at Mamhead, in Devonshire, and not having returned to town till the second of May, I did not see Dr. Johnson for a considerable time, and during the remaining part of my stay in London kept very imperfect notes of his conversation, which had I according to my usual custom written out at large soon after the time, much might have been preserved, which is now irretrievably lost. I can now only record some particular scenes, and a few fragments of his *memorabilia*. But to make some amends for my relaxation of diligence in one respect, I can present my readers with arguments upon two law cases, with which he favoured me[1].

On Saturday, the sixth of May, we dined by ourselves at the Mitre, and he dictated to me [an argument, which will be found in the Appendix], to obviate the complaint already mentioned[2], which had been made in the form of an action in the court of session by Dr. Memis, of Aberdeen, that in the same translation of a charter in which *physicians* were mentioned, he was called *doctor of medicine*.

A few days afterwards, I consulted him upon a cause, *Paterson and others* against *Alexander and others*, which had been decided by a casting vote in the court of session, determining that the corporation of Stirling was corrupt, and setting aside the election of some of their officers, because it was proved that three of the leading men who influenced the majority had entered into an unjustifiable compact, of which, however, the majority were ignorant. He dictated to me, after a little consideration, some sentences upon the subject [which will also be found in the Appendix.]

[1] [Most readers, it is suspected, will not think the compensation adequate.—ED.]

[2] *Ante*, page 167.—BOSWELL.

This, in my opinion, was a very nice case; but the decision was affirmed in the house of lords!

On Monday, May 8, we went together and visited the mansions of Bedlam. I had been informed that he had once been there before with Mr. Wedderburne (now Lord Loughborough), Mr. Murphy, and Mr. Foote; and I had heard Foote give a very entertaining account of Johnson's happening to have his attention arrested by a man who was very furious, and who, while beating his straw, supposed it was William, Duke of Cumberland, whom he was punishing for his cruelties in Scotland, in 1746[1]. There was nothing peculiarly remarkable this day; but the general contemplation of insanity was very affecting. I accompanied him home, and dined and drank tea with him.

Talking of an acquaintance of ours[2], distinguished for knowing an uncommon variety of miscellaneous articles both in antiquities and polite literature, he observed, "You know, sir, he runs about with little weight upon his mind." And talking of another very ingenious gentleman[3], who from the warmth of his temper was at variance with many of his acquaintance, and wished to avoid them, he said, "Sir, he leads the life of an outlaw."

On Friday, May 12, as he had been so good as to assign me a room in his house, where I might sleep occasionally, when I happened to sit with him to a

[1] My very honourable friend, General Sir George Howard, who served in the Duke of Cumberland's army, has assured me that the cruelties were not imputable to his royal highness.—BOSWELL. [On the morning of the battle of Culloden, Lord George Murray, the chief of the Pretender's staff, issued an order to give *no quarter* to the royal forces. The jacobites affected to say that this was the act of the individual, and not of the prince or his party; but it is undeniable that such a general order was given, and that it was the excuse, if not the cause, of the severities which followed the battle on the part of the conquerors. —Ed.]

[2] [Probably Dr. Percy.—ED.]

[3] [No doubt Mr. George Steevens.—ED.]

late hour, I took possession of it this night, found every thing in excellent order, and was attended by honest Francis with a most civil assiduity. I asked Johnson whether I might go to a consultation with another lawyer upon Sunday, as that appeared to me to be doing work as much in my way, as if an artisan should work on the day appropriated for religious rest. JOHNSON. "Why, sir, when you are of consequence enough to oppose the practice of consulting upon Sunday, you should do it: but you may go now. It is not criminal, though it is not what one should do, who is anxious for the preservation and increase of piety, to which a peculiar observance of Sunday is a great help. The distinction is clear between what is of moral and what is of ritual obligation [1]."

"TO MRS. THRALE.

"12th May, 1775.

"I wish I could say or send any thing to divert you; but I have done nothing, and seen nothing. I dined one day with Paoli, and yesterday with Mrs. Southwells [2], and called on Congreve [3]. Mr. Twiss, hearing that you talked of despoiling his book of the fine print, has sent you a copy to frame. He is going to Ireland, and I have given him letters to Dr. Leland and Mr. Falkner [4].

"Mr. M[ontagu] is so ill that the lady is not visible; but yesterday I had I know not how much kiss of Mrs. Abington, and very good looks from Miss * * * * * [5], the maid of honour.

"Boswell has made me promise not to go to Oxford till he leaves London; I had no great reason for haste, and therefore might as well gratify a friend. I am always proud and pleased to have my company desired. Boswell would have thought my absence a loss, and I know not who else would have considered my presence as profit. He has entered himself at the Temple, and I joined in his bond. He is to plead before the

[1] [See *ante*, vol. ii. p. 74. 304, and vol. iii. p. 18.—ED.]
[2] [See *ante*, vol. ii. p. 193.—ED.]
[3] [See *post*, 22d March, 1776.—ED.]
[4] [George Faulkener, the celebrated painter.—ED.]
[5] [Probably Miss Beauclerck.—ED.]

lords, and hopes very nearly to gain the cost of his journey. He lives much with his friend Paoli, who says, a man must see Wales to enjoy England.

"The book which is now most read, but which, as far as I have gone, is but dull, is Gray's Letters, prefixed by Mr. Mason to his poems. I have borrowed mine, and therefore cannot lend it, and I can hardly recommend the purchase[1].

"I have offended; and, what is stranger, have justly offended the nation of Rasay. If they could come hither, they would be as fierce as the Americans. *Rasay* has written to Boswell an account of the injury done him, by representing his home as subordinate to that of Dunvegan. Boswell has his letter, and I believe copied my answer. I have appeased him, if a degraded chief can possibly be appeased; but it will be thirteen days—days of resentment and discontent—before my recantation can reach him. Many a dirk will imagination, during that interval, fix in my heart. I really question if at this time my life would not be in danger, if distance did not secure it.

"Boswell will find his way to Streatham before he goes, and will detail this great affair. I would have come on Saturday, but that I am engaged to do Dr. Lawrence a little service on Sunday. Which day shall I come next week? I hope you will be well enough to see me often."

On Saturday, May 13, I breakfasted with him by invitation, accompanied by Mr. Andrew Crosbie, a Scotch advocate, whom he had seen at Edinburgh, and the Hon. Colonel (now General) Edward Stopford[2], brother to Lord Courtown, who was desirous of being introduced to him. His tea and rolls and butter, and whole breakfast apparatus, were all in such decorum, and his behaviour was so courteous, that Colonel Stopford was quite surprised, and wondered at his having heard so much said of Johnson's slovenliness and roughness. I have preserved nothing of what passed, except that Crosbie pleased him much by talking learnedly of alchymy, as to which Johnson

[1] [Nothing but a strong prejudice could have made Johnson thus speak of those very entertaining letters.—Ed.]

[2] [Second son of the first Lord Courtown; born 1732; a major-general in 1782.—Ed.]

was not a positive unbeliever, but rather delighted in considering what progress had actually been made in the transmutation of metals, what near approaches there had been to the making of gold; and told us that it was affirmed that a person in the Russian dominions had discovered the secret, but died without revealing it, as imagining it would be prejudicial to society. He added, that it was not impossible but it might in time be generally known.

It being asked whether it was reasonable for a man to be angry at another whom a woman had preferred to him? JOHNSON. "I do not see, sir, that it is reasonable for a man to be angry at another, whom a woman has preferred to him: but angry he is, no doubt; and he is loth to be angry at himself."

Before setting out for Scotland on the 23d, I was frequently in his company at different places, but during this period have recorded only two remarks; one concerning Garrick: "He has not Latin enough. He finds out the Latin by the meaning rather than the meaning by the Latin." And another concerning writers of travels, who, he observed, "were more defective than any other writers."

I passed many hours with him on the 17th, of which I find all my memorial is, "much laughing." It should seem he had that day been in a humour for jocularity and merriment, and upon such occasions I never knew a man laugh more heartily. We may suppose that the high relish of a state so different from his habitual gloom produced more than ordinary exertions of that distinguishing faculty of man, which has puzzled philosophers so much to explain. Johnson's laugh was as remarkable as any circumstance in his manner. It was a kind of good-humoured growl. Tom Davies described it drolly enough: "He laughs like a rhinoceros."

"TO BENNET LANGTON, ESQ.

"21st May, 1775.

"DEAR SIR,—I have an old amanuensis in great distress[1]. I have given what I think I can give, and begged till I cannot tell where to beg again. I put into his hands this morning four guineas. If you could collect three guineas more, it would clear him from his present difficulty. I am, sir, your most humble servant, "SAM. JOHNSON."

["TO MRS. THRALE.

"22d May, 1775.

"One thing or other still hinders me, besides, perhaps, what is the great hindrance, that I have no great mind to go. Boswell went away at two this morning. L[angton] I suppose goes this week. B[oswell] got two-and-forty guineas in fees while he was here. He has, by his wife's persuasion and mine, taken down a present for his mother-in-law.

* * * * * *

"I am not sorry that you read Boswell's journal. Is it not a merry piece? There is much in it about poor me.

"Do not buy C———'s[2] travels, they are duller than T———'s[3]. W———[4] is too fond of words, but you may read him. I shall take care that Adair's account of America may be sent you, for I shall have it of my own.

"Beattie has called once to see me. He lives grand at the archbishop's."]

"TO JAMES BOSWELL, ESQ.

"27th May, 1775.

"DEAR SIR,—I make no doubt but you are now safely lodged in your own habitation, and have told all your adventures to Mrs. Boswell and Miss Veronica. Pray teach Veronica to love me. Bid her not mind mamma.

"Mrs. Thrale has taken cold, and been very much disordered, but I hope is grown well. Mr. Langton went yesterday to Lincolnshire, and has invited Nicolaida[5] to follow him. Beau-

[1] [He had written to Mrs. Thrale the day before. "Peyton and Macbean are both starving, and I cannot keep them."—*Lett.* v. i. p. 218.—ED.]

[2] [Probably Chandler's Travels in Asia Minor.—ED.]

[3] [Probably "Travels through Spain and Portugal in 1772 and 1775, by Richard Twiss, Esq."—ED.]

[4] [Probably "Cursory Remarks made in a Tour through some of the Northern Parts of Europe, by Nathaniel Wraxall, jun."—ED.]

[5] A learned Greek.—BOSWELL. [Mr. Langton was an enthusiast about Greek.—ED.]

clerk talks of going to Bath. I am to set out on Monday; so there is nothing but dispersion.

"I have returned Lord Hailes's entertaining sheets, but must stay till I come back for more, because it will be inconvenient to send them after me in my vagrant state.

"I promised Mrs. Macaulay [1] that I would try to serve her son at Oxford. I have not forgotten it, nor am unwilling to perform it. If they desire to give him an English education, it should be considered whether they cannot send him for a year or two to an English school. If he comes immediately from Scotland, he can make no figure in our Universities. The schools in the north, I believe, are cheap; and when I was a young man, were eminently good.

"There are two little books published by the Foulis, Telemachus and Collins's Poems, each a shilling; I would be glad to have them.

"Make my compliments to Mrs. Boswell, though she does not love me. You see what perverse things ladies are, and how little fit to be trusted with feudal estates. When she mends and loves me, there may be more hope of her daughters.

"I will not send compliments to my friends by name, because I would be loth to leave any out in the enumeration. Tell them, as you see them, how well I speak of Scotch politeness, and Scotch hospitality, and Scotch beauty, and of every thing Scotch, but Scotch oat-cakes and Scotch prejudices.

"Let me know the answer of *Rasay*, and the decision relating to Sir Allan [2]. I am, my dearest sir, with great affection, your most obliged and most humble servant, "SAM. JOHNSON."

[In the latter end of May he set out on what he called "his annual ramble into the middle counties," of which his letters to Mrs. Thrale give a kind of journal. He had, it seems, previous to his departure, a kind of fit, which, as well as Mr. Thrale's care for his personal appearance, he thus notices:] ED.

["TO MRS. THRALE.

"London, 25th May, 1775. Letters, vol. i. p. 222.

"The fit was a sudden faintness, such as I have had I know

[1] Wife of the Reverend Mr. Kenneth Macaulay, anthour of "The History of St. Kilda."—BOSWELL.

[2] A lawsuit carried on by Sir Allan Maclean, chief of his clan, to recover certain parts of his family estates from the Duke of Argyle.—BOSWELL.

Letters, vol. i. p. 222. not how often; no harm came of it, and all is well. I cannot go [to Oxford] till Saturday, and then go I will if I can. My clothes, Mr. Thrale says, must be made like other people's, and they are gone to the tailor's."

"Oxford, 1st June, 1775.

P. 223. "I did not make the epitaph[1] before last night, and this morning I have found it too long; I send it to you as it is to pacify you, and will make it shorter * *. Don't suppose that I live here as we live at Streatham. I went this morning to the chapel at six, and if I were to stay would try to conform to all wholesome rules * *. Mr. Coulson[2] is well, and still willing to keep me, but I delight not in being long here. Mr. Smollett, of Loch-Lomond[3], and his lady have been here—we were glad to meet."

"6th June, 1775.

P. 226. "Such is the uncertainty of all human things, that Mr. [Coulson] has quarrelled with me. He says I raise the laugh upon him, and he is an independent man, and all he has is his own, and he is not used to such things. And so I shall have no more good of C[oulson], of whom I never had any good but flattery, which my dear mistress knows I can have at home.

* * * * * *

"Here I am, and how to get away I do not see, for the power of departure, otherwise than in a post-chaise, depends upon accidental vacancies in passing coaches, of which all but one in a week pass through this place at three in the morning. After that one I have sent, but with little hope; yet I shall be very unwilling to stay here another week."

"[Oxford], 7th June, 1775.

P. 229. "C[oulson] and I am pretty well again. I grudge the cost of going to Lichfield—Frank and I—in a post-chaise—yet I think of thundering away to-morrow. So you will write your next dear letter to Lichfield."

"Lichfield, 10th June, 1775.

P. 230. "On Thursday I took a post-chaise, and intended to have passed a day or two at Birmingham, but Hector had company

[1] [On Mrs. Salisbury.—Ed.]
[2] [Mr. Coulson, of University College. See *ante*, p. 159.—Ed.]
[3] [See *ante*, p. 60.—Ed.]

in his house, and I went on to Lichfield, where I know not how long I shall stay." Letters, vol. i. p. 230.

"Lichfield, 11th June, 1775.

"Lady Smith is settled here at last, and sees company in her new house. I went on Saturday. Poor Lucy Porter has her hand in a bag, so unabled by the gout that she cannot dress herself. I go every day to Stowehill: both the sisters[1] are now at home. I sent Mrs. Aston a 'Taxation[2],' and sent it to nobody else, and Lucy borrowed it. Mrs. Aston, since that, inquired by a messenger when I was expected. 'I can tell nothing about it,' said Lucy: 'when he is to be here, I suppose *she* 'll know.' Every body remembers you all. You left a good impression behind you. I hope you will do the same at [Lewes]. Do not make them speeches. Unusual compliments, to which there is no stated and prescriptive answer, embarrass the feeble who do not know what to say, and disgust the wise, who, knowing them to be false, suspect them to be hypocritical. * * * You never told me, and I omitted to inquire, how you were entertained by Boswell's 'Journal.' One would think the man had been hired to be a spy upon me; he was very diligent, and caught opportunities of writing from time to time. You may now conceive yourself tolerably well acquainted with the expedition. Folks want me to go to Italy, but I say you are not for it." P. 231.

"Lichfield, 13th June, 1775.

"I now write from Mrs. Cobb's, where I have had custard. Nothing considerable has happened since I wrote, only I am sorry to see Miss Porter so bad, and I am not pleased to find that, after a very comfortable intermission, the old flatulence distressed me again last night. 'The world is full of ups and downs,' as, I think, I told you once before. P. 234.

"Lichfield is full of *box-clubs*. The ladies have one for their own sex. They have incorporated themselves under the appellation of the Amicable Society; and pay each twopence a week to the box. Any woman who can produce the weekly twopence is admitted to the society; and when any of the poor subscribers is in want, she has six shillings a week; and, I think, when she dies five pounds are given to her children. Lucy is not

[1] [Mrs. Gastrell and Miss Aston.—Ed.]
[2] [A copy of his pamphlet, "Taxation no Tyranny."—Ed.]

one, nor Mrs. Cobb. The subscribers are always quarrelling; and every now and then, a lady, in a fume, withdraws her name; but they are an hundred pounds beforehand.

"Mr. Green has got a cast of Shakspeare, which he holds to be a very exact resemblance.

"There is great lamentation here for the death of *Col.* Lucy is of opinion that he was wonderfully handsome.

"Boswell is a favourite, but he has lost ground since I told them that he is married, and all hope is over."]

ED. [The history of Mrs. Williams belongs so inseparably to that of Dr. Johnson, that the Editor cannot omit here inserting the following letter, relating to a small annuity, which the charity of Mrs. Montagu had secured to Mrs. Williams, and which, as we shall see, was long afterwards a subject of acknowledgment from Dr. Johnson to that lady.]

["MRS. WILLIAMS TO MRS. MONTAGU.

"Johnson's-court, 26th June, 1775.

Mont. MS. "MADAM,—Often have I heard of generosity, benevolence, and compassion, but never have I known or experienced the reality of those virtues, till this joyful morning, when I received the honour of your most tender and affectionate letter with its most welcome contents. Madam, I may with truth say, I have not words to express my gratitude as I ought to a lady, whose bounty has, by an act of benevolence, doubled my income, and whose tender, compassionate assurance has removed the future anxiety of trusting to chance, the terror of which only could have prompted me to stand a publick candidate for Mr. Hetherington's bounty. May my sincere and grateful thanks be accepted by you, and may the Author of all good bless and long continue a life, whose shining virtues are so conspicuous and exemplary, is the most ardent prayer of her who is, with the greatest respect, madam, your most devoted, truly obliged, and obedient humble servant, "ANNA WILLIAMS."]

ED. [The following letter, addressed to Dr. Johnson, though it does not belong to his personal history, describes a scene of public amusement, and affords some details concerning the habits of society, which

may amuse the reader, and in a work of this nature will hardly be considered as misplaced.]

["MRS. THRALE TO DR. JOHNSON. Lett. v. i. p. 247.

"24th June, 1775.

"Now for the regatta, of which, Baretti says, the first notion was taken from Venice, where the gondoliers practise rowing against each other perpetually; and I dare say 'tis good diversion where the weather invites, and the water seduces to such entertainments. Here, however, it was not likely to answer; and I think nobody was pleased.

"Well! Crœsus promised a reward, you remember, for him who should produce a new delight; but the prize was never obtained, for nothing that was new proved delightful; and Dr. Goldsmith, three thousand years afterwards, found out that whoever did a new thing did a bad thing, and whoever said a new thing said a false thing. So yestermorning, a flag flying from some conspicuous steeple in Westminster gave notice of the approaching festival, and at noon the managers determined to hold it on that day. In about two hours the wind rose very high, and the river was exceedingly rough; but the lot was cast, and the ladies went on with their dresses. It had been agreed that all should wear white; but the ornaments were left to our own choice. I was afraid of not being fine enough; so I trimmed my white lutestring with silver gauze, and wore black riband intermixed. We had obtained more tickets than I hoped for, though Sir Thomas Robinson[1] gave us none at last; but he gives one such a profusion of words, and bows, and compliments, that I suppose he thinks every thing else superfluous. Mr. Cator[2] was the man for a real favour at last, whose character is directly opposite, as you know; but if both are actuated by the spirit of kindness, let us *try* at least to love them both.

"He wished Hester[Miss Thrale]to go, and she wished it too, and her father wished; so I would not stand out, though my fears for her health and safety lessened the pleasure her company always gives. The D'Avenants, then, Mr. Cator, Mr. Evans, Mr. Seward, and ourselves, set about being happy with all our might, and tried for a barge to flutter in altogether. The barges, however, were already full, and we were to be divided and put into separate boats. The water was rough, even seri-

[1] [*Ante*, v. i. p. 367.—ED.]

[2] [A timber-merchant in the Borough.—ED.]

Lett. v. i. p. 250.

ously so; the time glided away in deliberation of what was to be done; and we resolved, at last, to run to the house of a gentleman in the Temple, of whom we knew nothing but that he was D'Avenant's friend, and look at the race from his windows,—then drive away for Ranelagh, in time to see the barges drawn up, and the company disembark. Of the race, however, scarce any thing could be seen for clouds of dust that intercepted one's sight; and we have no balconies to see shows from, as are provided in countries where processions make much of the means of entertainment; so we discomposed our head-dresses against each other, by struggling for places in an open window, and then begged pardons with courtesies, which exposed our trains to be trod on, and made us still more out of humour. It was however a real pleasure to look at the crowd of spectators. Every shop was shut; every street deserted; and the tops of all such houses as had any catch of the river swarmed with people, like bees settling on a branch. Here is no exaggeration, upon my honour; even the lamp-irons on Westminster-bridge were converted into seats, while every lighter lying in the Thames bore men up to the topmast-head. This was the true wonder of the day. Baretti says he will show us finer sights when we go to Italy. I believe him; but shall we ever see so populous a city as London? so rich a city? so happy a city? I fancy not.

> 'Let bear or elephant be e'er so white,
> The people sure, the people, are the sight.'

"They could not indeed be very attentive to the games, like those Horace talks of, for here was neither panther nor camel; no pretence to draw us together, as I could find;—yet they sat so thick upon the slating of Whitehall, that nobody could persuade me for a long while out of the notion that it was covered with black, till through a telescope we espied the *animals in motion*, like magnified mites in a bit of old cheese. Well! from this house in the Temple we hasted away to Ranelagh, happy in having at least convinced a hundred folks we never saw before, and perhaps never shall see again, that we had tickets for the regatta, and fine clothes to spoil with the rain, and that we were not come thither like the vulgar—in good time!—only to see the boat-race. And now, without one image of Cleopatra's galley or Virgil's games, or one pretext to say how it put us in mind of either, we drove to Ranelagh, and told each other all the way how pretty it would be to look at the

ladies disembarking to musick, and walking in procession up to the rotunda. But the night came on; the wind roared; the rain fell; and the barges missing their way, many came up to the wrong stairs. The managers endeavoured to rectify the mistake, and drive them back, that some order might be kept, and some appearance of regularity might be made; but the women were weary and wet, and in no disposition to try for further felicity out of the old common road; so the procession was spoiled: and as to musick, we heard none but screams of the frighted company, as they were tossed about at the moment of getting to shore. Once more, then, all were turned loose to look for pleasure where it could be found. The rotunda was not to be opened till twelve o'clock, when the bell was to call us to sup there; the temporary building was not finished, and the rain would not permit walking in the garden. Calamity, however, vanishes often upon a near approach—does not it?—as well as happiness. We all crowded into the new building, from whence we drove the carpenters, and called for cards, without the help of which, by some fatality, no day dedicated to amusement is ever able to end. Lett. v. i. p. 251.

"*Queeney* said there was no loss of the ornaments intended to decorate Neptune's hall; for she saw no attempt at embellishment, except a few fluttering rags, like those which dangle from a dyer's pole into the street; and in that room we sat telling opinions, adventures, &c. till supper was served, which the men said was an execrable one, and I thought should have been finer. 'Was nothing good then?' you begin to exclaim; 'here is desire of saying something where little is to be said, and lamentations are the readiest nonsense my mistress can find to fill her letter with.' No, no; I would commend the concert, the catch singers, for an hour, if you would hear me; the musick was well selected, and admirably executed; nor did the company look much amiss when all the *dismal* was over, and we walked round Ranelagh a little in the old way;—every body being dressed in white was no advantage indeed to the general appearance.

* * * * * *

"We returned safe home about five or six o'clock: a new scene to Hester, who behaved sweetly, and had no fears in the crowd, but prodigious surprise in finding it broad day when we came out. I might have wondered too, for few people have frequented publick places less than myself; and for the first six years after my marriage, as you know, I never set my foot in any theatre or place of entertainment at all. What most

Lett. v. i. p. 253. amazed me about this regatta, however, was the mixture of company, when tickets were so difficult to obtain. Somebody talked at Ranelagh of two ladies that were drowned; but I have no doubt that was a dream."]

Ed. [In the last days of June, he removed to Ashbourne; and his letters thence contain the usual routine of his country observations, with one or two more characteristic circumstances. He was very anxious that an old horse of Mrs. Thrale's should not be sold to hard work, or, as he called it, degraded, for five pounds, and was willing to have borne the expense of maintaining the poor animal.

For his friend Baretti, of some point of whose conduct Mrs. Thrale had complained, he intercedes with that lady in a tone of modest propriety:

Letters, v. i. p. 278. "DR. JOHNSON TO MRS. THRALE.

"Ashbourne, 15th July, 1775.

"Poor Baretti! do not quarrel with him; to neglect him a little will be sufficient. He means only to be frank, and manly, and independent, and perhaps, as you say, a little wise. To be frank, he thinks, is to be cynical, and to be independent to be rude. Forgive him, dearest lady, the rather because of his misbehaviour; I am afraid he has learned part of me. I hope to set him hereafter a better example."

Ed. This coolness soon ended, as the next letter informs us:

p. 290. "DR. JOHNSON TO MRS. THRALE.

"Ashbourne, 21st July, 1775.

"You and [Baretti] are friends again. My dear mistress has the quality of being easily reconciled, and not easily offended. Kindness is a good thing in itself; and there are few things that are worthy of anger, and still fewer that can justify malignity.

"I am glad you read Boswell's Journal. You are now sufficiently informed of the whole transaction, and need not regret that you did not make the tour of the Hebrides."

"Lichfield, July [27], 1775. Letters, v. i. p. 290.

"I have passed one day at Birmingham with my old friend Hector—*there's a name!* and his sister, an old *love*. My mistress is grown much older than my friend.

'O quid habes illius, illius
Quæ spirabat amores
Quæ me surpuerat mihi.'" Hor. Od. 13. l. 4.

He returned to town about the end of August.] Ed.

After my return to Scotland, I wrote three letters to him, from which I extract the following passages:

"I have seen Lord Hailes since I came down. He thinks it wonderful that you are pleased to take so much pains in revising his 'Annals.' I told him that you said you were well rewarded by the entertainment which you had in reading them."

"There has been a numerous flight of Hebrideans in Edinburgh this summer, whom I have been happy to entertain at my house. Mr. Donald Macqueen[1] and Lord Monboddo supped with me one evening. They joined in controverting your proposition, that the Gaelick of the Highlands and Isles of Scotland was not written till of late."

"My mind has been somewhat dark this summer. I have need of your warming and vivifying rays; and I hope I shall have them frequently. I am going to pass some time with my father at Auchinleck."

"TO JAMES BOSWELL, ESQ.

"London, Aug. 27, 1775.

"DEAR SIR,—I am returned from the annual ramble into the middle counties. Having seen nothing I had not seen before, I have nothing to relate. Time has left that part of the island few antiquities; and commerce has left the people no singularities. I was glad to go abroad, and, perhaps, glad to come home; which is in other words, I was, I am afraid, weary of being at home, and weary of being abroad. Is not this the state of life? But, if we confess this weariness, let us not lament it; for all the wise and all the good say, that we may cure it.

"For the black fumes which rise in your mind, I can prescribe nothing but that you disperse them by honest business or innocent pleasure, and by reading, sometimes easy and some-

[1] The very learned minister in the Isle of Sky, whom both Dr. Johnson and I have mentioned with regard.—BOSWELL. [See *ante*, v. ii. p. 392.—ED.]

times serious. Change of place is useful; and I hope that your residence at Auchinleck will have many good effects.

* * * * * * *

"That I should have given pain to Rasay, I am sincerely sorry; and am therefore very much pleased that he is no longer uneasy. He still thinks that I have represented him as personally giving up the chieftainship. I meant only that it was no longer contested between the two houses, and supposed it settled, perhaps, by the cession of some remote generation, in the house of Dunvegan. I am sorry the advertisement was not continued for three or four times in the paper.

"That Lord Monboddo and Mr. Macqueen should controvert a position contrary to the imaginary interest of literary or national prejudice, might be easily imagined; but of a standing fact there ought to be no controversy; if there are men with tails, catch a *homo caudatus;* if there was writing of old in the Highlands or Hebrides, in the Erse language, produce the manuscripts. Where men write they will write to one another, and some of their letters, in families studious of their ancestry, will be kept. In Wales there are many manuscripts.

"I have now three parcels of Lord Hailes's history, which I purpose to return all the next week: that his respect for my little observations should keep his work in suspense, makes one of the evils of my journey. It is in our language, I think, a new mode of history which tells all that is wanted, and, I suppose, all that is known, without laboured splendour of language, or affected subtilty of conjecture. The exactness of his dates raises my wonder. He seems to have the closeness of Henault without his constraint.

"Mrs. Thrale was so entertained with your 'Journal[1],' that she almost read herself blind. She has a great regard for you.

"Of Mrs. Boswell, though she knows in her heart that she does not love me, I am always glad to hear any good, and hope that she and the little dear ladies will have neither sickness nor any other affliction. But she knows that she does not care what becomes of me, and for that she may be sure that I think her very much to blame.

"Never, my dear sir, do you take it into your head to think that I do not love you; you may settle yourself in full confidence both of my love and esteem: I love you as a kind man, I value you as a worthy man, and hope in time to reverence you as a

[1] My "Journal of a Tour to the Hebrides," which that lady read in the original manuscript.—BOSWELL.

man of exemplary piety. I hold you, as Hamlet has it, 'in my heart of hearts,' and therefore, it is little to say, that I am, sir, your affectionate humble servant, "SAM. JOHNSON."

"TO JAMES BOSWELL, ESQ.

"London, 30th August, 1775.

"SIR,—If in these papers[1] there is little alteration attempted, do not suppose me negligent. I have read them perhaps more closely than the rest; but I find nothing worthy of an objection.

"Write to me soon, and write often, and tell me all your honest heart. I am, sir, yours affectionately,

"SAM. JOHNSON."

["DR. JOHNSON TO MRS. LUCY PORTER. Pearson MS.

"London, 9th September, 1775.

"DEAR MADAM,—I have sent your books by the carrier, and in Sandys's Travels you will find your glasses.

"I have written this post to the ladies at Stow-hill, and you may the day after you have this, or at any other time, send Mrs. Gastrel's books.

"Be pleased to make my compliments to all my good friends.

"I hope the poor dear hand is recovered, and you are now able to write, which, however, you need not do, for I am going to Brighthelmstone, and when I come back will take care to tell you. In the mean time take great care of your health, and drink as much as you can. I am, dearest love, your most humble servant, "SAM. JOHNSON."]

"TO JAMES BOSWELL, ESQ.

"14th Sept. 1775.

"MY DEAR SIR,—I now write to you, lest in some of your freaks and humours you should fancy yourself neglected. Such fancies I must entreat you never to admit, at least never to indulge; for my regard for you is so radicated and fixed, that it is become part of my mind, and cannot be effaced but by some cause uncommonly violent; therefore, whether I write or not, set your thoughts at rest. I now write to tell you that I shall not very soon write again, for I am to set out to-morrow on another journey.

* * * * * *

[1] Another parcel of Lord Hailes's "Annals of Scotland."—BOSWELL.

"Your friends are all well at Streatham, and in Leicester-fields[1]. Make my compliments to Mrs. Boswell, if she is in good humour with me. I am, sir, &c. "SAM. JOHNSON."

What he mentions in such light terms as, "I am to set out to-morrow on another journey," I soon afterwards discovered was no less than a tour to France with Mr. and Mrs. Thrale. This was the only time in his life that he went upon the Continent.

"TO MR. ROBERT LEVET.

"Calais, 18th Sept. 1775.

"DEAR SIR,—We are here in France, after a very pleasing passage of no more than six hours. I know not when I shall write again, and therefore I write now, though you cannot suppose that I have much to say. You have seen France yourself. From this place we are going to Rouen, and from Rouen to Paris, where Mr. Thrale designs to stay about five or six weeks. We have a regular recommendation to the English resident, so we shall not be taken for vagabonds. We think to go one way and return another, and see as much as we can. I will try to speak a little French; I tried hitherto but little, but I spoke sometimes. If I heard better, I suppose I should learn faster. I am, sir, your humble servant, "SAM. JOHNSON."

TO THE SAME.

"Paris, 22d October, 1775.

"DEAR SIR,—We are still here, commonly very busy in looking about us. We have been to-day at Versailles. You have seen it, and I shall not describe it. We came yesterday from Fontainbleau, where the court is now. We went to see the king and queen at dinner, and the queen was so impressed by Miss[2], that she sent one of the gentlemen to inquire who she was. I find all true that you have ever told me at Paris. Mr. Thrale is very liberal, and keeps us two coaches, and a very fine table; but I think our cookery very bad. Mrs. Thrale got into a convent of English nuns, and I talked with her through the grate, and I am very kindly used by the English Benedictine friars. But upon the whole I cannot make much acquaintance here; and though the churches, palaces,

[1] Where Sir Joshua Reynolds lived.—BOSWELL.
[2] Miss Thrale.—BOSWELL.

and some private houses are very magnificent, there is no very great pleasure after having seen many, in seeing more; at least the pleasure, whatever it be, must some time have an end, and we are beginning to think when we shall come home. Mr. Thrale calculates that as we left Streatham on the fifteenth of September, we shall see it again about the fifteenth of November.

"I think I had not been on this side of the sea five days before I found a sensible improvement in my health. I ran a race in the rain this day, and beat Baretti. Baretti is a fine fellow, and speaks French, I think, quite as well as English.

"Make my compliments to Mrs. Williams; and give my love to Francis; and tell my friends that I am not lost. I am, dear sir, your affectionate humble, &c. "SAM. JOHNSON."

"TO DR. SAMUEL JOHNSON.

"Edinburgh, 24th October, 1775.

"MY DEAR SIR,—If I had not been informed that you were at Paris, you should have had a letter from me by the earliest opportunity, announcing the birth of my son, on the 9th instant; I have named him Alexander[1], after my father. I now write, as I suppose your fellow-traveller, Mr. Thrale, will return to London this week, to attend his duty in parliament, and that you will not stay behind him.

"I send another parcel of Lord Hailes's 'Annals.' I have undertaken to solicit you for a favour to him, which he thus requests in a letter to me: 'I intend soon to give you 'The Life of Robert Bruce,' which you will be pleased to transmit to Dr. Johnson. I wish that you could assist me in a fancy which I have taken, of getting Dr. Johnson to draw a character of Robert Bruce, from the account that I give of that prince. If he finds materials for it in my work, it will be a proof that I have been fortunate in selecting the most striking incidents.'

"I suppose by 'The Life of Robert Bruce,' his lordship means that part of his 'Annals' which relates the history of that prince, and not a separate work.

"Shall we have 'A Journey to Paris,' from you in the winter? You will, I hope, at any rate, be kind enough to give me some

[1] [The Editor had the pleasure of his acquaintance. He was a high-spirited, clever, and amiable gentleman; and, like his father, of a frank and social disposition; but it is said that he did not relish the recollections of our author's devotion to Dr. Johnson: like old Lord Auchinleck, he seemed to think it a kind of derogation. He was created a baronet in 1821, but was unfortunately killed in a duel, arising from a political dispute, near Edinburgh, on the 26th March, 1822, by Mr. Stuart, of Dunearn. He left issue a son and two daughters.—ED.]

account of your French travels very soon, for I am very impatient. What a different scene have you viewed this autumn, from that which you viewed in autumn 1773! I ever am, my dear sir, your much obliged and affectionate humble servant,

"JAMES BOSWELL."

"TO JAMES BOSWELL, ESQ.

"16th November, 1775.

"DEAR SIR,—I am glad that the young laird is born, and an end, as I hope, put to the only difference that you can ever have with Mrs. Boswell[1]. I know that she does not love me; but I intend to persist in wishing her well till I get the better of her.

"Paris is, indeed, a place very different from the Hebrides, but it is to a hasty traveller not so fertile of novelty, nor affords so many opportunities of remark. I cannot pretend to tell the publick any thing of a place better known to many of my readers than to myself. We can talk of it when we meet.

"I shall go next week to Streatham, from whence I purpose to send a parcel of the 'History' every post. Concerning the character of Bruce, I can only say, that I do not see any great reason for writing it; but I shall not easily deny what Lord Hailes and you concur in desiring.

"I have been remarkably healthy all the journey, and hope you and your family have known only that trouble and danger which has so happily terminated. Among all the congratulations that you may receive, I hope you believe none more warm or sincere than those of, dear sir, your most affectionate,

"SAM. JOHNSON."

"TO MRS. LUCY PORTER, IN LICHFIELD[2].

"16th November, 1775.

"DEAR MADAM,—This week I came home from Paris. I have brought you a little box, which I thought pretty; but I know not whether it is properly a snuff-box, or a box for some other use. I will send it, when I can find an opportunity. I have been through the whole journey remarkably well. My

[1] This alludes to my old feudal principle of preferring male to female succession.—BOSWELL.

[2] There can be no doubt that many years previous to 1775, he corresponded with this lady, who was his stepdaughter, but none of his earlier letters to her have been preserved.—BOSWELL. Since the death of the authour, several of Johnson's letters to Mrs. Lucy Porter, written before 1775, were obligingly communicated to me by the Rev. Dr. Vyse, and are printed in the present edition.—MALONE. [Several others, as has been already stated (*ante*, vol. i. p. 175), are added to this edition.—ED.]

fellow-travellers were the same whom you saw at Lichfield, only we took Baretti with us. Paris is not so fine a place as you would expect. The palaces and churches, however, are very splendid and magnificent; and what would please you, there are many very fine pictures; but I do not think their way of life commodious or pleasant.

"Let me know how your health has been all this while. I hope the fine summer has given you strength sufficient to encounter the winter.

"Make my compliments to all my friends; and, if your fingers will let you, write to me, or let your maid write, if it be troublesome to you. I am, dear madam, your most affectionate humble servant, "SAM. JOHNSON."

"TO THE SAME.

"December, 1775.

"DEAR MADAM,—Some weeks ago I wrote to you, to tell you that I was just come home from a ramble, and hoped that I should have heard from you. I am afraid winter has laid hold on your fingers, and hinders you from writing. However, let somebody write, if you cannot, and tell me how you do, and a little of what has happened at Lichfield among our friends. I hope you are all well.

"When I was in France, I thought myself growing young, but am afraid that cold weather will take part of my new vigour from me. Let us, however, take care of ourselves, and lose no part of our health by negligence.

"I never knew whether you received the Commentary on the New Testament, and the Travels, and the glasses.

"Do, my dear love, write to me; and do not let us forget each other. This is the season of good wishes, and I wish you all good. I have not lately seen Mr. Porter[1], nor heard of him. Is he with you?

"Be pleased to make my compliments to Mrs. Adey, and Mrs. Cobb, and all my friends; and when I can do any good, let me know. I am, dear madam, yours most affectionately,

"SAM. JOHNSON."

It is to be regretted, that he did not write an account of his travels in France; for as he is reported to have once said, that "he could write the life of a broomstick[2]," so, notwithstanding so many former

[1] Son of Mrs. Johnson, by her first husband.—BOSWELL.

[2] It is probable that the authour's memory here deceived him, and that he was thinking of Stella's remark, that Swift could write finely upon a broomstick. —See *Johnson's Life of Swift*.—J. BOSWELL.

travellers have exhausted almost every subject for remark in that great kingdom, his very accurate observation, and peculiar vigour of thought and illustration, would have produced a wonderful work. During his visit to it, which lasted but about two months, he wrote notes or minutes of what he saw. He promised to show me them, but I neglected to put him in mind of it; and the greatest part of them has been lost, or perhaps destroyed in a precipitate burning of his papers a few days before his death, which must ever be lamented: one small paper book, however, entitled "France II.," has been preserved, and is in my possession. It is a diurnal register of his life and observations, from the 10th of October to the 4th of November, inclusive, being twenty-six days, and shows an extraordinary attention to various minute particulars. Being the only memorial of this tour that remains, my readers, I am confident, will peruse it with pleasure, though his notes are very short, and evidently written only to assist his own recollection.

Tour in France.

"*Tuesday*, 10*th October*.—We saw the *école militaire*, in which one hundred and fifty young boys are educated for the army—They have arms of different sizes, according to the age—flints of wood—The building is very large, but nothing fine except the council-room—The French have large squares in the windows—They make good iron palisades[1]—Their meals are gross[2].

"We visited the Observatory, a large building of a great height—The upper stones of the parapet very

[1] [Alluding, probably, to the fine *grilles* so frequent in France. He had, probably, just seen that of the *Hôtel des Invalides*, which is one of the finest.—Ed.]

[2] [The contrary has been the general opinion; and Johnson was certainly a bad judge in that point, if he believed that his own taste was delicate.—Ed.]

large, but not cramped with iron [1]—The flat on the top is very extensive; but on the insulated part there is no parapet—Though it was broad enough, I did not care to go upon it—Maps were printing in one of the rooms. Tour in France.

"We walked to a small convent of the Fathers of the Oratory—In the reading-desk of the refectory lay the Lives of the Saints.

"*Wednesday, 11th October.*—We went to see *Hôtel de Chatlois* [2], a house not very large, but very elegant - One of the rooms was gilt to a degree that I never saw before—The upper part for servants and their masters was pretty.

"Thence we went to Mr. Monvil's, a house divided into small apartments, furnished with effeminate and minute elegance—Porphyry.

"Thence we went to St. Roque's church, which is very large—The lower part of the pillars incrusted with marble—Three chapels behind the high altar; the last a mass of low arches—Altars, I believe, all round.

"We passed through *Place de Vendôme*, a fine square, about as big as Hanover-square—Inhabited by the high families—Louis XIV. on horseback in the middle [3].

"Monville is the son of a farmer-general—In the house of *Chatlois* is a room furnished with japan, fitted up in Europe.

"We dined with Bocage [4], the Marquis Blanchetti, and his lady—The sweetmeats taken by the Marchioness Blanchetti, after observing that they

[1] [There was neither iron nor wood originally used in any part of the building. An iron rail was afterwards added to the great stairs.—Ed.]

[2] [It seems to be a mistake; probably for the *Hôtel de Chatelet*.—Ed.]

[3] [Of one block.—Ed.]

[4] [Madame Du Bocage.—See *ante*.—Ed.]

Tour in France.

were dear[1]—Mr. Le Roy, Count Manucci, the abbé, the prior, and Father Wilson[2], who staid with me, till I took him home in the coach.

"Bathiani is gone.

"The French have no laws for the maintenance of their poor—Monk not necessarily a priest—Benedictines rise at four; are at church an hour and half; at church again half an hour before, half an hour after, dinner; and again from half an hour after seven to eight—They may sleep eight hours—Bodily labour wanted in monasteries.

"The poor taken into hospitals, and miserably kept—Monks in the convent fifteen: accounted poor.

"*Thursday, 12th October.*—We went to the Gobelins—Tapestry makes a good picture—imitates flesh exactly—One piece with a gold ground—the birds not exactly coloured—Thence we went to the king's cabinet; very neat, not, perhaps, perfect—Gold ore—Candles of the candle-tree—Seeds—Woods—Thence to Gagnier's[3] house, where I saw rooms nine, furnished with a profusion of wealth and elegance which I never had seen before—Vases—Pictures—The dragon china—The lustre said to be of crystal, and to have cost 3,500*l.*—The whole furniture said to have cost 125,000*l.*—Damask hangings covered with pictures—Porphyry—This house struck me—Then we waited on the ladies to Monville's—Captain Irwin with us[4]—'Spain—County towns all

[1] Johnson seems to suggest, that it would have been better bred not to have *eaten* what was *dear*; but the want of good-breeding (if any, which would depend on the context) was in *alluding* to the *dearness*, and not in eating what was on the table.—ED.]

[2] [Who the abbé was does not appear. The two latter gentlemen were probably members of the English Benedictine convent.—ED.]

[3] [Perhaps Gagny, Intendant des Finances, who had a fine house in the Rue de Varennes.—ED.]

[4] The rest of this paragraph appears to be a minute of what was told by Captain Irwin.—BOSWELL. [And is therefore marked as quotation.—ED.]

'beggars—At Dijon he could not find the way to 'Orleans—Cross roads of France very bad—Five 'soldiers—Woman—Soldiers escaped—The colonel 'would not lose five men for the death of one woman '—The magistrate cannot seize a soldier but by the 'colonel's permission—Good inn at Nismes—Moors 'of Barbary fond of Englishmen—Gibraltar emi-'nently healthy; it has beef from Barbary—There 'is a large garden—Soldiers sometimes fall from the 'rock.' Tour in France.

"*Friday, 13th October.*—I staid at home all day, only went to find the prior, who was not at home—I read something in Canus[1]—*Nec admiror, nec multum laudo.*

"*Saturday, 14th October.*—We went to the house of M. [D'] Argenson, which was almost wainscotted with looking-glasses, and covered with gold—The ladies' closet wainscotted with large squares of glass over painted paper—They always place mirrours to reflect their rooms.

"Then we went to Julien's[2], the treasurer of the clergy—30,000*l.* a year—The house has no very large room, but is set with mirrours, and covered with gold—Books of wood here, and in another library.

"At D********'s[3] I looked into the books in the lady's closet, and in contempt showed them to Mr. T[hrale]—'Prince Titi[4]; Bibl. des Fées,' and other

[1] Melchior Canus, a celebrated Spanish Dominican, who died at Toledo, in 1560. He wrote a treatise "De Locis Theologicis," in twelve books.—BOSWELL. [He was celebrated for the beauty of his Latinity: "Melchior Canus parlait Latin comme Ciceron."—*Vigneul-Marvilliana*, v. i. p. 161.—ED.]

[2] [*M. de St. Julien*, Receveur général du clergé.—*Mém. de Bachaumont*, v. viii. p. 180.—ED.]

[3] [D'Argenson's.—ED.]

[4] [The history of *Prince Titi* was said to be the *auto-biography* of Frederick Prince of Wales, but was probably written by Ralph, his secretary. See Park's *Roy. and Nob. Auth.* v. i. p. 171.—ED.]

Tour in France.

books—She was offended, and shut up, as we heard afterwards, her apartment.

"Then we went to Julien le Roy, the king's watch-maker, a man of character in his business, who showed a small clock made to find the longitude—A decent man.

"Afterwards we saw the *Palais Marchand*[1] and the courts of justice, civil and criminal—Queries on the *Sellette*[2]—This building has the old Gothick passages, and a great appearance of antiquity—Three hundred prisoners sometimes in the gaol.

"Much disturbed; hope no ill will be[3].

"In the afternoon I visited Mr. Freron the journalist—He spoke Latin very scantily, but seemed to understand me—His house not splendid, but of commodious size—His family, wife, son, and daughter, not elevated, but decent—I was pleased with my reception—He is to translate my books, which I am to send him with notes.

"*Sunday, 15th October.*— At Choisi, a royal palace on the banks of the Seine, about 7m. from Paris—The terrace noble along the river—The rooms numerous and grand, but not discriminated from other palaces—The chapel beautiful, but small—China globes—Inlaid tables—Labyrinth—Sinking table[4]—Toilet tables.

[1] [Dr. Johnson is in error in applying, as he always does, the name of *Palais Marchand* to the whole of that vast building called generally the *Palais*, which from being the old *palace* of the kings of France had (like our own palace of Westminster) become appropriated to the sittings of the parliament and the courts of justice; and the *Conciergerie* of that palace (like the *Gate-house* of ours) became a prison. The *Palais Marchand* was only the stalls (like what are now called *bazaars*) which were placed along some of the galleries and corridors of the *Palais*.—ED.]

[2] [The *sclette* was a stool on which the criminal sat while he was *interrogated*—*questioned* by the court. That is what Johnson means by "*queries*."—ED.]

[3] This passage, which so many think superstitious, reminds me of "Archbishop Laud's Diary."—BOSWELL. [It, perhaps, had no superstitious meaning. He felt, it would seem, his mind disturbed, and may naturally have been apprehensive of becoming worse.—ED.]

[4] [A round table, the centre of which descended by machinery to a lower floor; so that supper might be served and removed without the presence of servants. It was invented by Louis XV. during the favour of Madame du Barri.—ED.]

Tour in France.

"*Monday*, 16*th October*.—The Palais Royal very grand, large, and lofty—A very great collection of pictures—Three of Raphael—Two Holy Family—One small piece of M. Angelo—One room of Rubens—I thought the pictures of Raphael fine.

"The Thuilleries—Statues—Venus—*Æn.* and Anchises in his arms—Nilus—Many more—The walks not open to mean persons—Chairs at night hired for two sous a piece—Pont tournant[1].

"Austin Nuns[2]—Grate—Mrs. Fermor, Abbess—She knew Pope, and thought him disagreeable—Mrs. —— has many books—has seen life—Their frontlet disagreeable—Their hood—Their life easy—Rise about five; hour and half in chapel—Dine at ten—Another hour and half in chapel; half an hour about three, and half an hour more at seven—four hours in chapel—A large garden—Thirteen pensioners[3]—Teachers complained.

"At the Boulevards saw nothing, yet was glad to be there—Rope-dancing and farce—Egg dance.

"N. [Note.]—Near Paris, whether on week-days or Sundays, the roads empty.

"*Tuesday*, 17*th October*.—At the *Palais Marchand* I bought

A snuff box,	24 *Livres*.
————	6
Table book,	15
Scissors 3 p [pair]	18
	[*Livres*] 63—2*l*. 12*s*. 6*d*. ster.

"We heard the lawyers plead—N. As many killed

[1] [Before the revolution, the passage from the garden of the Thuilleries into the *Place Louis XV*. was over a *pont tournant*, a kind of drawbridge.—Ed.]

[2] [The English convent of *Notre Dame de Sion*, of the order of St. Augustine, situated in the Rue des Fossés St. Victor.—Ed.]

[3] [Young ladies, who paid for their education. Before the revolution, there were no boarding schools, and all young ladies were educated in the convents.—Ed.]

Tour in France.

at Paris as there are days in the year—*Chambre de question* [1]—Tournelle at the Palais Marchand [2]—An old venerable building.

"The Palais Bourbon, belonging to the Prince of Condé—Only one small wing shown—lofty—splendid—gold and glass—The battles of the great Condé are painted in one of the rooms—The present prince a grandsire at thirty-nine [3].

"The sight of palaces, and other great buildings, leaves no very distinct images, unless to those who talk of them—As I entered, my wife was in my mind [4]: she would have been pleased. Having now nobody to please, I am little pleased.

"N. In France there is no middle rank [5].

"So many shops open, that Sunday is little distin-

[1] [This was one of the rooms of the *Conciergerie*, where *la question*—torture—was applied.—ED.]

[2] [Again he mistakes, by introducing the word *Marchand*. The word *Tournelle* designated that portion of the parliament of Paris which tried criminal causes, and that part of the *Palais* in which they sat.—ED.]

[3] [The Prince de Condé was born in 1736, and died in 1818. The *grandson* was the celebrated and unfortunate Duke d'Enghein, born in 1775, murdered in 1804. The father, "restes infortunés du plus beau sang du monde," still lives under his former title of Duc de Bourbon.—ED.]

[4] His tender affection for his departed wife, of which there are many evidences in his "Prayers and Meditations," appears very feelingly in this passage.—BOSWELL.

[5] [This observation, which Johnson afterwards repeats, was unfounded in the sense in which he appears to have understood it. France was *in theory* divided (as England is) into the *clergy*, the *nobles*, and the *commons*, and so it might be said that there was no middle rank; but not only did the theoretical constitution of society thus resemble that of England, but so did its practical details. There were first the *peers* of France, who had seats and voices in the parliament, but were of little weight as a political body, from the smallness of their numbers, and because their *parliament* had only continued to be, what we still call ours, a *high court*, and had lost its *legislative* functions;—next came the *noblesse*—the *gentilhommes*—answering to our *gentry*;—then the middle classes of society, composed of the poorer gentry, lawyers, medical men, inferior clergy, literary men, merchants, artists, manufacturers, notaries, shopkeepers, in short, all those who in every country constitute the *middle* classes, and they undoubtedly existed in France in their due proportion to the gentry on one hand, and the working classes on the other. Johnson's remark is the stranger, because it would seem that his intercourse while in Paris was almost exclusively with persons of this *middle class*; but it must be observed, that his intercourse and his consequent sources of information were not extensive. Mrs. Piozzi says to him, talking of the progress of refinement of manners in England, "I much wonder whether this refinement has spread all over the continent, or whether it is confined to our own island: when *we were in France we could form little judgment, as our time was chiefly passed among the English.*"—*Lett.*—ED.]

guished at Paris—The palaces of Louvre and Thuil- Tour in France.
leries granted out in lodgings.

"In the *Palais de Bourbon*, gilt globes of metal at the fireplace.

"The French beds commended — Much of the marble only paste.

"The colosseum[1] a mere wooden building, at least much of it.

"*Wednesday*, 18*th October*.—We went to Fontainebleau, which we found a large mean town, crowded with people—The forest thick with woods, very extensive—Manucci secured us lodgings—The appearance of the country pleasant—No hills, few streams, only one hedge—I remember no chapels nor crosses on the road—Pavement still, and rows of trees.

"N. Nobody but mean people walk in Paris.

"*Thursday*, 19*th October*.—At court we saw the apartments—The king's bed-chamber and council-chamber extremely splendid—Persons of all ranks in the external rooms through which the family passes—servants and masters—Brunet[2] with us the second time.

"The introductor came to us—civil to me—Presenting—I had scruples[3]—Not necessary—We went and saw the king and queen at dinner—We saw the other ladies at dinner—Madame Elizabeth, with the Princess of Guimené—At night we went to a comedy

[1] [This building, which stood in the Faubourg St. Honoré, was a kind of Ranelagh, and was destroyed a few years after. The "Memoires de Bachaumont" call it "monument monstreux de la folie Parisienne."—V. i. p. 311.—Ed.]

[2] [Perhaps M. J. L. Brunet, a celebrated advocate of the parliament of Paris, author of several distinguished professional works.—Ed.]

[3] [It was the custom previous to court presentations, that an officer waited on the person to be introduced, to instruct them in the forms. Johnson's scruples probably arose from this—it was an etiquette generally insisted on to present at foreign courts those only who had been presented to their own sovereign at home. Johnson had never been publicly presented to the king, though he had had that honour in private, and may, therefore, have entertained scruples whether he was entitled to be presented to the king of France; but it would seem that those scruples were not necessary, the rule perhaps extending only to *formal presentations* at court, and not to admission to see the king dine.—Ed.]

Tour in France.

—I neither saw nor heard—Drunken women—Mrs. Th [rale] preferred one to the other.

"*Friday, 20th October.*—We saw the queen mount in the forest—Brown habit; rode aside: one lady rode aside[1]—The queen's horse light gray—martingale—She galloped—We then went to the apartments, and admired them—Then wandered through the palace—In the passages, stalls and shops—Painting in fresco by a great master, worn out—We saw the king's horses and dogs—The dogs almost all English—Degenerate.

"The horses not much commended—The stables cool; the kennel filthy.

"At night the ladies went to the opera—I refused, but should have been welcome.

"The king fed himself with his left hand as we.

"*Saturday, 21st October.*—In the night I got round—We came home to Paris—I think we did not see the chapel—Tree broken by the wind—The French chairs made all of boards painted [2].

"N. Soldiers at the court of justice[3]—Soldiers not amenable to the magistrates—Dijon women [4].

"Faggots in the palace—Every thing slovenly, except in the chief rooms—Trees in the roads, some tall, none old, many very young and small.

"Women's saddles seem ill made—Queen's bridle woven with silver—Tags to strike the horse.

"*Sunday, 22d October.*—To Versailles, a mean[5]

[1] [This probably means that the queen was attended by only one lady, who also rode aside, and *not* that one female attendant rode so, while other ladies rode astride.—Ed.]

[2] [Meaning, no doubt, that they were not of cedar, ebony, or mahogany, but of some meaner wood coloured over, a fashion which had not yet reached England.—Ed.]

[3] [The *marechaussée* was posted at the gates of the courts of justice; but the interior discipline was maintained by *huissiers*, ushers, the servants of the court. —Ed.]

[4] See *ante*, p. 271.—Boswell.

[5] [There must be some mistake. Versailles is a remarkably stately town.—Ed.]

town—Carriages of business passing—Mean shops against the wall—Our way lay through Sêve, where the China manufacture—Wooden bridge at Sêve, in the way to Versailles—The palace of great extent—The front long; I saw it not perfectly—The Menagerie—Cygnets dark; their black feet; on the ground; tame—Halcyons, or gulls—Stag and hind, young—Aviary, very large; the net, wire—Black stag of China, small—Rhinoceros, the horn broken and pared away, which, I suppose, will grow; the basis, I think, four inches across; the skin folds like loose cloth doubled over his body, and cross his hips; a vast animal, though young; as big, perhaps, as four oxen—The young elephant, with his tusks just appearing—The brown bear put out his paws—all very tame—The lion—The tigers I did not well view—The camel, or dromedary, with two bunches called the Huguin [1], taller than any horse—Two camels with one bunch—Among the birds was a pelican, who being let out, went to a fountain, and swam about to catch fish—His feet well webbed; he dipped his head, and turned his long bill sidewise—He caught two or three fish, but did not eat them. Tour in France.

"Trianon is a kind of retreat appendant to Versailles—It has an open portico; the pavement, and, I think, the pillars, of marble—There are many rooms, which I do not distinctly remember—A table of porphyry, about five feet long, and between two and three broad, given to Louis XIV. by the Venetian state—In the council-room almost all that was not door or window was, I think, looking-glass—Little Trianon is a small palace like a gentleman's house—The upper floor paved with brick [2]—Little Vienne—The court is ill paved—The rooms at the top are

[1] This epithet should be applied to this animal with one bunch.—Boswell.
[2] [The upper floors of most houses in France are tiled.—Ed.]

Tour in France.

small, fit to soothe the imagination with privacy—In the front of Versailles are small basins of water on the terrace, and other basins, I think, below them—There are little courts—The great gallery is wainscotted with mirrours not very large, but joined by frames—I suppose the large plates were not yet made—The playhouse was very large[1]—The chapel I do not remember if we saw[2]—We saw one chapel, but I am not certain whether there or at Trianon—The foreign office paved with bricks[3]—The dinner half a louis each, and, I think, a louis over—Money given at menagerie, three livres; at palace, six livres.

"*Monday, 23d October.*—Last night I wrote to Levet[4]—We went to see the looking-glasses wrought—They come from Normandy in cast plates, perhaps the third of an inch thick—At Paris they are ground upon a marble table, by rubbing one plate upon another with grit between them—The various sands, of which there are said to be five, I could not learn—The handle, by which the upper glass is moved, has the form of a wheel, which may be moved in all directions—The plates are sent up with their surfaces ground, but not polished, and so continue till they are bespoken, lest time should spoil the surface, as we were told—Those that are to be polished are laid on a table covered with several thick cloths, hard strained, that the resistance may be equal: they are

[1] [That magnificent building, which was both a theatre and a ball-room. It was rarely used; the lighting and other expenses for a single night being 100,000 francs. It is celebrated in the History of the Revolution as the scene of the entertainment given by the Gardes du Corps, on the 1st October, 1789; of which innocent and, indeed, laudable testimony of attachment between them and their unhappy sovereigns, the rebels, by misrepresentations and calumnies, made so serious an affair.—Ed.]

[2] [It is surprising how this should have escaped Johnson's observations. It is, both externally and internally, one of the most remarkable objects of Versailles. Ed.]

[3] [Tiles.—Ed.]

[4] [*Ante*, p. 261.—Ed.]

then rubbed with a hand rubber, held down hard by a contrivance which I did not well understand—The powder which is used last seemed to me to be iron dissolved in aquafortis; they called it, as Baretti said, *marc de l'eau forte*, which he thought was dregs—They mentioned vitriol and saltpetre—The cannon-ball swam in the quicksilver—To silver them, a leaf of beaten tin is laid, and rubbed with quicksilver, to which it unites—Then more quicksilver is poured upon it, which, by its mutual [attraction] rises very high—Then a paper is laid at the nearest end of the plate, over which the glass is slided till it lies upon the plate, having driven much of the quicksilver before it—It is then, I think, pressed upon cloth, and then set sloping to drop the superfluous mercury: the slope is daily heightened towards a perpendicular. Tour in France.

"In the way I saw the Grêve, the mayor's house [1], and the Bastile.

"We then went to Sans-terre, a brewer [2]—He brews with about as much malt as Mr. Thrale, and sells his beer at the same price, though he pays no duty for malt, and little more than half as much for beer—Beer is sold retail at sixpence a bottle—He brews 4,000 barrels a year—There are seventeen brewers in Paris, of whom none is supposed to brew more than he—Reckoning them at 3,000 each, they make 51,000 a year—They make their malt, for malting is here no trade.

"The moat of the Bastile is dry.

"*Tuesday, 24th October.*—We visited the king's library—I saw the *Speculum humanæ Salvationis*, rudely printed, with ink, sometimes pale, sometimes black; part supposed to be with wooden types, and part

[1] [The Hôtel de Ville.—Ed.]

[2] [Santerre.] The detestable ruffian who afterwards conducted Louis the Sixteenth to the scaffold, and commanded the troops that guarded it during his murder.—Malone.

Tour in France.

with pages cut in boards. The Bible, supposed to be older than that of Mentz, in 1462[1]; it has no date; it is supposed to have been printed with wooden types —I am in doubt; the print is large and fair, in two folios—Another book was shown me, supposed to have been printed with wooden types—I think, *Durandi Sanctuarium* in 1458—This is inferred from the difference of form sometimes seen in the same letter, which might be struck with different puncheons—The regular similitude of most letters proves better that they are metal—I saw nothing but the *Speculum*, which I had not seen, I think, before.

"Thence to the Sorbonne—The library very large, not in lattices like the king's—*Marbone* and *Durandi*, q. collection 14 vol. *Scriptores de rebus Gallicis*, many folios—*Histoire Genealogique of France*, 9 vol.—*Gallia Christiana*, the first edition, 4to. the last, f. 12 vol.—The prior and librarian dined with us—I waited on them home—Their garden pretty, with covered walks, but small; yet may hold many students—The doctors of the Sorbonne are all equal —choose those who succeed to vacancies—Profit little.

"*Wednesday, 25th October.*—I went with the prior to St. Cloud, to see Dr. Hooke—We walked round the palace, and had some talk—I dined with our whole company at the monastery—In the library, *Beroald*—*Cymon*—*Titus*, from Boccace—*Oratio Proverbialis* to the Virgin, from Petrarch; Falkland to Sandys—Dryden's Preface to the third vol. of Miscellanies[2].

"*Thursday, 26th October.*—We saw the china at Sêve, cut, glazed, painted—Bellevue[3], a pleasing house, not great: fine prospect—Meudon, an old

[1] [Second son of Hooke, the historian, a doctor of the Sorbonne.—Ed.]

[2] He means, I suppose, that he read these different pieces while he remained in the library.—Boswell.

[3] [At that period inhabited by the king's aunts.—Ed.]

palace—Alexander, in porphyry: hollow between eyes and nose, thin cheeks—Plato and Aristotle—Noble terrace overlooks the town. St. Cloud—Gallery not very high, nor grand, but pleasing—In the rooms, Michael Angelo, drawn by himself, Sir Thomas More, Des Cartes, Bochart, Naudæus, Mazarine—Gilded wainscot, so common that it is not minded—Gough and Keene—Hooke came to us at the inn—A message from Drumgould. Tour in France.

"*Friday, 27th October.*—I staid at home—Gough and Keene, and Mrs. S——'s[1] friend dined with us—This day we began to have a fire—The weather is grown very cold, and, I fear, has a bad effect upon my breath, which has grown much more free and easy in this country.

"*Saturday, 28th October.*—I visited the Grand Chartreux[2], built by St. Louis—It is built for forty, but contains only twenty-four, and will not maintain more—The friar that spoke to us had a pretty apartment—Mr. Baretti says four rooms; I remember but three—His books seemed to be French—His garden was neat; he gave me grapes—We saw the Place de Victoire, with the statues of the king, and the captive nations.

"We saw the palace and gardens of Luxembourg, but the gallery was shut—We climbed to the top stairs—I dined with Colebrooke[3], who had much com-

[1] [Mrs Strickland, the sister of Mr. Charles Townley, who happened to meet the party at Dieppe, and accompanied them to Paris. She introduced them to Madame du Bocage.—*Reynolds's Recollections.*—Ed.]

[2] [There was in France but one *Grand Chartreux*, the monastery near Grenoble, founded by St. Bruno, to the 13th prior of which St. Louis applied for an *off-set* of the order to be established in Paris, where he placed them in his chateau de *Vauvert*, which stood in the Rue d'Enfer. The good people of Paris believed that the chateau of Vauvert, before St. Louis had fixed the Carthusians there, was *haunted*, and thence the street was called Rue d'Enfer.—Ed.]

[3] [Sir George Colebrooke: see *ante*, v. ii. p. 95.—Ed.]

Tour in France.

pany—Foote, Sir George Rodney [1], Motteux, Udson, Taaf—Called on the prior, and found him in bed.

"Hotel—a guinea a day—Coach, three guineas a week—Valet de place, three l. a day—*Avantcoureur* [2], a guinea a week—Ordinary dinner, six l. a head—Our ordinary seems to be about five guineas a day—Our extraordinary expenses, as diversions, gratuities, clothes, I cannot reckon—Our travelling is ten guineas a day.

"White stockings, 18 l. [3] Wig—Hat.

"*Sunday, 29th October.*—We saw the boarding-school—The *Enfans trouvés*—A room with about eighty-six children in cradles, as sweet as a parlour—They lose a third; take in to perhaps more than seven [years old]; put them to trades; pin to them the papers sent with them—Want nurses—Saw their chapel.

"Went to St. Eustatia [4]; saw an innumerable company of girls catechised, in many bodies, perhaps 100 to a catechist—Boys taught at one time, girls at another—The sermon: the preacher wears a cap, which he takes off at *the name*—his action uniform, not very violent.

"*Monday, 30th October.*—We saw the library of St. Germain [5]—A very noble collection—*Codex Di-*

[1] [The celebrated Admiral, afterwards Lord Rodney: he was residing abroad on account of pecuniary embarrassments, and, on the breaking out of the war in 1778, the Marshal Duc de Biron generously offered him a loan of a thousand louis d'ors, to enable him to return to take his part in the service of his country. See a letter of the Baron D'Holbach to Miss Wilkes, in *Wilkes' Correspondence*, vol. iv. p. 270.—ED.]

[2] [There is a slight mistake here. Princes, ambassadors, marshals, and a few of the higher nobility, had *coureurs*, that is, *running footmen*. The word *avant-courcur* was commonly used in a moral sense. Johnson, no doubt, meant a *courier* who rode post.—ED.]

[3] i. e. 18 *livres*. Two pair of white silk stockings were probably purchased. —MALONE.

[4] [No doubt an error for *Eustatius*. He means the well-known parish church of *St. Eustache*.—ED.]

[5] [St. Germain des Près, the too celebrated *abbaye*. Its library was said—after the king's library in Paris, and that of the Vatican—to be the richest in Europe in manuscripts.—ED.]

vinorum Officiorum, 1459—a letter, square like that of the *Offices*, perhaps the same—The *Codex*, by Fust and Gernsheym—*Meursius*, 12 v. fol.—*Amadis*, in French, 3 vol. fol.—CATHOLICON *sine colophone*, but of 1460—Two other editions [1], one by ——— *Augustin. de Civitate Dei*, without name, date, or place, but of Fust's square letter as it seems. Tour in France.

"I dined with Col. Drumgould; had a pleasing afternoon.

"Some of the books of St. Germain's stand in presses from the wall, like those at Oxford.

"*Tuesday*, 31*st October*.—I lived at the Benedictines; meagre day; soup meagre, herrings, eels, both with sauce; fried fish; lentils, tasteless in themselves—In the library; where I found *Maffeus's de Historiâ Indicâ: Promontorium flectere, to double the Cape*—I parted very tenderly from the prior and Friar Wilkes.

"*Maitre des Arts*, 2 y.—*Bacc. Theol.* 3 y.—*Licentiate*, 2 y.—*Doctor Th.* 2 y. in all 9 years—For the Doctorate three disputations, *Major*, *Minor*, *Sorbonica*—Several colleges suppressed, and transferred to that which was the Jesuit's College.

"*Wednesday*, 1*st November*.—We left Paris—St. Denis, a large town: the church not very large, but the middle aisle is very lofty and awful—On the left are chapels built beyond the line of the wall, which destroyed the symmetry of the sides—The organ is higher above the pavement than I have ever seen—The gates are of brass—On the middle gate is the history of our Lord—The painted windows are hi-

[1] I have looked in vain into De Bure, Meerman, Mattaire, and other typographical books, for the two editions of the "*Catholicon*," which Dr. Johnson mentions here, "..h *names* which I cannot make out. I read "one by *Latinius*, one by *Boedinus*." I have deposited the original MS. in the British Museum, where the curious may see it. My grateful acknowledgements are due to Mr. Planta for the trouble he was pleased to take in aiding my researches.—BOSWELL.

Tour in France.

storical, and said to be eminently beautiful—We were at another church belonging to a convent, of which the portal is a dome; we could not enter further, and it was almost dark.

"*Thursday, 2d November.*—We came this day to Chantilly, a seat belonging to the Prince of Condé—This place is eminently beautified by all varieties of waters starting up in fountains, falling in cascades, running in streams, and spread in lakes—The water seems to be too near the house—All this water is brought from a source or river three leagues off, by an artificial canal, which for one league is carried under ground—The house is magnificent—The cabinet seems well stocked; what I remember was, the jaws of a hippopotamus, and a young hippopotamus preserved, which, however, is so small, that I doubt its reality—It seems too hairy for an abortion, and too small for a mature birth—Nothing was [preserved] in spirits; all was dry—The dog; the deer; the ant-bear with long snout—The toucan, long broad beak—The stables were of very great length—The kennel had no scents—There was a mockery of a village—The menagerie had few animals[1]—Two faussans[2], or Brasilian weasels, spotted, very wild—There is a forest, and, I think, a park—I walked till I was very weary, and next morning felt my feet battered, and with pains in the toes.

"*Friday, 3d November.*—We came to Compeigne, a very large town, with a royal palace built round a

[1] The writing is so bad here, that the names of several of the animals could not be deciphered without much more acquaintance with natural history than I possess. Dr. Blagden, with his usual politeness, most obligingly examined the MS. To that gentleman, and to Dr. Gray, of the British Museum, who also very readily assisted me, I beg leave to express my best thanks.—BOSWELL.

[2] It is thus written by Johnson, from the French pronunciation of *fossane*. It should be observed, that the person who showed this menagerie was mistaken in supposing the *fossane* and the Brasilian weasel to be the same, the *fossane* being a different animal, and a native of Madagascar. I find them, however, upon one plate in Pennant's "Synopsis of Quadrupeds."—BOSWELL.

pentagonal court—The court is raised upon vaults, and has, I suppose, an entry on one side by a gentle rise—Talk of painting—The church is not very large, but very elegant and splendid—I had at first great difficulty to walk, but motion grew continually easier —At night we came to Noyon, an episcopal city—The cathedral is very beautiful, the pillars alternately Gothick and Corinthian—We entered a very noble parochial church—Noyon is walled, and is said to be three miles round. Tour in France.

"*Saturday, 4th November.*—We rose very early, and came through St. Quintin to Cambray, not long after three—We went to an English nunnery, to give a letter to Father Welch, the confessor, who came to visit us in the evening.

Sunday, 5th November.—We saw the Cathedral—It is very beautiful, with chapels on each side—The choir splendid—The balustrade in one part brass—The *Neff* very high and grand—The altar silver as far as it is seen—The vestments very splendid—At the Benedictines' church——"

Here his Journal[1] ends abruptly. Whether he wrote any more after this time, I know not; but probably not much, as he arrived in England about the 12th of November. These short notes of his tour, though they may seem minute taken singly, make together a considerable mass of information, and exhibit such an ardour of inquiry and acuteness of examination, as, I believe, are found in but few travellers, especially at an advanced age. They completely refute the idle notion which has been propagated, *that*

[1] My worthy and ingenious friend, Mr. Andrew Lumisden, by his accurate acquaintance with France, enabled me to make out many proper names which Dr. Johnson had written indistinctly, and sometimes spelt erroneously.—Boswell.

he could not see[1]; and, if he had taken the trouble to revise and digest them, he undoubtedly could have expanded them into a very entertaining narrative.

Piozzi, p. 76. [Mrs. Piozzi has preserved a few anecdotes of this tour. "Mr. Thrale loved prospects, and was mortified that his friend could not enjoy the sight of those different dispositions of wood and water, hill and valley, that travelling through England and France affords a man. But when he wished to point them out to his companion, 'Never heed such nonsense,' would be the reply: 'a blade of grass is always a blade of grass, whether in one country or another. Let us, if we *do* talk, talk about something: men and women are my subjects of inquiry; let us see how these differ from those we have left behind.'

"When we were at Rouen together, he took a great fancy to the Abbé Roffette, with whom he conversed about the destruction of the order of jesuits, and condemned it loudly, as a blow to the general power of the church, and likely to be followed with many and dangerous innovations, which might at length become fatal to religion itself, and shake even the foundation of christianity. The gentleman seemed to wonder and delight in his conversation; the talk was all in Latin, which both spoke fluently, and Dr. Johnson pronounced a long eulogium upon Milton with so much ardour, eloquence, and ingenuity, that the abbé rose from his seat and embraced him. My husband seeing them apparently so charmed with the company of each other, politely invited the abbé to

[1] [Miss Reynolds, who knew him longer, and saw him more constantly than Mr. Boswell, says, "Dr. Johnson's sight was so *very defective*, that he could scarcely distinguish the face of his most intimate acquaintance at half a yard, and in general it was observable, that his critical remarks on *dress*, &c. were the result of *very close* inspection of the object, partly from curiosity, and partly from a degree of exciting admiration of his perspicuity, of which he was not a little ambitious."—*Recollections*. And if we may believe Baretti's account to her, on their return, his defect of sight led him into many inaccuracies.—ED.]

England, intending to oblige his friend; who, instead of thanking, reprimanded him severely before the man, for such a sudden burst of tenderness towards a person he could know nothing at all of; and thus put a sudden finish to all his own and Mr. Thrale's entertainment, from the company of the Abbé Roffette. Piozzi, p. 77.

"When at Versailles the people showed us the theatre. As we stood on the stage looking at some machinery for playhouse purposes—'Now we are here, what shall we act, Dr. Johnson?—The Englishman at Paris?' 'No, no,' replied he; 'we will try to act Harry the Fifth.' His dislike of the French was well known to both nations, I believe; but he applauded the number of their books and the graces of their style. 'They have few sentiments,' said he, 'but they express them neatly; they have little 'meat too, but they dress it well.'"]

When I met him in London the following year, the account which he gave me of his French tour, was, "Sir, I have seen all the visibilities of Paris, and around it: but to have formed an acquaintance with the people there would have required more time than I could stay. I was just beginning to creep into acquaintance by means of Colonel Drumgould, a very high man, sir, head of *L'Ecole Militaire*, a most complete character, for he had first been a professor of rhetorick, and then became a soldier. And, sir, I was very kindly treated by the English Benedictines, and have a cell appropriated to me in their convent."

He observed, "The great in France live very magnificently, but the rest very miserably. There is no happy middle state as in England[1]. The shops of

[1] [See *ante*, p. 274.—Ed.]

Paris are mean; the meat in the markets is such as would be sent to a gaol in England; and Mr. Thrale justly observed, that the cookery of the French was forced upon them by necessity; for they could not eat their meat, unless they added some taste to it. The French are an indelicate people; they will spit upon any place. At Madame [Du Bocage's,] a literary lady of rank, the footman took the sugar in his fingers, and threw it into my coffee. I was going to put it aside; but hearing it was made on purpose for me, I e'en tasted Tom's fingers. The same lady would needs make tea *à l'Angloise*. The spout of the tea-pot did not pour freely; she bade the footman blow into it[1]. France is worse than Scotland in every thing but climate. Nature has done more for the French; but they have done less for themselves than the Scotch have done[2]."

It happened that Foote was at Paris at the same time with Dr. Johnson, and his description of my friend while there was abundantly ludicrous. He told me, that the French were quite astonished at his

[1] [Nay, she actually performed the operation herself. Mrs. Piozzi says, "I recollect one fine lady in France, who entertained us very splendidly, put her mouth to the teapot, and blew in the spout when it would not pour freely. My maid Peggy would not have touched the tea after such an operation."—*Letters*, v. ii. p. 247. Miss Reynolds's "*Recollections*" preserve this story as told her by Baretti, who was of the party: "Going one day to drink tea with Madame du Bocage, she happened to produce an old china teapot, which Mrs. Strickland, who made the tea, could not make pour: '*Soufflez, soufflez, madame, dedans*,' cried Madame du Bocage, '*il se rectifie immédiatement; essayez, je vous en prie*.' The servant then thinking that Mrs. Strickland did not understand what his lady said, took up the teapot to *rectify* it, and Mrs. Strickland had quite a struggle to prevent his blowing into the spout. Madame du Bocage all this while had not the least idea of its being any impropriety, and wondered at Mrs. Strickland's stupidity. She came over to the latter, caught up the teapot, and blew into the spout with all her might; then finding it pour, she held it up in triumph, and repeatedly exclaimed, '*Voilà, voilà, j'ai regagné l'honneur de ma thetière*.' She had no sugar-tongs, and said something that showed she expected Mrs. Strickland to use her fingers to sweeten the cups. '*Madame, je n'oserois. Oh mon Dieu! qu'il grand quan-quan les Anglois font de peu de chose*."—ED.]

[2] In a letter to a friend, written a few days after his return from France, he says, "The French have a clear air and a fruitful soil; but their mode of common life is gross and incommodious, and disgusting. I am come home convinced that no improvement of general use is to be found among them."—MALONE.

figure and manner, and at his dress, which he obstinately continued exactly as in London [1];—his brown clothes, black stockings, and plain shirt. He mentioned, that an Irish gentleman said to Johnson, "Sir, you have not seen the best French players." JOHNSON. "Players, sir! I look on them as no better than creatures set upon tables and joint stools, to make faces and produce laughter, like dancing dogs." "But, sir, you will allow that some players are better than others?" JOHNSON. "Yes, sir, as some dogs dance better than others."

[In the same spirit, but of more vehemence and greater injustice, were his statements to Sir Joshua and Miss Reynolds, who has noted them in her *Recollections*. Reyn. Recoll.

JOHNSON. "The French, sir, are a very silly people. They have no common life. Nothing but the two ends, beggary and nobility. Sir, they are made up in every thing of two extremes. They have no common sense, they have no common manners, no common learning—gross ignorance, or *les belles lettres*." A LADY [Mrs. Thrale]. "Indeed, even in their dress—their frippery finery, and their beggarly coarse linen. They had, I thought, no politeness; their civilities never indicated more good-will than the talk of a parrot, indiscriminately using the same set of superlative phrases, "*à la merveille!*" to every one alike. They really seemed to have no expressions

[1] Mr. Foote seems to have *embellished* a little in saying that Johnson did not alter his dress at Paris; as in his journal is a memorandum about white stockings, wig, and hat. In another place we are told that "during his travels in France he was furnished with a French-made wig of handsome construction." That Johnson was not inattentive to his appearance is certain, from a circumstance related by Mr. Steevens, and inserted by Mr. Boswell, between June 15 and June 22, 1784.—J. BLAKEWAY. Mr. Blakeway's observation is further confirmed by a note in Johnson's diary (quoted by Sir John Hawkins, "Life of Johnson," p. 517), by which it appears that he had laid out thirty pounds in clothes for his French journey.—MALONE.

Reyn. Recoll. for sincerity and truth." JOHNSON. "They are much behind-hand, stupid, ignorant creatures. At Fontainebleau I saw a horse-race—every thing was wrong; the heaviest weight was put upon the weakest horse, and all the jockeys wore the same colour coat[1]." A GENTLEMAN. "Had you any acquaintance in Paris?" JOHNSON. "No, I did not stay long enough to make any[2]. I spoke only Latin, and I could not have much conversation. There is no good in letting the French have a superiority over you every word you speak. Baretti was sometimes displeased with us for not liking the French." MISS REYNOLDS. "Perhaps he had a kind of partiality for that country, because it was in the way to Italy, and perhaps their manners resembled the Italians." JOHNSON. "No. He was the showman, and we did not like his show; that was all."]

[1] ["On telling Mr. Baretti of the proof that Johnson gave of the stupidity of the French in the management of their horse-races; that all the jockeys wore the same colour coat, &c., he said that was 'like Johnson's remark.—He could not see.'—But it was observed that he could inquire.—'Yes,' and it was by the answers he received that he was misled, for he asked what did the first jockey wear? answer, green; what the second? green; what the third? green, which was true; but, then, the greens were all different greens, and very easily distinguished.—Johnson was perpetually making mistakes; so, on going to Fontainebleau, when we were about three-fourths of the way, he exclaimed with amazement, that now we were between Paris and the King of France's court, and yet we had not met one carriage coming from thence, or even one going thither! On which all the company in the coach burst out a laughing, and immediately cried out, 'Look, look, there is a coach gone by, there is a chariot, there is a postchaise!' I dare say we saw a hundred carriages, at least, that were going to or coming from Fontainebleau."—*Baretti in Miss Reynolds's Recollections.* It should be added, however, that Miss Reynolds thought that Baretti returned from this tour with some dislike of Johnson, and Johnson not without some coldness towards Baretti, on account, as Baretti said, of Madame du Boccage having paid more attention to him than to Johnson; but this latter assertion could not be true, for Johnson, in his letter to Mr. Levett (*ante*, p. 265), speaks *highly and cordially* of Baretti *many days after* the supposed offence. Miss Reynolds adds that the final rupture between Johnson and Baretti was occasioned by "a most audacious falsehood that the latter told Johnson, that he had beaten Omiah at chess, at Sir Joshua's; for the reverse was the fact." This produced contradiction, dispute, and a violent quarrel, which never was completely made up.—ED.]

[2] [This accounts (not quite satisfactorily, perhaps, in a moral view) for the violent prejudices and consequent misrepresentations which his conversation on his return exhibited.—ED.]

While Johnson was in France, he was generally very resolute in speaking Latin. It was a maxim with him that a man should not let himself down by speaking a language which he speaks imperfectly. Indeed, we must have often observed how inferiour, how much like a child a man appears, who speaks a broken tongue. When Sir Joshua Reynolds, at one of the dinners of the royal academy, presented him to a Frenchman of great distinction, he would not deign to speak French, but talked Latin, though his excellency did not understand it, owing, perhaps, to Johnson's English pronunciation: yet upon another occasion he was observed to speak French to a Frenchman of high rank, who spoke English; and being asked the reason, with some expression of surprise, he answered, "because I think my French is as good as his English." Though Johnson understood French perfectly, he could not speak it readily, as I have observed at his first interview with General Paoli, in 1769; yet he wrote it, I imagine, pretty well, as appears from some of his letters in Mrs. Piozzi's collection, of which I shall transcribe one:

"A MADAME LA COMTESSE DE ——— [1].

"16th May, 1771.

"*Oui, madame, le moment est arrivé, et il faut que je parte. Mais pourquoi faut il partir? Est ce que je m'ennuye? Je m'ennuyerai ailleurs. Est ce que je cherche ou quelque plaisir, ou quelque soulagement? Je ne cherche rien, je n'espere rien. Aller voir*

[1] [See *ante*, vol. i. p. 87, where it is conjectured that this note was addressed to Madame de Boufflers, which the editor now sees reason to doubt. The date in Mrs. Piozzi's collection, where it first appeared, was 16th *May*, 1771. In Mr. Boswell's first edition it became 16th *July*, 1771; and in *all* the later editions, by a more elaborate error, 16th *July*, 1775. These two latter dates are manifest mistakes. Madame de Boufflers' visit was in 1769, and in the May of 1771, Johnson was in London, without any intention of leaving it—so that the editor is wholly at a loss to guess to whom or on what occasion the letter was written. Perhaps it was an *exercise*.—Ed.]

ce que j'ai vû, etre un peu rejoué[1], *un peu degouté, me resouvenir que la vie se passe, et qu'elle se passe en vain, me plaindre de moi, m'endurcir aux dehors; voici le tout de ce qu'on compte pour les delices de l'année. Que Dieu vous donne, madame, tous les agrémens de la vie, avec un esprit qui peut en jouir sans s'y livrer trop*[2]."

He spoke Latin with wonderful fluency and elegance. When Pere Boscovich[3] was in England, Johnson dined in company with him at Sir Joshua Reynolds's, and at Dr. Douglas's, now Bishop of Salisbury. Upon both occasions that celebrated foreigner expressed his astonishment at Johnson's Latin conversation. [The conversation at Dr. Douglas's was at first mostly in French. Johnson, though thoroughly versed in that language, and a professed admirer of Boileau and La Bruyere, did not understand its pronunciation, nor could he speak it himself with propriety. For the rest of the evening the talk was in Latin. Boscovich had a ready current flow of that flimsy phraseology with which a priest may travel through Italy, Spain, and Germany. Johnson scorned what he called colloquial barbarisms. It was his pride to speak his best. He went on, after a little practice, with as much facility as if it was his native tongue. One sentence Mr. Murphy remembered. Observing that Fontenelle at first opposed the Newtonian philosophy, and embraced it afterwards, his words were: *Fontinellus, ni fallor, in extremâ senectute, fuit transfuga ad castra Newtoniana*[4].] When at Paris, Johnson thus charac-

Mur. Life, p. 91.

[1] [This letter, notwithstanding some faults, is very tolerable French; *rejoué* is probably a printer's error for *rejoui*, and *peut* should be *puisse*.—Ed.]

[2] [Here followed the anecdote relative to Madame de Boufflers, transferred to v. i. p. 428.—Ed.]

[3] [See *ante*, vol. i. p. 384. Boscovich was a jesuit, born at Ragusa in 1711, who first introduced the Newtonian philosophy into Italy. He visited London in 1760, and was there elected into the Royal Society. He died in 1787.—Ed.]

[4] [This phrase seems rather too pompous for the occasion. Johnson had probably in his mind a passage in Seneca, quoted in *Menagiana* (v. ii. p. 46),

terised Voltaire to Freron the journalist: "*Vir est acerrimi ingenii et paucarum literarum.*"

"TO DR. SAMUEL JOHNSON.

"Edinburgh, 5th Dec. 1775.

"MY DEAR SIR,—Mr. Alexander Maclean, the young laird of Col, being to set out to-morrow for London, I give him this letter to introduce him to your acquaintance. The kindness which you and I experienced from his brother, whose unfortunate death we sincerely lament, will make us always desirous to show attention to any branch of the family. Indeed, you have so much of the true Highland cordiality, that I am sure you would have thought me to blame if I had neglected to recommend to you this Hebridean prince, in whose island we were hospitably entertained. I ever am with respectful attachment, my dear sir, your most obliged and most humble servant, "JAMES BOSWELL."

Mr. Maclean returned with the most agreeable accounts of the polite attention with which he was received by Dr. Johnson.

In the course of the year Dr. Burney informs me that "he very frequently met Dr. Johnson at Mr. Thrale's, at Streatham, where they had many long conversations, often sitting up as long as the fire and candles lasted, and much longer than the patience of the servants subsisted."

A few of Johnson's sayings, which that gentleman recollects, shall here be inserted.

"I never take a nap after dinner but when I have had a bad night, and then the nap takes me." Burney.

"The writer of an epitaph should not be considered as saying nothing but what is strictly true.

"Sénéque voulant dire qu'il profitait de ce qu'il y avait de bon dans los auteurs dit, 'Solon sæpe in aliena *castra* transire; non tanquam *transfuga*, sed tanquam explorator;" and this is rendered the more probable because in the same volume of the *Menagiana*, and within a few pages of each other, are found two other Latin quotations, which Johnson has made use of, the one from Thuanus, "*Fami non famæ* scribere existimatus Xylandrus." See *ante*, vol. i. p. 182, *n*. The other from J. C. Scaliger, "Homo ex alieno ingenio poeta, ex suo tantum versificator:" which is the motto Johnson prefixed to his version of the Messiah: *ante*, v. i. p. 33.—ED.]

Burney. Allowance must be made for some degree of exaggerated praise. In lapidary inscriptions a man is not upon oath."

"There is now less flogging in our great schools than formerly, but then less is learned there; so that what the boys get at one end they lose at the other."

"More is learned in publick than in private schools, from emulation; there is the collision of mind with mind, or the radiation of many minds pointing to one centre. Though few boys make their own exercises, yet if a good exercise is given up, out of a great number of boys, it is made by somebody."

"I hate by-roads in education. Education is as well known, and has long been as well known as ever it can be. Endeavouring to make children prematurely wise is useless labour. Suppose they have more knowledge at five or six years old than other children, what use can be made of it? It will be lost before it is wanted, and the waste of so much time and labour of the teacher can never be repaid. Too much is expected from precocity, and too little performed. Miss ——[1] was an instance of early cultivation, but in what did it terminate? In marrying a little presbyterian parson, who keeps an infant boarding-school, so that all her employment now is,

'To suckle fools, and chronicle small beer.'

She tells the children, 'This is a cat, and that is a dog, with four legs, and a tail; see there! you are much better than a cat or a dog, for you can speak.' If I had bestowed such an education on a daughter, and had discovered that she thought of marrying such a fellow, I would have sent her to the *Congress*."

[1] [Miss Letitia Aiken, who married Mr. Barbauld, and published "*Easy Lessons for Children*."—Ed.]

"After having talked slightingly of musick, he was observed to listen very attentively while Miss Thrale played on the harpsichord; and with eagerness he called to her, 'Why don't you dash away like Burney?' Dr. Burney upon this said to him, 'I believe, sir, we shall make a musician of you at last.' Johnson with candid complacency replied, 'Sir, I shall be glad to have a new sense given to me.'" Burney.

"He had come down one morning to the breakfast-room, and been a considerable time by himself before any body appeared. When on a subsequent day he was twitted by Mrs. Thrale for being very late, which he generally was, he defended himself by alluding to the extraordinary morning, when he had been too early. 'Madam, I do not like to come down to *vacuity*.'"

"Dr. Burney having remarked that Mr. Garrick was beginning to look old, he said, 'Why, sir, you are not to wonder at that; no man's face has had more wear and tear.'"

[Mrs. Montagu's recent kindness to Miss Williams was not lost on Johnson. His letters to that lady became more elaborately respectful, and his subsequent mention of her took, as we shall see, a high tone of panegyric[1].] Ed.

["DR. JOHNSON TO MRS. MONTAGU.

"15th Dec. 1775. Montag. MSS.

"MADAM,—Having, after my return from a little ramble to France, passed some time in the country, I did not hear, till I was told by Miss Reynolds, that you were in town; and when I did hear it, I heard likewise that you were ill. To have you detained among us by sickness is to enjoy your presence at too dear a rate. I suffer myself to be flattered with hope that only half the intelligence is now true, and that you are now so well as to be able to leave us, and so kind as not to be willing.—I am, madam, your most humble servant, "SAM. JOHNSON."]

[1] [See *ante*, v. i. 339, and v. ii. p. 468, *n.* and *post*, *sub* 26th April, 1776.—Ed.]

Montag. MSS. ["DR. JOHNSON TO MRS. MONTAGU.

"17th Dec. 1775.

"MADAM,—All that the esteem and reverence of mankind can give you has been long in your possession, and the little that I can add to the voice of nations will not much exalt; of that little, however, you are, I hope, very certain.

"I wonder, madam, if you remember *Col* in the Hebrides? The brother and heir of poor *Col* has just been to visit me, and I have engaged to dine with him on Thursday. I do not know his lodging, and cannot send him a message, and must therefore suspend the honour which you are pleased to offer to, madam, your most humble servant, "SAM. JOHNSON."]

Montag. MSS. ["DR. JOHNSON TO MRS. MONTAGU.

"Thursday, 21st Dec. 1775.

"MADAM,—I know not when any letter has given me so much pleasure or vexation as that which I had yesterday the honour of receiving. That you, madam, should wish for my company is surely a sufficient reason for being pleased;—that I should delay twice, what I had so little right to expect even once, has so bad an appearance, that I can only hope to have it thought that I am ashamed.

"You have kindly allowed me to name a day. Will you be pleased, madam, to accept of me any day after Tuesday? Till I am favoured with your answer, or despair of so much condescension, I shall suffer no engagement to fasten itself upon me.—I am, madam, your most obliged and most humble servant, "SAM. JOHNSON."]

Not having heard from him for a longer time than I supposed he would be silent, I wrote to him Dec. 18, not in good spirits:

"Sometimes I have been afraid that the cold which has gone over Europe this year like a sort of pestilence has seized you severely: sometimes my imagination, which is upon occasions prolifick of evil, hath figured that you may have somehow taken offence at some part of my conduct."

"TO JAMES BOSWELL, ESQ.

"23d Dec. 1775.

"DEAR SIR,—Never dream of any offence. How should you offend me? I consider your friendship as a possession, which I intend to hold till you take it from me, and to lament if ever

by my fault I should lose it. However, when such suspicions find their way into your mind, always give them vent; I shall make haste to disperse them; but hinder their first ingress if you can. Consider such thoughts as morbid.

"Such illness as may excuse my omission to Lord Hailes, I cannot honestly plead. I have been hindered, I know not how, by a succession of petty obstructions. I hope to mend immediately, and to send next post to his lordship. Mr. Thrale would have written to you if I had omitted; he sends his compliments, and wishes to see you.

"You and your lady will now have no more wrangling about feudal inheritance. How does the young Laird of Auchinleck? I suppose Miss Veronica is grown a reader and discourser.

"I have just now got a cough, but it has never yet hindered me from sleeping; I have had quieter nights than are common with me.

"I cannot but rejoice that Joseph[1] has had the wit to find the way back. He is a fine fellow, and one of the best travellers in the world.

"Young *Col* brought me your letter. He is a very pleasing youth. I took him two days ago to the Mitre, and we dined together. I was as civil as I had the means of being.

"I have had a letter from *Rasay*, acknowledging, with great appearance of satisfaction, the insertion in the Edinburgh paper. I am very glad that it was done.

"My compliments to Mrs. Boswell, who does not love me; and of all the rest, I need only send them to those that do; and I am afraid it will give you very little trouble to distribute them. —I am, my dear, dear sir, your affectionate humble servant,

"SAM. JOHNSON."

["DR. JOHNSON TO MR. GRANGER[2].

(About 1775, but has no date.)

"SIR,—When I returned from the country I found your letter; and would very gladly have done what you desire, had it been in my power. Mr. Farmer is, I am confident, mistaken in supposing that he gave me any such pamphlet or cut. I should as soon have suspected myself, as Mr. Farmer, of forgetfulness; but that I do not know, except from your letter, the name of Arthur O'Toole, nor recollect that I ever heard of it before. I

[1] Joseph Ritter, a Bohemian, who was in my service many years, and attended Dr. Johnson and me in our tour to the Hebrides. After having left me for some time, he had now returned to me.—BOSWELL.

[2] [The author of the "Biographical History of England."—ED.]

think it impossible that I should have suffered such a total obliteration from my mind of any thing which was ever there. This at least is certain; that I do not know of any such pamphlet; and equally certain I desire you to think it, that if I had it, you should immediately receive it from, sir, your most humble servant, "SAM. JOHNSON."]

In 1776, Johnson wrote, so far as I can discover, nothing for the publick: but that his mind was still ardent, and fraught with generous wishes to attain to still higher degrees of literary excellence, is proved by his private notes of this year, which I shall insert in their proper place.

"TO JAMES BOSWELL, ESQ.

"10th January, 1776.

"DEAR SIR,—I have at last sent you all Lord Hailes's papers. While I was in France, I looked very often into Henault; but Lord Hailes, in my opinion, leaves him far and far behind. Why I did not despatch so short a perusal sooner, when I look back, I am utterly unable to discover; but human moments are stolen away by a thousand petty impediments which leave no trace behind them. I have been afflicted, through the whole Christmas, with the general disorder, of which the worst effect was a cough, which is now much mitigated, though the country, on which I look from a window at Streatham, is now covered with a deep snow. Mrs. Williams is very ill: every body else is as usual.

"Among the papers I found a letter to you, which I think you had not opened; and a paper [1] for 'The Chronicle,' which I suppose it not necessary now to insert. I return them both.

"I have, within these few days, had the honour of receiving Lord Hailes's first volume, for which I return my most respectful thanks.

"I wish you, my dearest friend, and your haughty lady, (for I know she does not love me), and the young ladies, and the young laird, all happiness. Teach the young gentleman, in spite of his mamma, to think and speak well of, sir, your affectionate humble servant, "SAM. JOHNSON."

At this time was in agitation a matter of great

[1] [No doubt an advertisement of apology to *Ramsay*.—ED.]

consequence to me and my family, which I should not obtrude upon the world, were it not that the part which Dr. Johnson's friendship for me made him take in it was the occasion of an exertion of his abilities, which it would be injustice to conceal. That what he wrote upon the subject may be understood, it is necessary to give a state of the question, which I shall do as briefly as I can.

In the year 1504, the barony or manour of Auchinleck (pronounced *Affléck*) in Ayrshire, which belonged to a family of the same name with the lands, having fallen to the crown by forfeiture, James the Fourth, King of Scotland, granted it to Thomas Boswell, a branch of an ancient family in the county of Fife, styling him in the charter, "*dilecto familiari nostro*;" and assigning as the cause of the grant, "*pro bono et fideli servitio nobis præstito.*" Thomas Boswell was slain in battle, fighting along with his sovereign, at the fatal field of Floddon, in 1513.

From this very honourable founder of our family, the estate was transmitted, in a direct series of heirs-male, to David Boswell, my father's great-grand uncle, who had no sons, but four daughters, who were all respectably married, the eldest to Lord Cathcart.

David Boswell, being resolute in the military feudal principle of continuing the male succession, passed by his daughters, and settled the estate on his nephew by his next brother, who approved of the deed, and renounced any pretensions which he might possibly have, in preference to his son. But the estate having been burthened with large portions to the daughters, and other debts, it was necessary for the nephew to sell a considerable part of it, and what remained was still much encumbered.

The frugality of the nephew preserved, and, in

some degree, relieved the estate. His son, my grandfather, an eminent lawyer, not only re-purchased a great part of what had been sold, but acquired other lands; and my father, who was one of the judges of Scotland, and had added considerably to the estate, now signified his inclination to take the privilege allowed by our law [1], to secure it to his family in perpetuity by an entail, which, on account of his marriage articles, could not be done without my consent.

In the plan of entailing the estate, I heartily concurred with him, though I was the first to be restrained by it; but we unhappily differed as to the series of heirs which should be established, or, in the language of our law, called to the succession. My father had declared a predilection for heirs-general, that is, males and females indiscriminately. He was willing, however, that all males descending from his grandfather should be preferred to females; but would not extend that privilege to males deriving their descent from a higher source. I, on the other hand, had a zealous partiality for heirs-male, however remote, which I maintained by arguments, which appeared to me to have considerable weight [2]. And in the particular

[1] Acts of Parliament of Scotland, 1685, cap. 22.—BOSWELL.

[2] As first, the opinion of some distinguished naturalists, that our species is transmitted through males only, the female being all along no more than a *nidus*, or nurse, as Mother Earth is to plants of every sort; which notion seems to be confirmed by that text of Scripture, "He was yet *in the loins of his* FATHER when Melchisedeck met him" (Heb. vii. 10), and consequently, that a man's grandson by a daughter, instead of being his *surest* descendant, as is vulgarly said, has, in reality, no connexion whatever with his blood. And, secondly, independent of this theory (which, if true, should completely exclude heirs-general), that if the preference of a male to a female, without regard to primogeniture (as a son, though much younger, nay even a grandson by a son, to a daughter), be once admitted, as it universally is, it must be equally reasonable and proper in the most remote degree of descent from an original proprietor of an estate, as in the nearest; because, however distant from the representative at the time, that remote heir-male, upon the failure of those nearer to the *original proprietor* than he is, becomes in fact the nearest male to *him*, and is, therefore, preferable as *his* representative, to a female descendant. A little extension of mind will enable us easily to perceive that a son's son, in continuation to whatever length of time, is preferable to a son's daughter, in the succession to an ancient inheritance; in which regard should be had to the representation of the original proprietor, and not to that of one of his descendants. I am aware

case of our family, I apprehended that we were under an implied obligation, in honour and good faith, to transmit the estate by the same tenure which he held it, which was as heirs-male, excluding nearer females. I therefore, as I thought conscientiously, objected to my father's scheme.

My opposition was very displeasing to my father, who was entitled to great respect and deference; and I had reason to apprehend disagreeable consequences from my non-compliance with his wishes. After much perplexity and uneasiness, I wrote to Dr. Johnson, stating the case, with all its difficulties, at full length, and earnestly requesting that he would consider it at leisure, and favour me with his friendly opinion and advice.

"TO JAMES BOSWELL, ESQ.

"London, 15th January, 1776.

"DEAR SIR,—I was much impressed by your letter, and if I can form upon your case any resolution satisfactory to myself, will very gladly impart it: but whether I am equal to it, I do not know. It is a case compounded of law and justice, and requires a mind versed in juridical disquisitions. Could not you tell your whole mind to Lord Hailes? He is, you know, both a Christian and a lawyer. I suppose he is above partiality, and above loquacity; and, I believe, he will not think the time lost in which he may quiet a disturbed, or settle a wavering mind. Write to me as any thing occurs to you; and if I find myself stopped by want of facts necessary to be known, I will make inquiries of you as my doubts arise.

"If your former resolutions should be found only fanciful, you decide rightly in judging that your father's fancies may claim the preference; but whether they are fanciful or rational is the question. I really think Lord Hailes could help us.

of Blackstone's admirable demonstration of the reasonableness of the legal succession, upon the principle of there being the greatest probability that the nearest heir of the person who last dies proprietor of an estate is of the blood of the first purchaser. But supposing a pedigree to be carefully authenticated through all its branches, instead of mere *probability* there will be a *certainty* that *the nearest heir-male, at whatever period*, has the same right of blood with the first heir-male, namely, *the original purchaser's eldest son*.—BOSWELL.

"Make my compliments to dear Mrs. Boswell; and tell her, that I hope to be wanting in nothing that I can contribute to bring you all out of your troubles. I am, dear sir, most affectionately, your humble servant, "SAM. JOHNSON."

"TO JAMES BOSWELL, ESQ.

"3d Feb. 1776.

"DEAR SIR,—I am going to write upon a question which requires more knowledge of local law, and more acquaintance with the general rules of inheritance, than I can claim; but I write, because you request it.

"Land is, like any other possession, by natural right wholly in the power of its present owner; and may be sold, given, or bequeathed, absolutely or conditionally, as judgment shall direct or passion incite.

"But natural right would avail little without the protection of law; and the primary notion of law is restraint in the exercise of natural right. A man is therefore in society not fully master of what he calls his own, but he still retains all the power which law does not take from him.

"In the exercise of the right which law either leaves or gives, regard is to be paid to moral obligations.

"Of the estate which we are now considering, your father still retains such possession, with such power over it, that he can sell it, and do with the money what he will, without any legal impediment. But when he extends his power beyond his own life, by settling the order of succession, the law makes your consent necessary.

"Let us suppose that he sells the land to risk the money in some specious adventure, and in that adventure loses the whole; his posterity would be disappointed; but they could not think themselves injured or robbed. If he spent it upon vice or pleasure, his successors could only call him vicious and voluptuous; they could not say that he was injurious or unjust.

"He that may do more may do less. He that by selling or squandering may disinherit a whole family, may certainly disinherit part by a partial settlement.

"Laws are formed by the manners and exigencies of particular times, and it is but accidental that they last longer than their causes: the limitation of feudal succession to the male arose from the obligation of the tenant to attend his chief in war.

"As times and opinions are always changing, I know not whether it be not usurpation to prescribe rules to posterity, by

presuming to judge of what we cannot know; and I know not whether I fully approve either your design or your father's, to limit that succession which descended to you unlimited. If we are to leave *sartum tectum* to posterity, what we have without any merit of our own received from our ancestors, should not choice and free-will be kept unviolated? Is land to be treated with more reverence than liberty? If this consideration should restrain your father from disinheriting some of the males, does it leave you the power of disinheriting all the females?

"Can the possessor of a feudal estate make any will? Can he appoint, out of the inheritance, any portion to his daughters? There seems to be a very shadowy difference between the power of leaving land, and of leaving money to be raised from land; between leaving an estate to females, and leaving the male heir, in effect, only their steward.

"Suppose at one time a law that allowed only males to inherit, and during the continuance of this law many estates to have descended, passing by the females, to remoter heirs. Suppose afterwards the law repealed in correspondence with a change of manners, and women made capable of inheritance; would not then the tenure of estates be changed? Could the women have no benefit from a law made in their favour? Must they be passed by upon moral principles for ever, because they were once excluded by a legal prohibition? Or may that which passed only to males by one law, pass likewise to females by another?

"You mention your resolution to maintain the right of your brothers[1]: I do not see how any of their rights are invaded.

"As your whole difficulty arises from the act of your ancestor, who diverted the succession from the females, you inquire, very properly, what were his motives, and what was his intention: for you certainly are not bound by his act more than he intended to bind you, nor hold your land on harder or stricter terms than those on which it was granted.

"Intentions must be gathered from acts. When he left the estate to his nephew, by excluding his daughters, was it, or was it not in his power to have perpetuated the succession to the males? If he could have done it, he seems to have shown by omitting it, that he did not desire it to be done, and, upon your own principles, you will not easily prove your right to destroy that capacity of succession which your ancestors have left.

[1] Which term I applied to all the heirs male.—BOSWELL.

"If your ancestor had not the power of making a perpetual settlement; and if, therefore, we cannot judge distinctly of his intentions, yet his act can only be considered as an example; it makes not an obligation. And, as you observe, he set no example of rigorous adherence to the line of succession. He that overlooked a brother, would not wonder that little regard is shown to remote relations.

"As the rules of succession are, in a great part, purely legal, no man can be supposed to bequeath any thing, but upon legal terms; he can grant no power which the law denies; and if he makes no special and definite limitation, he confers all the power which the law allows.

"Your ancestor, for some reason, disinherited his daughters; but it no more follows that he intended this act as a rule for posterity, than the disinheriting of his brother.

"If, therefore, you ask by what right your father admits daughters to inheritance, ask yourself, first, by what right you require them to be excluded?

"It appears, upon reflection, that your father excludes nobody; he only admits nearer females to inherit before males more remote; and the exclusion is purely consequential.

"These, dear sir, are my thoughts, immethodical and deliberative; but, perhaps, you may find in them some glimmering of evidence.

"I cannot, however, but again recommend to you a conference with Lord Hailes, whom you know to be both a lawyer and a Christian.

"Make my compliments to Mrs. Boswell, though she does not love me. I am, sir, your affectionate servant,

"SAM. JOHNSON."

I had followed his recommendation and consulted Lord Hailes, who upon this subject had a firm opinion contrary to mine. His lordship obligingly took the trouble to write me a letter, in which he discussed, with legal and historical learning, the points in which I saw much difficulty, maintaining that "the succession of heirs-general was the succession, by the law of Scotland, from the throne to the cottage, as far as we can learn it by record;" observing that the estate of our family had not been limited to heirs-male; and that though an heir-male had in one in-

stance been chosen in preference to nearer females, that had been an arbitrary act, which had seemed to be best in the embarrassed state of affairs at that time: and the fact was, that upon a fair computation of the value of land and money at the time, applied to the estate and the burthens upon it, there was nothing given the heirs-male but the skeleton of an estate. "The plea of conscience," said his lordship, "which you put, is a most respectable one, especially when *conscience* and *self* are on different sides. But I think that conscience is not well informed, and that *self* and *she* ought on this occasion to be of a side."

This letter, which had considerable influence upon my mind, I sent to Dr. Johnson, begging to hear from him again upon this interesting question.

"TO JAMES BOSWELL, ESQ.

"9th February, 1776.

"DEAR SIR,—Having not any acquaintance with the laws or customs of Scotland, I endeavoured to consider your question upon general principles, and found nothing of much validity that I could oppose to this position: 'He who inherits a fief unlimited by his ancestors inherits the power of limiting it according to his own judgment or opinion.' If this be true, you may join with your father.

"Further consideration produces another conclusion: 'He who receives a fief unlimited by his ancestors gives his heirs some reason to complain if he does not transmit it unlimited to posterity. For why should he make the state of others worse than his own, without a reason?' If this be true, though neither you nor your father are about to do what is quite right, but as your father violates (I think) the legal succession least, he seems to be nearer the right than yourself.

"It cannot but occur that 'Women have natural and equitable claims as well as men, and these claims are not to be capriciously or lightly superseded or infringed.' When fiefs implied military service, it is easily discerned why females could not inherit them: but that reason is now at an end. As manners make laws, manners likewise repeal them.

"These are the general conclusions which I have attained.

None of them are very favourable to your scheme of entail, nor perhaps to any scheme. My observation, that only he who acquires an estate may bequeath it capriciously [1], if it contains any conviction, includes this position likewise, that only he who acquires an estate may entail it capriciously. But I think it may be safely presumed, that 'he who inherits an estate, inherits all the power legally concomitant;' and that 'He who gives or leaves unlimited an estate legally limitable, must be presumed to give that power of limitation which he omitted to take away, and to commit future contingencies to future prudence.' In these two positions I believe Lord Hailes will advise you to rest; every other notion of possession seems to me full of difficulties, and embarrassed with scruples.

"If these axioms be allowed, you have arrived now at full liberty without the help of particular circumstances, which, however, have in your case great weight. You very rightly observe, that he who passing by his brother gave the inheritance to his nephew, could limit no more than he gave; and by Lord Hailes's estimate of fourteen years' purchase, what he gave was no more than you may easily entail according to your own opinion, if that opinion should finally prevail.

"Lord Hailes's suspicion that entails are encroachments on the dominion of Providence, may be extended to all hereditary privileges and all permanent institutions; I do not see why it may not be extended to any provision for the present hour, since all care about futurity proceeds upon a supposition, that we know at least in some degree what will be future. Of the future we certainly know nothing; but we may form conjectures from the past; and the power of forming conjectures includes, in my opinion, the duty of acting in conformity to that probability, which we discover. Providence gives the power, of which reason teaches the use. I am, dear sir, your most faithful servant, "SAM. JOHNSON.

"I hope I shall get some ground now with Mrs. Boswell: make my compliments to her, and to the little people.

"Don't burn papers; they may be safe enough in your own box; you will wish to see them hereafter."

"TO JAMES BOSWELL, ESQ.

"15th February, 1776.

"DEAR SIR,—To the letters which I have written about your

[1] I had reminded him of his observation, mentioned, vol. ii. p. 246.—BOSWELL.

great question I have nothing to add. If your conscience is satisfied, you have now only your prudence to consult. I long for a letter, that I may know how this troublesome and vexatious question is at last decided[1]. I hope that it will at last end well. Lord Hailes's letter was very friendly, and very seasonable, but I think his aversion from entails has something in it like superstition. Providence is not counteracted by any means which Providence puts into our power. The continuance and propagation of families makes a great part of the Jewish law, and is by no means prohibited in the Christian institution, though the necessity of it continues no longer. Hereditary tenures are established in all civilized countries, and are accompanied in most with hereditary authority. Sir William Temple considers our constitution as defective, that there is not an unalienable estate in land connected with a peerage: and Lord Bacon mentions as a proof that the Turks are barbarians, their want of *stirpes*, as he calls them, or hereditary rank. Do not let your mind, when it is freed from the supposed necessity of a rigorous entail, be entangled with contrary objections, and think all entails unlawful, till you have cogent arguments, which I believe you will never find. I am afraid of scruples.

"I have now sent all Lord Hailes's papers; part I found hidden in a drawer in which I had laid them for security, and had forgotten them. Part of these are written twice; I have returned both the copies. Part I had read before.

"Be so kind as to return Lord Hailes my most respectful thanks for his first volume: his accuracy strikes me with wonder; his narrative is far superiour to that of Henault, as I have formerly mentioned.

"I am afraid that the trouble which my irregularity and delay has cost him is greater, far greater, than any good that I can do him will ever recompense; but if I have any more copy, I will try to do better.

"Pray let me know if Mrs. Boswell is friends with me, and pay my respects to Veronica, and Euphemia, and Alexander. I am, sir, your most humble servant, "SAM. JOHNSON."

[1] The entail framed by my father with various judicious clauses was settled by him and me, settling the estate upon the heirs male of his grandfather, which I found had been already done by my grandfather, *imperfectly*, but so as to be defeated only by selling the lands. I was freed by Dr. Johnson from scruples of conscientious obligation, and could, therefore, gratify my father. But my opinion and partiality for male succession, in its full extent, remained unshaken. Yet let me not be thought harsh or unkind to daughters: for my notion is, that they should be treated with great affection and tenderness, and always participate of the prosperity of the family.—BOSWELL.

"MR. BOSWELL TO DR. JOHNSON.

"Edinburgh, 20th Feb. 1776.

* * * * * *

"You have illuminated my mind, and relieved me from imaginary shackles of conscientious obligation. Were it necessary, I could immediately join in an entail upon the series of heirs approved by my father; but it is better not to act too suddenly."

"DR. JOHNSON TO MR. BOSWELL.

"24th February, 1776.

"DEAR SIR,—I am glad that what I could think or say has at all contributed to quiet your thoughts. Your resolution not to act, till your opinion is confirmed by more deliberation, is very just. If you have been scrupulous, do not be rash. I hope that as you think more, and take opportunities of talking with men intelligent in questions of property, you will be able to free yourself from every difficulty.

"When I wrote last, I sent, I think, ten packets. Did you receive them all?

"You must tell Mrs. Boswell that I suspected her to have written without your knowledge [1], and therefore did not return any answer, lest a clandestine correspondence should have been perniciously discovered. I will write to her soon. * * * I am, dear sir, most affectionately yours, "SAM. JOHNSON."

Having communicated to Lord Hailes what Dr. Johnson wrote concerning the question which perplexed me so much, his lordship wrote to me: "Your scruples have produced more fruit than I ever expected from them; an excellent dissertation on general principles of morals and law."

I wrote to Dr. Johnson on the 20th of February, complaining of melancholy, and expressing a strong desire to be with him; informing him that the ten packets came all safe; that Lord Hailes was much obliged to him, and said he had almost wholly removed his scruples against entails.

[1] A letter to him on the interesting subject of the family settlement, which I had read.—BOSWELL.

"TO JAMES BOSWELL, ESQ.

"5th March, 1776.

"DEAR SIR,—I have not had your letter half an hour; as you lay so much weight upon my notions, I should think it not just to delay my answer.

"I am very sorry that your melancholy should return, and should be sorry likewise if it could have no relief but from my company. My counsel you may have when you are pleased to require it; but of my company you cannot in the next month have much, for Mr. Thrale will take me to Italy, he says, on the 1st of April.

"Let me warn you very earnestly against scruples. I am glad that you are reconciled to your settlement, and think it a great honour to have shaken Lord Hailes's opinion of entails. Do not, however, hope wholly to reason away your troubles; do not feed them with attention, and they will die imperceptibly away. Fix your thoughts upon your business, fill your intervals with company, and sunshine will again break in upon your mind. If you will come to me, you must come very quickly; and even then I know not but we may scour the country together, for I have a mind to see Oxford and Lichfield before I set out on this long journey. To this I can only add that I am, dear sir, your most affectionate humble servant,

"SAM. JOHNSON."

"TO JAMES BOSWELL, ESQ.

"12th March, 1776.

"DEAR SIR,—Very early in April we leave England, and in the beginning of the next week I shall leave London for a short time; of this I think it necessary to inform you, that you may not be disappointed in any of your enterprises. I had not fully resolved to go into the country before this day.

"Please to make my compliments to Lord Hailes; and mention very particularly to Mrs. Boswell my hope that she is reconciled to, sir, your faithful servant, "SAM. JOHNSON."

["DR. JOHNSON TO THE REV. JOHN WESLEY. Harw. MSS.

"6th Feb. 1776.

"SIR,—When I received your 'Commentary on the Bible,' I durst not at first flatter myself that I was to keep it, having so little claim to so valuable a present; and when Mrs. Hall[1] in-

[1] [Mr. Wesley's sister.—ED.]

Harw. MSS. formed me of your kindness, was hindered from time to time from returning you those thanks, which I now entreat you to accept.

"I have thanks likewise to return you for the addition of your important suffrage to my argument on the American question. To have gained such a mind as yours may justly confirm me in my own opinion. What effect my paper has upon the publick, I know not; but I have no reason to be discouraged. The lecturer was surely in the right, who, though he saw his audience slinking away, refused to quit the chair, while Plato staid.—I am, reverend sir, your most humble servant,

"SAM. JOHNSON."]

Above thirty years ago, the heirs of Lord Chancellor Clarendon presented the university of Oxford with the continuation of his "History," and such other of his lordship's manuscripts as had not been published, on condition that the profits arising from their publication should be applied to the establishment of a *manège* in the university [1]. The gift was accepted in full convocation. A person [2] being now recommended to Dr. Johnson, as fit to superintend this proposed riding-school, he exerted himself with that zeal for which he was remarkable upon every similar occasion. But, on inquiry into the matter, he found that the scheme was not likely to be soon carried into execution; the profits arising from the Clarendon press being, from some mismanagement, very scanty. This having been explained to him by a respectable dignitary of the church, who had good means of knowing it, he wrote a letter upon the subject, which at once exhibits his extraordinary precision and acuteness, and his warm attachment to his *alma mater*.

[1] [The Clarendon MSS, and any money which might arise from the sale or publication of them, were given by Catherine, Duchess Dowager of Queensbury, as a beginning of a fund for supporting a manège or academy for riding, and other useful exercises in Oxford, pursuant to, and in confirmation of, the last will of Henry Lord Hyde, bearing date the 10th day of August, 1751.—HALL.]

[2] [A Mr. Carter. See *ante*, 3d March, 1773.—ED.]

"TO THE REV. DR. WETHERELL, MASTER OF UNIVERSITY COLLEGE, OXFORD.

"12th March, 1776.

"DEAR SIR,—Few things are more unpleasant than the transaction of business with men who are above knowing or caring what they have to do; such as the trustees for Lord Cornbury's institution will, perhaps, appear, when you have read Dr. *******'s letter.

"The last part of the Doctor's letter is of great importance. The complaint[1] which he makes I have heard long ago, and did not know but it was redressed. It is unhappy that a practice so erroneous has not been altered; for altered it must be, or our press will be useless with all its privileges. The booksellers, who, like all other men, have strong prejudices in their own favour, are enough inclined to think the practice of printing and selling books by any but themselves an encroachment on the rights of their fraternity; and have need of stronger inducements to circulate academical publications than those of another: for, of that mutual co-operation by which the general trade is carried on, the university can bear no part. Of those whom he neither loves nor fears, and from whom he expects no reciprocation of good offices, why should any man promote the interest but for profit? I suppose, with all our scholastick ignorance of mankind, we are still too knowing to expect that the booksellers will erect themselves into patrons, and buy and sell under the influence of a disinterested zeal for the promotion of learning.

"To the booksellers, if we look for either honour or profit from our press, not only their common profit, but something more must be allowed; and if books, printed at Oxford, are expected to be rated at a high price, that price must be levied on the publick, and paid by the ultimate purchaser, not by the intermediate agents. What price shall be set upon the book is, to the booksellers, wholly indifferent, provided that they gain a proportionate profit by negotiating the sale.

"Why books printed at Oxford should be particularly dear, I am, however, unable to find. We pay no rent; we inherit many of our instruments and materials; lodging and victuals are cheaper than at London; and, therefore, workmanship ought, at least, not to be dearer. Our expenses are naturally less than those of booksellers; and in most cases, communities are content with less profit than individuals.

[1] I suppose the complaint was, that the trustees of the Oxford press did not allow the London booksellers a sufficient profit upon vending their publications. —BOSWELL.

"It is, perhaps, not considered through how many hands a book often passes, before it comes into those of the reader; or what part of the profit each hand must retain, as a motive for transmitting it to the next.

"We will call our primary agent in London, Mr. Cadell, who receives our books from us, gives them room in his warehouse, and issues them on demand; by him they are sold to Mr. Dilly, a wholesale bookseller, who sends them into the country; and the last seller is the country bookseller. Here are three profits to be paid between the printer and the reader, or, in the style of commerce, between the manufacturer and the consumer; and if any of these profits is too penuriously distributed, the process of commerce is interrupted.

"We are now come to the practical question, what is to be done? You will tell me, with reason, that I have said nothing, till I declare how much, according to my opinion, of the ultimate price ought to be distributed through the whole succession of sale.

"The deduction, I am afraid, will appear very great; but let it be considered before it is refused. We must allow, for profit, between thirty and thirty-five per cent. between six and seven shillings in the pound; that is, for every book which costs the last buyer twenty shillings, we must charge Mr. Cadell with something less than fourteen. We must set the copies at fourteen shillings each, and superadd what is called the quarterly book, or for every hundred books so charged we must deliver an hundred and four.

"The profits will then stand thus:

"Mr. Cadell, who runs no hazard, and gives no credit, will be paid for warehouse room and attendance by a shilling profit on each book, and his chance of the quarterly-book.

"Mr. Dilly, who buys the book for fifteen shillings, and who will expect the quarterly-book if he takes five and twenty, will send it to his country customer at sixteen and sixpence, by which, at the hazard of loss, and the certainty of long credit, he gains the regular profit of ten per cent. which is expected in the wholesale trade.

"The country bookseller, buying at sixteen and sixpence, and commonly trusting a considerable time, gains but three and sixpence, and if he trusts a year, not much more than two and sixpence; otherwise than as he may, perhaps, take as long credit as he gives.

"With less profit than this, and more you see he cannot have, the country bookseller cannot live; for his receipts are small, and his debts sometimes bad.

"Thus, dear sir, I have been incited by Dr. ******'s letter to give you a detail of the circulation of books, which, perhaps, every man has not had opportunity of knowing; and which those who know it, do not, perhaps, always distinctly consider. —I am, &c. "SAM. JOHNSON[1]."

Having arrived in London late on Friday, the 15th of March, I hastened next morning to wait on Dr. Johnson, at his house; but found he was removed from Johnson's-court, No. 7, to Bolt-court, No. 8, still keeping to his favourite Fleet-street. My reflection at the time upon this change, as marked in my journal, is as follows: "I felt a foolish regret that he had left a court which bore his name[2]; but it was not foolish to be affected with some tenderness of regard for a place in which I had seen him a great deal, from whence I had often issued a better and a happier man than when I went in, and which had often appeared to my imagination while I trod its pavement, in the solemn darkness of the night, to be sacred to wisdom and piety." Being informed that he was at Mr. Thrale's in the borough, I hastened thither, and found Mrs. Thrale and him at breakfast. I was kindly welcomed. In a moment he was in a full glow of conversation, and I felt myself elevated as if brought into another state of being. Mrs. Thrale and I looked to each other while he talked, and our looks expressed our congenial admiration and affection for him. I shall ever recollect this scene with great pleasure. I exclaimed to her, "I am now, intellectually, *Hermippus redivivus*[3], I am quite restored by him, by transfusion of mind." "There

[1] I am happy in giving this full and clear statement to the publick, to vindicate, by the authority of the greatest authour of his age, that respectable body of men, the booksellers of London, from vulgar reflections, as if their profits were exorbitant, when, in truth, Dr. Johnson has here allowed them more than they usually demand.—BOSWELL.

[2] He said, when in Scotland, that he was *Johnson of that Ilk*.—BOSWELL.

[3] See vol. i. p. 430.—BOSWELL.

are many," she replied, "who admire and respect Mr. Johnson; but you and I *love* him."

He seemed very happy in the near prospect of going to Italy with Mr. and Mrs. Thrale. "But," said he, "before leaving England I am to take a jaunt to Oxford, Birmingham, my native city Lichfield, and my old friend Dr. Taylor's, at Ashbourne, in Derbyshire. I shall go in a few days, and you, Boswell, shall go with me." I was ready to accompany him; being willing even to leave London to have the pleasure of his conversation.

I mentioned with much regret the extravagance of the representative of a great family in Scotland, by which there was danger of its being ruined; and as Johnson respected it for its antiquity, he joined with me in thinking it would be happy if this person should die. Mrs. Thrale seemed shocked at this, as feudal barbarity, and said, "I do not understand this preference of the estate to its owner; of the land to the man who walks upon that land." JOHNSON. "Nay, madam, it is not a preference of the land to its owner; it is the preference of a family to an individual. Here is an establishment in a country, which is of importance for ages, not only to the chief but to his people; an establishment which extends upwards and downwards; that this should be destroyed by one idle fellow is a sad thing."

He said, "Entails are good, because it is good to preserve in a country serieses of men, to whom the people are accustomed to look up as to their leaders. But I am for leaving a quantity of land in commerce, to excite industry, and keep money in the country; for if no land were to be bought in the country, there would be no encouragement to acquire wealth, because a family could not be founded there; or if it were acquired, it must be carried away to another

country where land may be bought. And although the land in every country will remain the same, and be as fertile where there is no money, as where there is, yet all that portion of the happiness of civil life, which is produced by money circulating in a country, would be lost." BOSWELL. "Then, sir, would it be for the advantage of a country that all its lands were sold at once?" JOHNSON. "So far, sir, as money produces good, it would be an advantage; for then that country would have as much money circulating in it as it is worth. But to be sure this would be counterbalanced by disadvantages attending a total change of proprietors."

I expressed my opinion that the power of entailing should be limited thus: "That there should be one-third, or perhaps one half of the land of a country kept free for commerce; that the proportion allowed to be entailed should be parcelled out so that no family could entail above a certain quantity. Let a family, according to the abilities of its representatives, be richer or poorer in different generations, or always rich if its representatives be always wise: but let its absolute permanency be moderate. In this way we should be certain of there being always a number of established roots; and as, in the course of nature, there is in every age an extinction of some families, there would be continual openings for men ambitious of perpetuity, to plant a stock in the entail ground[1]." JOHNSON. "Why, sir, mankind will be better able to regulate the system of entails, when the evil of

[1] The privilege of perpetuating in a family an estate and arms *indefeasibly* from generation to generation is enjoyed by none of his majesty's subjects except in Scotland, where the legal fiction of *fine* and *recovery* is unknown. It is a privilege so proud, that I should think it would be proper to have the exercise of it dependent on the royal prerogative. It seems absurd to permit the power of perpetuating their representation to men, who, having had no eminent merit, have truly no name. The king, as the impartial father of his people, would never refuse to grant the privilege to those who deserved it.—BOSWELL.

too much land being locked up by them is felt, than we can do at present when it is not felt."

I mentioned Dr. Adam Smith's book on "The Wealth of Nations," which was just published, and that Sir John Pringle had observed to me, that Dr. Smith, who had never been in trade, could not be expected to write well on that subject any more than a lawyer upon physick. JOHNSON. "He is mistaken, sir; a man who has never been engaged in trade himself may undoubtedly write well upon trade, and there is nothing which requires more to be illustrated by philosophy than trade does. As to mere wealth, that is to say, money, it is clear that one nation or one individual cannot increase its store but by making another poorer: but trade procures what is more valuable, the reciprocation of the peculiar advantages of different countries. A merchant seldom thinks but of his own particular trade. To write a good book upon it, a man must have extensive views. It is not necessary to have practised, to write well upon a subject." I mentioned law as a subject on which no man could write well without practice. JOHNSON. "Why, sir, in England, where so much money is to be got by the practice of the law, most of our writers upon it have been in practice; though Blackstone had not been much in practice when he published his 'Commentaries.' But upon the continent, the great writers on law have not all been in practice: Grotius, indeed, was; but Puffendorf was not; Burlamaqui was not [1]."

When we had talked of the great consequence which a man acquired by being employed in his profession, I suggested a doubt of the justice of

[1] [Neither Grotius, Puffendorf, nor Burlamaqui, were writers on what can be strictly called practical law; and the great writers on practical law, in all countries, have been practical lawyers.—ED.]

the general opinion, that it is improper in a lawyer to solicit employment; for why, I urged, should it not be equally allowable to solicit that as the means of consequence, as it is to solicit votes to be elected a member of parliament? Mr. Strahan had told me that a countryman of his and mine [1], who had risen to eminence in the law, had, when first making his way, solicited him to get him employed in city causes. JOHNSON. "Sir, it is wrong to stir up lawsuits; but when once it is certain that a lawsuit is to go on, there is nothing wrong in a lawyer's endeavouring that he shall have the benefit, rather than another." BOSWELL. "You would not solicit employment, sir, if you were a lawyer." JOHNSON. "No, sir; but not because I should think it wrong, but because I should disdain it." This was a good distinction, which will be felt by men of just pride. He proceeded: "However, I would not have a lawyer to be wanting to himself in using fair means. I would have him to inject a little hint now and then, to prevent his being overlooked."

Lord Mountstuart's bill for a Scotch militia, in supporting which his lordship had made an able speech [2] in the house of commons, was now a pretty general topick of conversation. JOHNSON. "As Scotland contributes so little land-tax towards the general support of the nation, it ought not to have a militia paid out of the general fund, unless it should be thought for the general interest that Scotland should be protected from an invasion, which no man can think will happen; for what enemy would invade

[1] [Probably Mr. Wedderburn.—ED.]

[2] [Boswell writes to Mr. Wilkes on this subject, 20th April, 1776: "I am delighted to find that my *honoured friend and Mæcenas*, my Lord Mountstuart, made an excellent speech on the Scotch militia bill."—*Wilkes's Correspondence*, vol. iv. p. 319. Mr. Boswell's *Mæcenas* disappointed his hopes, and hence, perhaps, some of those observations about "*courting the great*" and "*apathy of patrons*" which Mr. Boswell occasionally makes.—ED.]

Scotland, where there is nothing to be got? No, sir; now that the Scotch have not the pay of English soldiers spent among them, as so many troops are sent abroad, they are trying to get money another way, by having a militia paid. If they are afraid, and seriously desire to have an armed force to defend them, they should pay for it. Your scheme is to retain a part of your land-tax, by making us pay and clothe your militia." BOSWELL. "You should not talk of *we* and *you*, sir; there is now an *union*." JOHNSON. "There must be a distinction of interest, while the proportions of land-tax are so unequal. If Yorkshire should say, 'Instead of paying our land-tax, we will keep a greater number of militia,' it would be unreasonable." In this argument my friend was certainly in the wrong. The land-tax is as unequally proportioned between different parts of England, as between England and Scotland; nay, it is considerably unequal in Scotland itself. But the land-tax is but a small part of the numerous branches of publick revenue, all of which Scotland pays precisely as England does. A French invasion made in Scotland would soon penetrate into England.

He thus discoursed upon supposed obligation in settling estates: "Where a man gets the unlimited property of an estate, there is no obligation upon him in *justice* to leave it to one person rather than to another. There is a motive of preference from *kindness*, and this kindness is generally entertained for the nearest relation. If I *owe* a particular man a sum of money, I am obliged to let that man have the next money I get, and cannot in justice let another have it; but if I owe money to no man, I may dispose of what I get as I please. There is not a *debitum justitiæ* to a man's next heir; there is only a *debitum caritatis*. It is plain, then, that I have

morally a choice according to my liking. If I have a brother in want, he has a claim from affection to my assistance; but if I have also a brother in want, whom I like better, he has a preferable claim. The right of an heir at law is only this, that he is to have the succession to an estate, in case no other person is appointed to it by the owner. His right is merely preferable to that of the king."

We got into a boat to cross over to Blackfriars; and as we moved along the Thames, I talked to him of a little volume, which, altogether unknown to him, was advertised to be published in a few days, under the title of "Johnsoniana, or Bon Mots of Dr. Johnson." JOHNSON. "Sir, it is a mighty impudent thing[1]." BOSWELL. "Pray, sir, could you have no redress if you were to prosecute a publisher for bringing out, under your name, what you never said, and ascribing to you dull stupid nonsense, or making you swear profanely, as many ignorant relaters of your *bon mots* do?" JOHNSON. "No, sir; there will always be some truth mixed with the falsehood, and how can it be ascertained how much is true and how much is false? Besides, sir, what damages would a jury give me for having been represented as swearing?" BOSWELL. "I think, sir, you should at least disavow such a publication, because the world and posterity might with much plausible foundation say, 'Here is a volume which was publickly advertised and came out in Dr. Johnson's own name, and, by his silence, was admitted by him to be genuine.'" JOHNSON. "I shall give myself no trouble about the matter."

He was, perhaps, above suffering from such spurious

[1] [This was a contemptible jest-book full of indecencies, and with very little of Johnson in it. Mr. Boswell's work is the true *Johnsoniana*, and a judicious and entertaining selection from Boswell, under this title, has been lately published.—ED.]

publications; but I could not help thinking, that many men would be much injured in their reputation, by having absurd and vicious sayings imputed to them; and that redress ought in such cases to be given.

He said, "The value of every story depends on its being true. A story is a picture either of an individual or of human nature in general: if it be false, it is a picture of nothing. For instance: suppose a man should tell that Johnson, before setting out for Italy, as he had to cross the Alps, sat down to make himself wings. This many people would believe: but it would be a picture of nothing. *******[1] (naming a worthy friend of ours), used to think a story, a story, till I showed him that truth was essential to it." [On another occasion he said, "A story is a specimen of human manners, and derives its sole value from its truth. When Foote has told me something, I dismiss it from my mind like a passing shadow; when Reynolds tells me something, I consider myself as possessed of an idea the more."] I observed, that Foote entertained us with stories which were not true; but that, indeed, it was properly not as narratives that Foote's stories pleased us, but as collections of ludicrous images. JOHNSON. "Foote is quite impartial, for he tells lies of every body."

Piozzi, p. 89.

[Mr. Cradock[2] relates that a gentleman sitting next to Johnson at a table where Foote was entertaining the company with some exaggerated recitals, whispered his neighbour, "Why, Dr. Johnson, it is

Crad. Mem. p. 98.

[1] [Although Mr. Langton was a man of strict and accurate veracity, the Editor suspects, from the term *worthy friend*, which Boswell generally appropriates to Mr. Langton, as well as the number of asterisks (see *ante*, p. 230, *n.*), that he was here meant; if so, the opinion which Johnson corrected was probably one stated by Mr. Langton in *very early* life, for he knew Johnson when he was only fifteen years of age.—ED.]

[2] [See *post*, 12 April, 1776.—ED.]

impossible that this impudent fellow should know the truth of half what he has told us.". "Nay, sir," replied Johnson, hastily, "if we venture to come into company with Foote, we have no right, I think, to look for truth."] Crad. Mem. p. 98.

The importance of strict and scrupulous veracity cannot be too often inculcated. Johnson was known to be so rigidly attentive to it, that even in his common conversation the slightest circumstance was mentioned with exact precision. [Indeed one reason why his memory was so particularly exact might be derived from his rigid attention to veracity; being always resolved to relate every fact as it stood, he looked even on the smaller parts of life with minute attention, and remembered such passages as escape cursory and common observers. His veracity was indeed, from the most trivial to the most solemn occasions, strict even to severity; he scorned to embellish a story with fictitious circumstances, which (he used to say) took off from its real value. "A story," said Johnson, "should be a specimen of life and manners; but if the surrounding circumstances are false, as it is no more a representation of reality, it is no longer worthy our attention."] The knowledge of his having such a principle and habit made his friends have a perfect reliance on the truth of every thing that he told, however it might have been doubted if told by many others. As an instance of this, I may mention an odd incident which he related as having happened to him one night in Fleet-street. "A gentlewoman," said he, "begged I would give her my arm to assist her in crossing the street, which I accordingly did; upon which she offered me a shilling, supposing me to be the watchman. I perceived that she was somewhat in liquor." This, if told by most people, would have been thought an invention; when Piozzi, p. 88. p. 234.

told by Johnson, it was believed by his friends as much as if they had seen what passed [1].

Piozzi, p. 176. [Mrs. Piozzi relates some very similar instances, which he himself told her. As he was walking along the Strand a gentleman stepped out of some neighbouring tavern, with his napkin in his hand and no hat, and stopping him as civilly as he could: "I beg your pardon, sir; but you are Dr. Johnson, I believe." "Yes, sir." "We have a wager depending on your reply: pray, sir, is it *irrèparable* or *irrepàirable* that one should say?" "The *last* I think, sir," answered Dr. Johnson, "for the adverb [adjective] ought to follow the verb; but you had better consult my Dictionary than me, for that was the result of more thought than you will now give me time for." "No, no," replied the gentleman, gaily, "the *book* I have no certainty at all of; but here is the *author*, to whom I referred: I have won my twenty guineas quite fairly, and am much obliged to you, sir;" so shaking Dr. Johnson kindly by the hand, he went back to finish his dinner or dessert.

He also once told Mrs. Piozzi that a young gentleman called on him one morning, and told him that, having dropped suddenly into an ample fortune, he was willing to qualify himself for genteel society by adding some literature to his other endowments, and wished to be put in an easy way of obtaining it. Johnson recommended the University; "for you read Latin, sir, with *facility*." "I read it a little, to be sure, sir." "But do you read it *with facility*, I say?" "Upon my word, sir, I do not very well know, but I rather believe not." Dr. Johnson now began to recommend other branches of science; and,

[1] [Mrs. Reynolds says, in her *Recollections*, that she wonders why Mr. Boswell should think his anecdote so surprising; for Johnson's dress was so mean (until his pension) that he might have been easily mistaken for a beggar.—Ed.]

advising him to study natural history, there arose some talk about animals, and their divisions into oviparous and viviparous: "And the cat here, sir," said the youth who wished for instruction, "pray in which class is she?" The Doctor's patience and desire of doing good began now to give way. "You would do well," said he, "to look for some person to be always about you, sir, who is capable of explaining such matters, and not come to us to know whether the cat lays eggs or not: get a discreet man to keep you company; there are many who would be glad of your table and fifty pounds a year." The young gentleman retired, and in less than a week informed his friends, that he had fixed on a preceptor to whom no objections could be made; but when he named as such one of the most distinguished characters[1] in our age or nation, Dr. Johnson fairly gave himself up to an honest burst of laughter, at seeing this youth at such a surprising distance from common knowledge of the world. Piozzi, p. 178.

We landed at the Temple-stairs, where we parted.

I found him in the evening in Mrs. Williams's room. We talked of religious orders. He said, "It is as unreasonable for a man to go into a Carthusian convent for fear of being immoral, as for a man to cut off his hands for fear he should steal. There is, indeed, great resolution in the immediate act of dismembering himself; but when that is once done, he has no longer any merit: for though it is out of his power to steal, yet he may all his life be a thief in his heart. So when a man has once become a Carthusian, he is obliged to continue so, whether he chooses it or not. Their silence, too, is absurd. We read in the Gospel of the apostles being sent to preach,

[1] [Mr. Burke.—*Malone MS.*—Ed.]

but not to hold their tongues. All severity that does not tend to increase good, or prevent evil, is idle. I said to the Lady Abbess of a convent, 'Madam, you are here, not for the love of virtue, but the fear of vice.' She said, 'She should remember this as long as she lived.'" I thought it hard to give her this view of her situation, when she could not help it; and, indeed, I wondered at the whole of what he now said; because, both in his "Rambler" and "Idler," he treats religious austerities with much solemnity of respect.

Finding him still persevering in his abstinence from wine, I ventured to speak to him of it. JOHNSON. "Sir, I have no objection to a man's drinking wine, if he can do it in moderation. I found myself apt to go to excess in it, and therefore, after having been for some time without it, on account of illness, I thought it better not to return to it. Every man is to judge for himself, according to the effects which he experiences. One of the fathers tells us, he found fasting made him so peevish that he did not practise it."

Though he often enlarged upon the evil of intoxication, he was by no means harsh and unforgiving to those who indulged in occasional excess in wine. One of his friends[1], I well remember, came to sup at a tavern with him and some other gentlemen, and too plainly discovered that he had drunk too much at dinner. When one who loved mischief, thinking to produce a severe censure, asked Johnson, a few days afterwards, "Well, sir, what did your friend say to you, as an apology for being in such a situation?" Johnson answered, "Sir, he said all that a man *should* say: he said he was sorry for it."

[1] [Probably Mr. Boswell himself.—ED.]

I heard him once give a very judicious practical advice upon the subject: "A man who has been drinking wine at all freely should never go into a new company. With those who have partaken of wine with him, he may be pretty well in unison; but he will probably be offensive, or appear ridiculous, to other people."

He allowed very great influence to education. "I do not deny, sir, but there is some original difference in minds; but it is nothing in comparison of what is formed by education. We may instance the science of *numbers*, which all minds are equally capable of attaining[1]: yet we find a prodigious difference in the powers of different men, in that respect, after they are grown up, because their minds have been more or less exercised in it: and I think the same cause will explain the difference of excellence in other things, gradations admitting always some difference in the first principles."

This is a difficult subject; but it is best to hope that diligence may do a great deal. We are *sure* of what it can do, in increasing our mechanical force and dexterity.

I again visited him on Monday. He took occasion to enlarge, as he often did, upon the wretchedness of a sea-life. "A ship is worse than a gaol. There is, in a gaol, better air, better company, better convenience of every kind; and a ship has the additional disadvantage of being in danger. When men come to like a sea-life, they are not fit to live on land." "Then," said I, "it would be cruel in a father to

[1] [This appears to be an ill-chosen illustration. It seems, on the contrary, that there are few powers of mind so unequally given as those connected with *numbers*. The few who have them in any extraordinary degree, like Jedediah Buxton, and like the boys Bidder and Colborne, of our times, seem to have little other intellectual power. See accounts of Buxton in *Gent. Mag.* v. xxi. p. 61, and v. xxiv. p. 251.—ED.]

breed his son to the sea." JOHNSON. "It would be cruel in a father who thinks as I do. Men go to sea, before they know the unhappiness of that way of life; and when they have come to know it, they cannot escape from it, because it is then too late to choose another profession; as indeed is generally the case with men, when they have once engaged in any particular way of life."

Piozzi, p. 220. [On another occasion, he said, "The life of a sailor was also a continued scene of danger and exertion; and the manner in which time was spent on shipboard would make all who saw a cabin envy a gaol." The roughness of the language used on board a man of war, where he passed a week [1] on a visit to Captain Knight, disgusted him terribly. He asked an officer what some place was called, and received for answer, that it was where the loplolly-man [2] kept his loplolly; a reply he considered, not unjustly, as disrespectful, gross, and ignorant.]

On Tuesday, 19th March, which was fixed for our proposed jaunt, we met in the morning at the Somerset coffee-house in the Strand, where we were taken up by the Oxford coach. He was accompanied by Mr. Gwyn, the architect; and a gentleman of Merton college, whom he did not know, had the fourth seat. We soon got into conversation; for it was very remarkable of Johnson, that the presence of a stranger had no restraint upon his talk. I observed that Garrick, who was about to quit the stage, would soon have an easier life. JOHNSON. "I doubt that, sir." BOSWELL. "Why, sir, he will be Atlas with the

[1] [It is not likely that he ever spent a *week* on shipboard. As the exact date of his excursion into the West with the Reynoldses (*ante*, v. i. p. 366.) is not given, it cannot be ascertained whether it was then that he visited Captain (afterwards Sir Joseph) Knight who lay, in the Belleisle, in Plymouth Sound, a couple of months of the years 1762 and 1763.—ED.]

[2] [The loplolly-boy, i. the surgeon's attendant.—ED.]

burthen off his back." JOHNSON. "But I know not, sir, if he will be so steady without his load. However, he should never play any more, but be entirely the gentleman, and not partly the player: he should no longer subject himself to be hissed by a mob, or to be insolently treated by performers, whom he used to rule with a high hand, and who would gladly retaliate." BOSWELL. "I think he should play once a year for the benefit of decayed actors, as it has been said he means to do." JOHNSON. "Alas, sir! he will soon be a decayed actor himself."

Johnson expressed his disapprobation of ornamental architecture, such as magnificent columns supporting a portico, or expensive pilasters supporting merely their own capitals, "because it consumes labour disproportionate to its utility." For the same reason he satirised statuary. "Painting," said he, "consumes labour not disproportionate to its effect; but a fellow will hack half a year at a block of marble to make something in stone that hardly resembles a man. The value of statuary is owing to its difficulty. You would not value the finest head cut upon a carrot." Here he seemed to me to be strangely deficient in taste [1]; for surely statuary is a noble art of imitation, and preserves a wonderful expression of the varieties of the human frame; and although it must be allowed that the circumstances of difficulty enhance the value

[1] [Dr. Johnson does not seem to have objected to ornamental architecture or statuary *per se*, but to labour *disproportionate* to its utility or effect. In this view, his criticisms are just. The late style of building introduced into London, of colonnades and porticos, without any regard to aspect, climate, or utility, is so absurd to reason, so offensive to taste, and so adverse to domestic comfort, that it reconciles us to the short-lived materials of which these edifices are composed. It would have been well if we had, according to Johnson's sober advice, thought it necessary that the "*magnificence of porticos*," and the "*expense of pilasters*," should have borne some degree of *proportion* to their *utility*. With regard to "statuary," when it does "preserve the varieties of the human frame," it deserves all that Mr. Boswell says for it: but Johnson's objection was that it more frequently produced abortive failures, "*hardly resembling man*."—ED.]

of a marble head, we should consider, that if it requires a long time in the performance, it has a proportionate value in durability.

Gwyn was a fine lively rattling fellow. Dr. Johnson kept him in subjection, but with a kindly authority. The spirit of the artist, however, rose against what he thought a Gothick attack, and he made a brisk defence. "What, sir, you will allow no value to beauty in architecture or in statuary? Why should we allow it then in writing? Why do you take the trouble to give us so many fine allusions, and bright images, and elegant phrases? You might convey all your instruction without these ornaments." Johnson smiled with complacency; but said, "Why, sir, all these ornaments are useful, because they obtain an easier reception for truth; but a building is not at all more convenient for being decorated with superfluous carved work."

Gwyn at last was lucky enough to make one reply to Dr. Johnson, which he allowed to be excellent. Johnson censured him for taking down a church which might have stood many years, and building a new one at a different place, for no other reason but that there might be a direct road to a new bridge; and his expression was, "You are taking a church out of the way, that the people may go in a straight line to the bridge." "No, sir," said Gwyn, "I am putting the church *in* the way, that the people may not *go out of the way*." JOHNSON (with a hearty loud laugh of approbation). "Speak no more. Rest your colloquial fame upon this."

Upon our arrival at Oxford, Dr. Johnson and I went directly to University college, but were disappointed on finding that one of the fellows, his friend Mr. Scott, who accompanied him from Newcastle to

Edinburgh, was gone to the country. We put up at the Angel inn, and passed the evening by ourselves in easy and familiar conversation. Talking of constitutional melancholy, he observed, "A man so afflicted, sir, must divert distressing thoughts, and not combat with them." BOSWELL. "May not he think them down, sir?" JOHNSON. "No, sir. To attempt to *think them down* is madness. He should have a lamp constantly burning in his bed-chamber during the night, and if wakefully disturbed, take a book, and read, and compose himself to rest. To have the management of the mind is a great art, and it may be attained in a considerable degree by experience and habitual exercise." BOSWELL. "Should not he provide amusements for himself? Would it not, for instance, be right for him to take a course of chymistry?" JOHNSON. "Let him take a course of chymistry, or a course of rope-dancing, or a course of any thing to which he is inclined at the time. Let him contrive to have as many retreats for his mind as he can, as many things to which it can fly from itself. Burton's 'Anatomy of Melancholy' is a valuable work. It is, perhaps, overloaded with quotation. But there is a great spirit and great power in what Burton says, when he writes from his own mind."

Next morning [*Wednesday, 20th March*] we visited Dr. Wetherell, master of University college, with whom Dr. Johnson conferred on the most advantageous mode of disposing of the books printed at the Clarendon press, on which subject his letter has been inserted in a former page. I often had occasion to remark, Johnson loved business, loved to have his wisdom actually operate on real life. Dr. Wetherell and I talked of him without reserve in his own presence. WETHERELL. "I would have given him a

hundred guineas if he would have written a preface to his 'Political Tracts,' by way of a discourse on the British constitution." BOSWELL. "Dr. Johnson, though in his writings, and upon all occasions, a great friend to the constitution, both in church and state, has never written expressly in support of either. There is really a claim upon him for both. I am sure he could give a volume of no great bulk upon each, which would comprise all the substance, and with his spirit would effectually maintain them. He should erect a fort on the confines of each." I could perceive that he was displeased with this dialogue. He burst out, "Why should I be always writing?" I hoped he was conscious that the debt was just, and meant to discharge it, though he disliked being dunned.

We then went to Pembroke College, and waited on his old friend Dr. Adams, the master of it, whom I found to be a most polite, pleasing, communicative man. Before his advancement to the headship of his college, I had intended to go and visit him at Shrewsbury, where he was rector of St. Chad's, in order to get from him what particulars he could recollect of Johnson's academical life. He now obligingly gave me part of that authentick information, which, with what I afterwards owed to his kindness, will be found incorporated in its proper place in this work.

Dr. Adams had distinguished himself by an able answer to David Hume's "Essay on Miracles." He told me he had once dined in company with Hume in London: that Hume shook hands with him, and said, "You have treated me much better than I deserve;" and that they exchanged visits. I took the liberty to object to treating an infidel writer with smooth civility. Where there is a controversy concerning a passage in a classick author, or concerning

a question in antiquities, or any other subject in which human happiness is not deeply interested, a man may treat his antagonist with politeness and even respect. But where the controversy is concerning the truth of religion, it is of such vast importance to him who maintains it, to obtain the victory, that the person of an opponent ought not to be spared. If a man firmly believes that religion is an invaluable treasure, he will consider a writer who endeavours to deprive mankind of it as a *robber;* he will look upon him as *odious*, though the infidel might think himself in the right. A robber who reasons as the gang do in the "Beggar's Opera," who call themselves *practical* philosophers, and may have as much sincerity as pernicious *speculative* philosophers, is not the less an object of just indignation. An abandoned profligate may think that it is not wrong to debauch my wife, but shall I, therefore, not detest him? And if I catch him in making an attempt, shall I treat him with politeness? No, I will kick him down stairs, or run him through the body; that is, if I really love my wife, or have a true rational notion of honour. An infidel then should not be treated handsomely by a Christian, merely because he endeavours to rob with ingenuity. I do declare, however, that I am exceedingly unwilling to be provoked to anger, and could I be persuaded that truth would not suffer from a cool moderation in its defenders, I should wish to preserve good humour, at least, in every controversy; nor, indeed, do I see why a man should lose his temper while he does all he can to refute an opponent. I think ridicule may be fairly used against an infidel; for instance, if he be an ugly fellow, and yet absurdly vain of his person, we may contrast his appearance with Cicero's beautiful image of Virtue, could she be seen. Johnson coincided with me and said, "when

a man voluntarily engages in an important controversy, he is to do all he can to lessen his antagonist, because authority from personal respect has much weight with most people, and often more than reasoning. If my antagonist writes bad language, though that may not be essential to the question, I will attack him for his bad language." ADAMS. "You would not jostle a chimney-sweeper." JOHNSON. "Yes, sir, if it were necessary to jostle him *down*."

Dr. Adams told us, that in some of the colleges at Oxford, the fellows had excluded the students from social intercourse with them in the common room. JOHNSON. "They are in the right, sir: there can be no real conversation, no fair exertion of mind amongst them, if the young men are by: for a man who has a character does not choose to stake it in their presence." BOSWELL. "But, sir, may there not be very good conversation without a contest for superiority?" JOHNSON. "No animated conversation[1], sir; for it cannot be but one or other will come off superiour. I do not mean that the victor must have the better of the argument, for he may take the weak side; but his superiority of parts and knowledge will necessarily appear; and he to whom he thus shows himself superiour is lessened in the eyes of the young men. You know it was said, '*Mallem cum Scaligero errare quam cum Clavio recte sapere.*' In the same manner take Bentley's and Jason de Nores' Comments upon Horace[2], you will admire Bentley more when wrong, than Jason when right."

We walked with Dr. Adams into the master's garden, and into the common room. JOHNSON (after

[1] [See *post*, *sub* 30th March, 1783, his distinction between *talk* and conversation.—ED.]

[2] [A learned Cypriot, who, when the Turks took Cyprus in 1570, retired into Italy, where he published several Italian and Latin works; among the latter was a "Commentary on Horace's Art of Poetry."—ED.]

a reverie of meditation). "Ay! here I used to play at draughts with Phil. Jones and Fludyer[1]. Jones loved beer, and did not get very forward in the church. Fludyer turned out a scoundrel[2], a whig, and said he was ashamed of having been bred at Oxford. He had a living at Putney; and got under the eye of some retainers to the court at that time, and so became a violent whig; but he had been a scoundrel all along, to be sure." BOSWELL. "Was he a scoundrel, sir, in any other way than that of being a political scoundrel? Did he cheat at draughts?" JOHNSON. "Sir, we never played for *money*."

He then carried me to visit Dr. Bentham, Canon of Christ-Church, and divinity professor, with whose learned and lively conversation we were much pleased. He gave us an invitation to dinner, which Dr. Johnson told me was a high honour. "Sir, it is a great thing to dine with the canons of Christ-Church." We could not accept his invitation, as we were engaged to dine at University College. We had an excellent dinner there, with the masters and fellows, it being St. Cuthbert's day, which is kept by them as a festival, as he was a saint of Durham, with which this college is much connected.

We drank tea with Dr. Horne, late President of Magdalen College and Bishop of Norwich, of whose abilities in different respects the publick has had eminent proofs, and the esteem annexed to whose character was increased by knowing him personally. He had talked of publishing an edition of Walton's Lives, but had laid aside that design, upon Dr. Johnson's telling him, from mistake, that Lord Hailes in-

[1] [*Fludyer* was the immediate contemporary of Johnson, having entered (scholar) within a month of Johnson's entrance; *fellow* before the end of the year; M. A. April, 1735. Phil. Jones must have been about a year their senior, having become M. A. March, 1734.—HALL.]

[2] [See *post*, 27th March, 1776, *n.*—ED.]

tended to do it. I had wished to negotiate between Lord Hailes and him, that one or other should perform so good a work. JOHNSON. "In order to do it well, it will be necessary to collect all the editions of Walton's Lives. By way of adapting the book to the taste of the present age, they have, in a late edition, left out a vision which he relates Dr. Donne had, but it should be restored[1]; and there should be a critical catalogue given of the works of the different persons whose lives were written by Walton, and therefore their works must be carefully read by the editor."

We then went to Trinity College, where he introduced me to Mr. Thomas Warton, with whom we passed a part of the evening. We talked of biography. JOHNSON. "It is rarely well executed. They only who live with a man can write his life with any genuine exactness and discrimination; and few people who have lived with a man know what to remark about him. The chaplain of a late bishop[2], whom I was to assist in writing some memoirs of his lordship, could tell me scarcely any thing[3]."

I said, Mr. Robert Dodsley's life should be written, as he had been so much connected with the wits of his time, and by his literary merit had raised himself from the station of a footman. Mr. Warton said, he had published a little volume under the title of "The

[1] The vision which Johnson speaks of was not in the original publication of Walton's "Life of Dr. Donne, in 1640." It is not found in the three earliest editions; but was first introduced into the fourth, in 1765. I have not been able to discover what modern republication is alluded to in which it was omitted. It has very properly been restored by Dr. Zouch.—JAMES BOSWELL.

[2] [The bishop was Zachary Pearce, and the chaplain, Mr. Darby. See *post*, *sub* May, 1777.—ED.]

[3] It has been mentioned to me by an accurate English friend, that Dr. Johnson could never have used the phrase *almost nothing*, as not being English; and therefore I have put another in its place. At the same time, I am not quite convinced it is not good English. For the best writers use this phrase, "*little or nothing*," i. e. almost so little as to be nothing.—BOSWELL. [Mr. Boswell's friend seems to have been hypercritical.—ED.]

Muse in Livery." JOHNSON. "I doubt whether Dodsley's brother would thank a man who should write his life; yet Dodsley himself was not unwilling that his original low condition should be recollected. When Lord Lyttelton's 'Dialogues of the Dead' came out, one of which is between Apicius, an ancient epicure, and Dartineuf[1], a modern epicure, Dodsley said to me, 'I knew Dartineuf well, for I was once his footman.'"

Biography led us to speak of Dr. John Campbell, who had written a considerable part of the "*Biographia Britannica*." Johnson, though he valued him highly, was of opinion that there was not so much in his great work, "A Political Survey of Great Britain," as the world had been taught to expect[2]; and had said to me that he believed Campbell's disappointment on account of the bad success of that work had killed him. He this evening observed of it, "That work was his death." Mr. Warton, not adverting to his meaning, answered, "I believe so, from the great attention he bestowed on it." JOHNSON. "Nay, sir, he died of *want* of attention, if he died at all by that book."

We talked of a work[3] much in vogue at that time, written in a very mellifluous style, but which, under pretext of another subject, contained much artful infidelity. I said it was not fair to attack us unexpectedly; he should have warned us of our danger, before we entered his garden of flowery eloquence,

[1] [This gentleman, whose proper name was *Charles Dartiquenave* (pronounced and commonly written Darteneuf), is now only recollected as a celebrated epicure; but he was a man of wit, pleasure, and political importance at the beginning of the last century—the associate of Swift, Pope, Addison, and Steele—a contributor to the Tatler, and a member of the Kit-Cat club, of which collection his portrait is one of the best. He was Paymaster of the Board of Works, and Surveyor of the royal gardens; and died in 1737. It was suspected that he was a natural son of Charles the Second, by a foreign lady.—ED.]

[2] Yet surely it is a very useful work, and of wonderful research and labour for one man to have executed.—BOSWELL.

[3] [Gibbon's Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire.—ED.]

by advertising, "Spring-guns and men-traps set here." The authour had been an Oxonian, and was remembered there for having "turned Papist." I observed, that as he had changed several times—from the church of England to the church of Rome—from the church of Rome to infidelity,—I did not despair yet of seeing him a methodist preacher. JOHNSON (laughing). "It is said that his range has been more extensive, and that he has once been [a] Mahometan. However, now that he has published his infidelity, he will probably persist in it[1]." BOSWELL. "I am not quite sure of that, sir."

I mentioned Sir Richard Steele having published his "Christian Hero," with the avowed purpose of obliging himself to lead a religious life; yet that his conduct was by no means strictly suitable." JOHNSON. "Steele, I believe, practised the lighter vices."

Mr. Warton, being engaged, could not sup with us at our inn; we had therefore another evening by ourselves. I asked Johnson whether a man's being forward to make himself known to eminent people[2], and seeing as much of life, and getting as much information as he could in every way, was not yet lessening himself by his forwardness. JOHNSON. "No, sir; a man always makes himself greater as he increases his knowledge."

I censured some ludicrous fantastick dialogues between two coach-horses, and other such stuff, which Baretti had lately published. He joined with me,

[1] [This sarcasm probably alludes to the tenderness with which Gibbon's malevolence to Christianity induced him to treat Mahometanism in his history; and we have seen that Johnson gravely warned Miss Knight that one who could be converted to popery might by an easy progress become even a *Mahometan*. Something of this sort he probably had in his mind on this occasion.—ED.]

[2] [This was one of Mr. Boswell's predominant passions—a fortunate one for those whom this work amuses, for to it we owe his having sought the acquaintance of Johnson; as he had, about the same time, obtained that of Wilkes: he was, particularly in early life, fond of running after *notorieties* of all sorts. See his father's opinion of this propensity, *ante*, p. 78.—ED.]

and said, "Nothing odd will do long. 'Tristram Shandy' did not last." I expressed a desire to be acquainted with a lady who had been much talked of, and universally celebrated for extraordinary address and insinuation[1]. JOHNSON. "Never believe extraordinary characters which you hear of people. Depend upon it, sir, they are exaggerated. You do not see one man shoot a great deal higher than another." I mentioned Mr. Burke. JOHNSON. "Yes, Burke *is* an extraordinary man. His stream of mind is perpetual." It is very pleasing to me to record, that Johnson's high estimation of the talents of this gentleman was uniform from their early acquaintance. Sir Joshua Reynolds informs me, that when Mr. Burke was first elected a member of parliament, and Sir John Hawkins expressed a wonder at his attaining a seat, Johnson said, "Now we who know Mr. Burke, know that he will be one of the first men in the country." And once, when Johnson was ill, and unable to exert himself as much as usual without fatigue, Mr. Burke having been mentioned, he said, "That fellow calls forth all my powers. Were I to see Burke now it would kill me." So much was he accustomed to consider conversation as a contest, and such was his notion of Burke as an opponent.

Next morning, Thursday, 21st March, we set out in a postchaise to pursue our ramble. It was a delightful day, and we rode through Blenheim park. When I looked at the magnificent bridge built by

[1] [Margaret Caroline Rudd, a woman who lived with one of the brothers Perreau, who were about this time executed (17th Jan. 1776) for a forgery: her fame "for extraordinary address and insinuation" was probably very unfounded; it arose from this: she betrayed her accomplices; and they, in return, charged her with being the real author of the forgery, and alleged that *they* were *dupes* and *instruments* in her hands, and to support this allegation, they and their friends, who were numerous and respectable, exaggerated to the highest degree Mrs. Rudd's supposed powers of address and fascination.—ED.]

John Duke of Marlborough, over a small rivulet, and recollected the epigram made[1] upon it—

> "The lofty arch his high ambition shows,
> The stream an emblem of his bounty flows;"

and saw that now, by the genius of Brown, a magnificent body of water was collected, I said, "They have *drowned* the epigram." I observed to him, while in the midst of the noble scene around us, "You and I, sir, have, I think, seen together the extremes of what can be seen in Britain—the wild rough island of Mull, and Blenheim park."

We dined at an excellent inn at Chapelhouse, where he expatiated on the felicity of England in its taverns and inns, and triumphed over the French for not having, in any perfection, the tavern life. "There is no private house (said he), in which people can enjoy themselves so well, as at a capital tavern. Let there be ever so great plenty of good things, ever so much grandeur, ever so much elegance, ever so much desire that every body should be easy; in the nature of things it cannot be: there must always be some degree of care and anxiety. The master of the house is anxious to entertain his guests; the guests are anxious to be agreeable to him; and no man, but a very impudent dog indeed, can as freely command what is in another man's house, as if it were his own. Whereas, at a tavern, there is a general freedom from anxiety. You are sure you are welcome: and the more noise you make, the more trouble you give, the more good things you call for, the welcomer you are. No servants will attend you with the alacrity which waiters do, who are incited by the prospect of an immediate reward in proportion as they please. No, sir; there is nothing which has yet been contrived

[1] [By Doctor Evans.—Ed.]

by man, by which so much happiness is produced as by a good tavern or inn[1]." He then repeated, with great emotion, Shenstone's lines:

"Whoe'er has travell'd life's dull round,
Where'er his stages may have been,
May sigh to think he still has found
The warmest welcome at an inn[2]."

My illustrious friend, I thought, did not sufficiently admire Shenstone. That ingenious and elegant gentleman's opinion of Johnson appears in one of his letters to Mr. Greaves, dated Feb. 9, 1760. "I have lately been reading one or two volumes of the Rambler; who, excepting against some few hardnesses[3] in his manner, and the want of more examples to enliven, is one of the most nervous, most perspicuous, most concise, most harmonious prose writers I know. A learned diction improves by time."

In the afternoon, as we were driven rapidly along in the postchaise, he said to me, "Life has not many things better than this[4]."

[He loved indeed the very act of travelling, and I cannot tell how far one might have taken him in a carriage before he would have wished for refreshment. He was therefore in some respects an admirable com- Piozzi, p. 130.

[1] Sir John Hawkins has preserved very few *memorabilia* of Johnson. There is, however, to be found in his bulky tome, a very excellent one upon this subject. "In contradiction to those who, having a wife and children, prefer domestick enjoyments to those which a tavern affords, I have heard him assert, *that a tavern chair was the throne of human felicity.* 'As soon (said he) as I enter the door of a tavern, I experience an oblivion of care, and a freedom from solicitude: when I am seated, I find the master courteous, and the servants obsequious to my call; anxious to know and ready to supply my wants: wine there exhilarates my spirits, and prompts me to free conversation and an interchange of discourse with those whom I most love: I dogmatise and am contradicted, and in this conflict of opinion and sentiments I find delight.'"—Boswell.

[2] We happened to lie this night at the inn at Henley, where Shenstone wrote these lines; which I give as they are found in the corrected edition of his works, published after his death. In Dodsley's collection the stanza ran thus:

"Whoe'er has travell'd life's dull round,
Whate'er his *various tour has* been,
May sigh to think *how oft* he found
His warmest welcome at an inn."—Boswell.

[3] ["He too often makes use of the *abstract* for the *concrete*."—Shenstone.]

[4] [See *post*, 29th March.—Ed.]

Piozzi, p. 130.

panion on the road, as he piqued himself upon feeling no inconvenience, and on despising no accommodations. On the other hand, however, he expected no one else to feel any, and felt exceedingly inflamed with anger if any one complained of the rain, the sun, or the dust. "How," said he, "do other people bear them?" As for general uneasiness, or complaints of long confinement in a carriage, he considered all lamentations on their account as proofs of an empty head, and a tongue desirous to talk without materials of conversation. "A mill that goes without grist," said he, "is as good a companion as such creatures."]

We stopped at Stratford-upon-Avon, and drank tea and coffee; and it pleased me to be with him upon the classick ground of Shakspeare's native place.

He spoke slightingly of "Dyer's Fleece." "The subject, sir, cannot be made poetical. How can a man write poetically of serges and druggets? Yet you will hear many people talk to you gravely of that *excellent* poem, 'The Fleece.'" Having talked of Grainger's "Sugar-cane," I mentioned to him Mr. Langton's having told me, that this poem, when read in manuscript at Sir Joshua Reynolds's, had made all the assembled wits burst into a laugh, when, after much blank verse pomp, the poet began a new paragraph thus:

"Now, Muse, let's sing of *rats*."

And what increased the ridicule was, that one of the company, who slyly overlooked the reader, perceived that the word had been originally *mice*, and had been altered to *rats*, as more dignified [1].

[1] Such is this little laughable incident, which has been often related. Dr. Percy, the Bishop of Dromore, who was an intimate friend of Dr. Grainger, and has a particular regard for his memory, has communicated to me the following explanation:

This passage does not appear in the printed work, Dr. Grainger, or some of his friends, it should seem, having become sensible that introducing even *rats*, in a grave poem, might be liable to banter. He, however, could not bring himself to relinquish the idea; for they are thus, in a still more ludicrous manner, periphrastically exhibited in his poem as it now stands:

"Nor with less waste the whisker'd vermin race
A countless clan despoil the lowland cane."

Johnson said, that Dr. Grainger was an agreeable man; a man who would do any good that was in his power. His translation of Tibullus, he thought, was very well done; but "The Sugar-cane, a Poem," did not please him[1]; for, he exclaimed, "What could he make of a sugar-cane? One might as well write the 'Parsley-bed, a Poem;' or 'The Cabbage-garden, a Poem.'" BOSWELL. "You must then

"The passage in question was originally not liable to such a perversion: for the authour having occasion in that part of his work to mention the havock made by rats and mice, had introduced the subject in a kind of mock-heroick, and a parody of Homer's Battle of the Frogs and Mice, invoking the muse of the old Grecian bard in an elegant and well-turned manner. In that state I had seen it; but afterwards, unknown to me and other friends, he had been persuaded, contrary to his own better judgment, to alter it, so as to produce the unlucky effect above mentioned."

The above was written by the bishop when he had not the poem itself to recur to: and though the account given was true of it at one period, yet, as Dr. Grainger afterwards altered the passage in question, the remarks in the text do not now apply to the printed poem.

The bishop gives this character of Dr. Grainger: "He was not only a man of genius and learning, but had many excellent virtues; being one of the most generous, friendly, and benevolent men I ever knew."

Dr. Johnson said to me, "Percy, sir, was angry with me for laughing at the Sugar-cane: for he had a mind to make a great thing of Grainger's rats."—BOSWELL. [Miss Reynolds thus gives this anecdote: "Johnson's reply to Dr. Grainger, who was reading his MS. poem of the Sugar cane to him, will probably be thought more excusable than [a rudeness to Dr. *Percy* (see *post*, *sub* 1780, *n.*)] When he came to the line 'Say, shall I sing of rats?' 'No!' cried Dr. Johnson, with great vehemency. *This he related to me himself;* laughing heartily at the conceit of Dr. Grainger's refractory muse. *Where* it happened I do not know; but I am certain, very certain, that it was not, as Mr. Boswell asserts, at Sir Joshua's; for they [Sir Joshua and Dr. G.] were not, I believe, personally known to each other."—*Recollections.* The Editor prefers Mr. Langton's authority to that of the lady, who is clearly in error, when she represents Boswell as saying, that Grainger read his poem at Sir Joshua's. He only says, on the authority of Mr. Langton, that *it* was read there; probably by Dr. Percy.—ED.]

pickle your cabbage with the *sal atticum*." JOHNSON. "You know there is already 'The Hop-garden, a Poem:' and I think, one could say a great deal about cabbage. The poem might begin with the advantages of civilised society over a rude state, exemplified by the Scotch, who had no cabbages till Oliver Cromwell's soldiers introduced them; and one might thus show how arts are propagated by conquest, as they were by the Roman arms." He seemed to be much diverted with the fertility of his own fancy.

I told him, that I heard Dr. Percy was writing the history of the wolf in Great Britain. JOHNSON. "The wolf, sir; why the wolf? Why does he not write of the bear, which we had formerly? Nay, it is said that we had the beaver. Or why does he not write of the gray rat, the Hanover rat, as it is called, because it is said to have come into this country about the time that the family of Hanover came? I should like to see '*The History of the Gray Rat, by Thomas Percy, D. D., chaplain in ordinary to his majesty*" (laughing immoderately). BOSWELL. "I am afraid a court chaplain could not decently write of the gray rat." JOHNSON. "Sir, he need not give it the name of the Hanover rat." Thus could he indulge a luxuriant sportive imagination, when talking of a friend whom he loved and esteemed [1].

He mentioned to me the singular history of an ingenious acquaintance. "He had practised physick in various situations with no great emolument. A West India gentleman, whom he delighted by his conversation, gave him a bond for a handsome annuity during his life, on the condition of his accompanying him to the West Indies, and living with him there

[1] This was not the first nor the last time of his indulging his sportive imagination at Percy's expense; and it may be doubted whether much reliance can be placed on Boswell's good-natured assertion, that he loved and esteemed him. —ED.]

for two years. He accordingly embarked with the gentleman; but upon the voyage fell in love with a young woman who happened to be one of the passengers, and married the wench. From the imprudence of his disposition he quarrelled with the gentleman, and declared he would have no connexion with him. So he forfeited the annuity. He settled as a physician in one of the Leeward Islands. A man was sent out to him merely to compound his medicines. This fellow set up as a rival to him in his practice of physick, and got so much the better of him in the opinion of the people of the island, that he carried away all the business, upon which he returned to England, and soon after died.

On Friday, 22d March, having set out early from Henley, where we had lain the preceding night, we arrived at Birmingham about nine o'clock, and after breakfast went to call on his old schoolfellow, Mr. Hector. A very stupid maid, who opened the door, told us that "her master was gone out; he was gone to the country; she could not tell when he would return." In short, she gave us a miserable reception; and Johnson observed, "She would have behaved no better to people who wanted him in the way of his profession." He said to her, "My name is Johnson; tell him I called. Will you remember the name?" She answered with rustick simplicity, in the Warwickshire pronunciation, "I don't understand you, sir." "Blockhead (said he), I'll write." I never heard the word *blockhead* applied to a woman before, though I do not see why it should not, when there is evident occasion for it[1]. He, however,

[1] My worthy friend Mr. Langton, to whom I am under innumerable obligations in the course of my Johnsonian History, has furnished me with a droll illustration of this question. An honest carpenter, after giving some anecdote, in his presence, of the ill treatment which he had received from a clergyman's wife, who was a noted termagant, and whom he accused of unjust dealing in

made another attempt to make her understand him, and roared loud in her ear, "*Johnson*," and then she catched the sound.

We next called on Mr. Lloyd, one of the people called quakers. He too was not at home, but Mrs. Lloyd was, and received us courteously, and asked us to dinner. Johnson said to me, "After the uncertainty of all human things at He tor's, this invitation came very well." We walked about the town, and he was pleased to see it increasing.

I talked of legitimation by subsequent marriage, which obtained in the Roman law, and still obtains in the law of Scotland. JOHNSON. "I think it a bad thing[1], because the chastity of women being of the utmost importance, as all property depends upon it, they who forfeit it should not have any possibility of being restored to good character; nor should the children, by an illicit connexion, attain the full right of lawful children, by the posteriour consent of the offending parties." His opinion upon this subject deserves consideration. Upon his principle there may, at times, be a hardship, and seemingly a strange one, upon individuals; but the general good of society is better secured. And, after all, it is unreasonable in an individual to repine that he has not the advantage of a state which is made different from his own, by the social institution under which he is born. A woman does not complain that her brother who is younger than her gets their common father's estate.

some transaction with him, added, "I took care to let her know what I thought of her." And being asked, "What did you say?" answered, "I told her she was a *scoundrel*."—BOSWELL.

[1] [Is it not surprising and disgraceful that in a civilized empire like ours, so important a principle as the state of marriage, which is the foundation of our whole civil constitution, should be to this hour vague, obscure, and contradictory? —One law for England, a different one, or rather none at all, for Ireland—and for Scotland the monstrous doctrine mentioned in the text. It is to be hoped that Mr. Peel, who has done so much towards rationalizing our law on other subjects, will see the necessity of doing something similar on this most important one.—ED.]

Why then should a natural son complain that a younger brother, by the same parents lawfully begotten, gets it? The operation of law is similar in both cases. Besides, an illegitimate son, who has a younger legitimate brother by the same father and mother, has no stronger claim to the father's estate, than if that legitimate brother had only the same father, from whom alone the estate descends.

Mr. Lloyd joined us in the street; and in a little while we met *friend Hector*, as Mr. Lloyd called him. It gave me pleasure to observe the joy which Johnson and he expressed on seeing each other again. Mr. Lloyd and I left them together, while he obligingly showed me some of the manufactures of this very curious assemblage of artificers. We all met at dinner at Mr. Lloyd's, where we were entertained with great hospitality. Mr. and Mrs. Lloyd had been married the same year with their majesties, and like them, had been blessed with a numerous family of fine children, their numbers being exactly the same. Johnson said, "Marriage is the best state for a man in general; and every man is a worse man, in proportion as he is unfit for the married state."

I have always loved the simplicity of manners, and the spiritual-mindedness, of the quakers; and talking with Mr. Lloyd, I observed, that the essential part of religion was piety, a devout intercourse with the Divinity; and that many a man was a quaker without knowing it.

As Dr. Johnson had said to me in the morning, while we walked together, that he liked individuals among the quakers, but not the sect; when we were at Mr. Lloyd's, I kept clear of introducing any questions concerning the peculiarities of their faith. But I having asked to look at Baskerville's edition of "Barclay's Apology," Johnson laid hold of it; and

the chapter on baptism happening to open, Johnson remarked, "He says there is neither precept nor practice for baptism in the scriptures; that is false." Here he was the aggressor, by no means in a gentle manner; and the good quakers had the advantage of him; for he had read negligently, and had not observed that Barclay speaks of *infant* baptism; which they calmly made him perceive. Mr. Lloyd, however, was in a great mistake; for when insisting that the rite of baptism by water was to cease, when the *spiritual* administration of Christ began, he maintained that John the Baptist said, "*My baptism* shall decrease, but *his* shall increase." Whereas the words are, "*He* must increase, but I *must* decrease[1]."

One of them having objected to the "observance of days, and months, and years," Johnson answered, "The church does not superstitiously observe days, merely as days, but as memorials of important facts. Christmas might be kept as well upon one day of the year as another; but there should be a stated day for commemorating the birth of our Saviour, because there is danger that what may be done on any day will be neglected."

He said to me at another time, "Sir, the holidays observed by our church are of great use in religion." There can be no doubt of this, in a limited sense, I mean if the number of such consecrated portions of time be not too extensive. The excellent Mr. Nelson's "Festivals and Fasts," which has, I understand, the greatest sale of any book ever printed in England, except the Bible, is a most valuable help to devotion: and in addition to it I would recommend two sermons on the same subject, by Mr. Pott, Archdeacon of St. Alban's, equally distinguished for piety and elegance.

[1] John, iii. 30.—BOSWELL.

I am sorry to have it to say, that Scotland is the only Christian country, catholic or protestant, where the great events of our religion are not solemnly commemorated by its ecclesiastical establishment, on days set apart for the purpose.

Mr. Hector was so good as to accompany me to see the great works of Mr. Boulton, at a place which he has called Soho, about two miles from Birmingham, which the very ingenious proprietor showed me himself to the best advantage. I wished Johnson had been with us: for it was a scene which I should have been glad to contemplate by his light. The vastness and the contrivance of some of the machinery would have "matched his mighty mind." I shall never forget Mr. Boulton's expression to me, "I sell here, sir, what all the world desires to have—POWER." He had about seven hundred people at work. I contemplated him as an *iron chieftain*, and he seemed to be a father to his tribe. One of them came to him, complaining grievously of his landlord for having distrained his goods. "Your landlord is in the right, Smith (said Boulton). But I 'll tell you what: find you a friend who will lay down one half of your rent, and I 'll lay down the other half; and you shall have your goods again."

From Mr. Hector I now learnt many particulars of Dr. Johnson's early life, which, with others that he gave me at different times since, have contributed to the formation of this work.

Dr. Johnson said to me in the morning, "You will see, sir, at Mr. Hector's, his sister, Mrs. Careless, a clergyman's widow. She was the first woman with whom I was in love. It dropped out of my head imperceptibly; but she and I shall always have a kindness for each other." He laughed at the notion that a

man can never be really in love but once, and considered it as a mere romantick fancy.

On our return from Mr. Boulton's, Mr. Hector took me to his house, where we found Johnson sitting placidly at tea, with his *first love;* who, though now advanced in years, was a genteel woman, very agreeable and well-bred.

Johnson lamented to Mr. Hector the state of one of their schoolfellows, Mr. Charles Congreve, a clergyman, which he thus described: "He obtained, I believe, considerable preferment in Ireland, but now lives in London, quite as a valetudinarian, afraid to go into any house but his own. He takes a short airing in his post-chaise every day. He has an elderly woman, whom he calls cousin, who lives with him, and jogs his elbow, when his glass has stood too long empty, and encourages him in drinking, in which he is very willing to be encouraged; not that he gets drunk, for he is a very pious man, but he is always muddy. He confesses to one bottle of port every day, and he probably drinks more. He is quite unsocial; his conversation is quite monosyllabical; and when, at my last visit, I asked him what o'clock it was? that signal of my departure had so pleasing an effect on him, that he sprung up to look at his watch, like a greyhound bounding at a hare." When Johnson took leave of Mr. Hector, he said, "Don't grow like Congreve; nor let me grow like him, when you are near me."

When he again talked of Mrs. Careless to-night, he seemed to have had his affection revived; for he said, "If I had married her, it might have been as happy for me." BOSWELL. "Pray, sir, do you not suppose that there are fifty women in the world, with any one of whom a man may be as happy, as with

any one woman in particular?" JOHNSON. "Ay, sir, fifty thousand." BOSWELL. "Then, sir, you are not of opinion with some who imagine that certain men and certain women are made for each other; and that they cannot be happy if they miss their counterparts." JOHNSON. "To be sure not, sir. I believe marriages would in general be as happy, and often more so, if they were all made by the lord chancellor, upon a due consideration of the characters and circumstances, without the parties having any choice in the matter [1]."

I wished to have staid at Birmingham to-night, to have talked more with Mr. Hector; but my friend was impatient to reach his native city; so we drove on that stage in the dark, and were long pensive and silent. When we came within the focus of the Lichfield lamps, "Now," said he, "we are getting out of a state of death [2]." We put up at the Three Crowns, not one of the great inns, but a good old-fashioned one, which was kept by Mr. Wilkins, and was the very next house to that in which Johnson was born and brought up, and which was still his own property [3]. We had a comfortable supper, and got into high spirits. I felt all my toryism glow in this old capital of Staffordshire. I could have offered incense *genio loci;* and I indulged in libations of that ale, which Boniface, in "The Beaux Stratagem," recommends with such an eloquent jollity.

[1] [Yet see *ante*, vol. ii. p 113.—ED.]

[2] [As extraordinary, all these things considered, as Mrs. Mac Sweyne's, of Col, never having been on the main land of Scotland, which Johnson called being *behind hand with life!* It is amusing, and might be instructive (if prejudice were susceptible of instruction), to observe, that on this visit to his native town, Johnson found his own near relation as much *behind hand with life* as the poor Hebridean, and found also oats, which he had sneered at as *the food of men in Scotland*, to be the food, also, of his own fellow townsmen.—ED.]

[3] I went through the house where my illustrious friend was born, with a reverence with which it doubtless will long be visited. An engraved view of it, with the adjacent buildings, is in the "Gentleman's Magazine" for February, 1785.—BOSWELL.

Next morning he introduced me to Mrs. Lucy Porter, his step-daughter. She was now an old maid, with much simplicity of manner. She had never been in London. Her brother, a captain in the navy, had left her a fortune of ten thousand pounds; about a third of which she had laid out in building a stately house, and making a handsome garden, in an elevated situation in Lichfield. Johnson, when here by himself, used to live at her house. She reverenced him, and he had a parental tenderness for her.

We then visited Mr. Peter Garrick, who had that morning received a letter from his brother David, announcing our coming to Lichfield. He was engaged to dinner, but asked us to tea, and to sleep at his house. Johnson, however, would not quit his old acquaintance Wilkins of the Three Crowns. The family likeness of the Garricks was very striking; and Johnson thought that David's vivacity was not so peculiar to himself as was supposed. "Sir," said he, "I don't know but if Peter had cultivated all the arts of gaiety as much as David has done, he might have been as brisk and lively. Depend upon it, sir, vivacity is much an art[1], and depends greatly on habit." I believe there is a good deal of truth in this, notwithstanding a ludicrous story told me by a lady abroad, of a heavy German baron, who had lived much with the young English at Geneva, and was ambitious to be as lively as they; with which view, he, with assiduous exertion, was jumping over the tables and chairs in his lodgings; and when the people of the house ran in and asked, with surprise, what was the matter, he answered, "*Sh' apprens t'etre fif.*"

[1] [It appears that quite a contrary conclusion might be drawn from the premises; for the liveliness of the Garrick family was obviously *natural* and *hereditary*, and (except perhaps in a degree) independent of *art* or *habit*. The family was of French extraction, and preserved the vivacity of their original race.—Ed.]

We dined at our inn, and had with us a Mr. Jackson[1], one of Johnson's schoolfellows, whom he treated with much kindness, though he seemed to be a low man, dull and untaught. He had a coarse gray coat, black waistcoat, greasy leather breeches, and a yellow uncurled wig; and his countenance had the ruddiness which betokens one who is in no haste to "leave his can." He drank only ale. He had tried to be a cutler at Birmingham, but had not succeeded; and now he lived poorly at home, and had some scheme of dressing leather in a better manner than common; to his indistinct account of which, Dr. Johnson listened with patient attention, that he might assist him with his advice. Here was an instance of genuine humanity and real kindness in this great man, who has been most unjustly represented as altogether harsh and destitute of tenderness. A thousand such instances might have been recorded in the course of his long life; though that his temper was warm and hasty, and his manner often rough, cannot be denied.

I saw here, for the first time, *oat ale;* and oat-cakes, not hard as in Scotland, but soft like a Yorkshire cake, were served at breakfast. It was pleasant to me to find, that "*oats,*" the "*food of horses,*" were so much used as the *food of the people* in Dr. Johnson's own town. He expatiated in praise of Lichfield and its inhabitants, who, he said, were "the most sober, decent people in England, the genteelest in proportion to their wealth, and spoke the purest English." I doubted as to the last article of this

[1] [This person's name was Henry. See *post*, 1st Sept. 1777. The "scheme for dressing leather" renders it probable that he was related to the Thomas Jackson, mentioned *ante*, p. 10, by Mr. Boswell, as a *servant*, and by Mrs. Piozzi as a *workman* (in truth, probably, a *partner*) of old Mr. Johnson's, about the time when the failure of some scheme for *dressing leather* or parchment accelerated his bankruptcy.—Ed.]

eulogy; for they had several provincial sounds; as, *there*, pronounced like *fear*, instead of like *fair; once* pronounced *woonse*, instead of *wunse* or *wonse*. Johnson himself never got entirely free of those provincial accents. Garrick sometimes used to take him off, squeezing a lemon into a punch-bowl, with uncouth gesticulations, looking round the company, and calling out, "Who's for *poonsh*[1] ?"

Very little business appeared to be going forward in Lichfield. I found, however, two strange manufactures for so inland a place, sail-cloth and streamers for ships; and I observed them making some saddle-cloths, and dressing sheep-skins; but upon the whole, the busy hand of industry seemed to be quite slackened. "Surely, sir," said I, "you are an idle set of people." "Sir," said Johnson, "we are a city of philosophers; we work with our heads, and make the boobies of Birmingham work for us with their hands." There was at this time a company of players performing at Lichfield. The manager, Mr. Stanton, sent his compliments, and begged leave to wait on Dr. Johnson. Johnson received him very courteously, and he drank a glass of wine with us. He was a plain, decent, well-behaved man, and expressed his gratitude to Dr. Johnson for having once got him permission from Dr. Taylor at Ashbourne to play there upon moderate terms. Garrick's name was soon introduced. JOHNSON. "Garrick's conversation is gay and grotesque. It is a dish of all sorts, but all good things. There is no solid meat in it: there is a want of sentiment in it. Not but that he has sen-

[1] Garrick himself, like the Lichfieldians, a'ways said, *shupreme, shupe'ior.*—BURNEY. This is still the vulgar pronunciation of Ireland, where the pronunciation of the English language by those who have not expatriated is doubtless that which generally prevailed in England in the time of Queen Elizabeth.—MALONE. ["*Shupreme*" and "*shupe'ior*" are incorrect; yet every one says "*shure*" and "*shugar*" for "*sure*" and "*sugar*."—ED.]

timent sometimes, and sentiment too very powerful and very pleasing: but it has not its full proportion in his conversation."

When we were by ourselves he told me, "Forty years ago, sir, I was in love with an actress here, Mrs. Emmet, who acted Flora, in 'Hob in a Well.'" What merit this lady had as an actress, or what was her figure, or her manner, I have not been informed; but, if we may believe Mr. Garrick, his old master's taste in theatrical merit was by no means refined; he was not an *elegans formarum spectator*. Garrick used to tell, that Johnson said of an actor, who played Sir Harry Wildair at Lichfield, "There is a courtly vivacity about the fellow;" when, in fact, according to Garrick's account, "he was the most vulgar ruffian that ever went upon *boards*."

We had promised Mr. Stanton to be at his theatre on Monday. Dr. Johnson jocularly proposed to me to write a prologue for the occasion: "A Prologue, by James Boswell, Esq. from the Hebrides." I was really inclined to take the hint. Methought, "Prologue, spoken before Dr. Samuel Johnson, at Lichfield, 1776," would have sounded as well as "Prologue, spoken before the Duke of York at Oxford," in Charles the Second's time. Much might have been said of what Lichfield had done for Shakspeare, by producing Johnson and Garrick. But I found he was averse to it.

We went and viewed the museum of Mr. Richard Green, apothecary here, who told me he was proud of being a relation of Dr. Johnson's. It was, truly, a wonderful collection, both of antiquities and natural curiosities, and ingenious works of art. He had all the articles accurately arranged, with their names upon labels, printed at his own little press; and on the staircase leading to it was a board, with the

names of contributors marked in gold letters. A printed catalogue of the collection was to be had at a bookseller's. Johnson expressed his admiration of the activity and diligence and good fortune of Mr. Green, in getting together, in his situation, so great a variety of things; and Mr. Green told me that Johnson once said to him, "Sir, I should as soon have thought of building a man of war, as of collecting such a museum." Mr. Green's obliging alacrity in showing it was very pleasing. His engraved portrait, with which he has favoured me, has a motto truly characteristical of his disposition, "*Nemo sibi vivat.*"

A physician being mentioned who had lost his practice, because his whimsically changing his religion had made people distrustful of him, I maintained that this was unreasonable, as religion is unconnected with medical skill. JOHNSON. "Sir, it is not unreasonable; for when people see a man absurd in what they understand, they may conclude the same of him in what they do not understand. If a physician were to take to eating of horseflesh, nobody would employ him; though one may eat horseflesh, and be a very skilful physician. If a man were educated in an absurd religion, his continuing to profess it would not hurt him, though his changing to it would [1]."

We drank tea and coffee at Mr. Peter Garrick's, where was Mrs. Aston, one of the maiden sisters of Mrs. Walmsley, wife of Johnson's first friend, and sister also of the lady of whom Johnson used to speak with the warmest admiration, by the name of Molly

[1] Fothergill, a quaker, and Schomberg, a jew, had the greatest practice of any two physicians of their time.—BURNEY. [Mr. D'Israeli thinks it possible, that Ralph Schomberg (the second son of Dr. Meyer Schomberg), the person mentioned by Dr. Burney, was the person alluded to in the text. Ralph Schomberg was driven from practice and out of society, for some dishonest tampering with the funds of an hospital, with which he was connected.—ED.]

Aston, who was afterwards married to Captain Brodie of the navy.

On Sunday, March 24, we breakfasted with Mrs. Cobb, a widow lady, who lived in an agreeable sequestered place close by the town, called the Friary, it having been formerly a religious house. She and her niece, Miss Adey, were great admirers of Dr. Johnson; and he behaved to them with a kindness and easy pleasantry, such as we see between old and intimate acquaintance. He accompanied Mrs. Cobb to St. Mary's Church, and I went to the cathedral, where I was very much delighted with the musick, finding it to be peculiarly solemn, and accordant with the words of the service.

We dined at Mr. Peter Garrick's, who was in a very lively humour, and verified Johnson's saying, that if he had cultivated gaiety as much as his brother David, he might have equally excelled in it. He was to-day quite a London narrator, telling us a variety of anecdotes with that earnestness and attempt at mimickry which we usually find in the wits of the metropolis. Dr. Johnson went with me to the cathedral in the afternoon. It was grand and pleasing to contemplate this illustrious writer, now full of fame, worshipping in "the solemn temple" of his native city.

I returned to tea and coffee at Mr. Peter Garrick's, and then found Dr. Johnson at the Reverend Mr. Seward's, canon residentiary, who inhabited the bishop's palace, in which Mr. Walmsley lived, and which had been the scene of many happy hours in Johnson's early life. Mr. Seward had, with ecclesiastical hospitality and politeness, asked me in the morning, merely as a stranger, to dine with him; and in the afternoon, when I was introduced to him, he asked Dr. Johnson and me to spend the evening,

and sup with him. He was a genteel, well-bred, dignified clergyman, had travelled with Lord Charles Fitzroy, uncle of the present Duke of Grafton; who died when abroad, and he had lived much in the great world. He was an ingenious and literary man, had published an edition of Beaumont and Fletcher, and written verses in Dodsley's collection. His lady was the daughter of Mr. Hunter, Johnson's first schoolmaster. And now, for the first time, I had the pleasure of seeing his celebrated daughter, Miss Anna Seward, to whom I have since been indebted for many civilities, as well as some obliging communications concerning Johnson.

Mr. Seward mentioned to us the observations which he had made upon the strata of earth in volcanos, from which it appeared, that they were so very different in depth at different periods, that no calculation whatever could be made as to the time required for their formation. This fully refuted an antimosaical remark introduced into Captain Brydone's entertaining tour[1], I hope heedlessly, from a kind of vanity which is too common in those who have not sufficiently studied the most important of all subjects. Dr. Johnson, indeed, had said before, independent of this observation, "Shall all the accumulated evidence of the history of the world—shall the authority of what is unquestionably the most ancient writing, be overturned by an uncertain remark such as this?"

On Monday, March 25, we breakfasted at Mrs. Lucy Porter's. Johnson had sent an express to Dr. Taylor's, acquainting him of our being at Lichfield, and Taylor had returned an answer that his post-chaise should come for us this day. While we sat at breakfast, Dr. Johnson received a letter by the

[1] [In Sicily and Malta.—Ed.]

post, which seemed to agitate him very much. When he had read it, he exclaimed, "One of the most dreadful things that has happened in my time." The phrase *my time*, like the word *age*, is usually understood to refer to an event of a publick or general nature. I imagined something like an assassination of the king—like a gunpowder plot carried into execution—or like another fire of London. When asked, "What is it, sir?" he answered, "Mr. Thrale has lost his only son!" This was, no doubt, a very great affliction to Mr. and Mrs. Thrale, which their friends would consider accordingly; but from the manner in which the intelligence of it was communicated by Johnson, it appeared for the moment to be comparatively small. I, however, soon felt a sincere concern, and was curious to observe how Dr. Johnson would be affected. He said, "This is a total extinction to their family, as much as if they were sold into captivity." Upon my mentioning that Mr. Thrale had daughters, who might inherit his wealth: "Daughters," said Johnson, warmly, "he 'll no more value his daughters than—" I was going to speak. "Sir," said he, "don't you know how you yourself think? Sir, he wishes to propagate his name." In short, I saw male succession strong in his mind, even where there was no name, no family of any long standing. I said, it was lucky he was not present when this misfortune happened. JOHNSON. "It is lucky for *me*. People in distress never think you feel enough." BOSWELL. "And, sir, they will have the hope of seeing you, which will be a relief in the mean time; and when you get to them, the pain will be so far abated, that they will be capable of being consoled by you, which, in the first violence of it, I believe, would not be the case." JOHNSON. "No, sir; violent pain of mind, like violent pain of body, *must* be

severely felt." BOSWELL. "I own, sir, I have not so much feeling for the distress of others as some people have, or pretend to have: but I know this, that I would do all in my power to relieve them." JOHNSON. "Sir, it is affectation to pretend to feel the distress of others as much as they do themselves. It is equally so, as if one should pretend to feel as much pain while a friend's leg is cutting off, as he does. No, sir; you have expressed the rational and just nature of sympathy. I would have gone to the extremity of the earth to have preserved this boy."

He was soon quite calm. The letter was from Mr. Thrale's clerk, and concluded, "I need not say how much they wish to see you in London." He said, "We shall hasten back from Taylor's."

Mrs. Lucy Porter and some other ladies of the place talked a great deal of him when he was out of the room, not only with veneration but affection. It pleased me to find that he was so much *beloved* in his native city.

Mrs. Aston, whom I had seen the preceding night, and her sister, Mrs. Gastrel, a widow lady, had each a house, and garden, and pleasure-ground, prettily situated upon Stowhill, a gentle eminence, adjoining to Lichfield. Johnson walked away to dinner there, leaving me by myself without any apology; I wondered at this want of that facility of manners, from which a man has no difficulty in carrying a friend to a house where he is intimate; I felt it very unpleasant to be thus left in solitude in a country town, where I was an entire stranger, and began to think myself unkindly deserted; but I was soon relieved, and convinced that my friend, instead of being deficient in delicacy, had conducted the matter with perfect propriety, for I received the following note in his handwriting:

"Mrs. Gastrel, at the lower house on Stowhill, desires Mr. Boswell's company to dinner at two."

I accepted of the invitation, and had here another proof how amiable his character was in the opinion of those who knew him best. I was not informed, till afterwards, that Mrs. Gastrel's husband was the clergyman who, while he lived at Stratford-upon-Avon, where he was proprietor of Shakspeare's garden, with gothic barbarity cut down his mulberry-tree[1], and, as Dr. Johnson told me, did it to vex his neighbours. His lady, I have reason to believe, on the same authority, participated in the guilt of what the enthusiasts of our immortal bard deem almost a species of sacrilege.

After dinner Dr. Johnson wrote [the following] letter to Mrs. Thrale, on the death of her son:

["TO MRS. THRALE.

"Lichfield, 25th March, 1776. Letters, v, i. p. 307.

"DEAR MADAM,—This letter will not, I hope, reach you many days before me; in a distress which can be so little relieved, nothing remains for a friend but to come and partake it.

"Poor, dear, sweet, little boy! When I read the letter this day to Mrs. Aston, she said, 'Such a death is the next to translation.' Yet, however I may convince myself of this, the tears are in my eyes, and yet I could not love him as you loved him, nor reckon upon him for a future comfort as you and his father reckoned upon him.

"He is gone, and we are going! We could not have enjoyed him long, and shall not long be separated from him. He has probably escaped many such pangs as you are now feeling.

"Nothing remains, but that with humble confidence we resign ourselves to Almighty Goodness, and fall down, without irreverent murmurs, before the Sovereign Distributor of Good and Evil, with hope that though sorrow endureth for a night, yet joy may come in the morning.

"I have known you, madam, too long to think that you want

[1] See an accurate and animated statement of Mr. Gastrel's barbarity, by Mr. Malone, in a note on "Some Account of the Life of William Shakspeare," prefixed to his admirable edition of that poet's works, vol. i. p. 118.—BOSWELL.

Letters, v. i. p. 307.

any arguments for submission to the Supreme Will; nor can my consolation have any effect, but that of showing that I wish to comfort you. What can be done you must do for yourself. Remember first, that your child is happy; and then, that he is safe, not only from the ills of this world, but from those more formidable dangers which extend their mischief to eternity. You have brought into the world a rational being; have seen him happy during the little life that has been granted to him; and can have no doubt but that his happiness is now.

"When you have obtained by prayer such tranquillity as nature will admit, force your attention, as you can, upon your accustomed duties and accustomed entertainments. You can do no more for our dear boy, but you must not therefore think less on those whom your attention may make fitter for the place to which he is gone. I am, dearest, dearest madam, your most affectionate humble servant, "SAM. JOHNSON."]

I said this loss would be very distressing to Thrale, but she would soon forget it, as she had so many things to think of. JOHNSON. "No, sir, Thrale will forget it first. *She* has many things that she *may* think of. *He* has many things that he *must* think of." This was a very just remark upon the different effects of those light pursuits which occupy a vacant and easy mind, and those serious engagements which arrest attention, and keep us from brooding over grief.

He observed of Lord Bute, "It was said of Augustus, that it would have been better for Rome that he had never been born, or had never died. So it would have been better for this nation if Lord Bute had never been minister, or had never resigned."

In the evening we went to the Town-hall, which was converted into a temporary theatre, and saw "Theodosius," with "The Stratford Jubilee." I was happy to see Dr. Johnson sitting in a conspicuous part of the pit, and receiving affectionate homage from all his acquaintance. We were quite gay and merry. I afterwards mentioned to him that I con-

demned myself for being so, when poor Mr. and Mrs. Thrale were in such distress. JOHNSON. "You are wrong, sir; twenty years hence Mr. and Mrs. Thrale will not suffer much pain from the death of their son. Now, sir, you are to consider, that distance of place, as well as distance of time, operates upon the human feelings. I would not have you be gay in the presence of the distressed, because it would shock them; but you may be gay at a distance. Pain for the loss of a friend, or of a relation whom we love, is occasioned by the want which we feel. In time the vacuity is filled with something else; or sometimes the vacuity closes up of itself."

Mr. Seward and Mr. Pearson[1], another clergyman here, supped with us at our inn, and after they left us, we sat up late as we used to do in London.

Here I shall record some fragments of my friend's conversation during this jaunt.

"Marriage, sir, is much more necessary to a man than to a woman: for he is much less able to supply himself with domestick comforts. You will recollect my saying to some ladies the other day, that I had often wondered why young women should marry, as they have so much more freedom, and so much more attention paid to them while unmarried, than when married. I indeed did not mention the *strong* reason for their marrying—the *mechanical* reason." BOSWELL. "Why that *is* a strong one. But does not imagination make it much more important than it is in reality? Is it not, to a certain degree, a delusion in us as well as in women?" JOHNSON. "Why yes,

[1] [This was the gentleman whose lady inherited Miss Porter's property, and has contributed so many of her manuscripts to this edition. It was to him that Miss Porter addressed, in the presence of Dr. Johnson, that two-edged reproof, which Dr. Johnson repeated to Mrs. Piozzi. Mr. Pearson having opposed Miss Porter in some argument, she was offended, and exclaimed, "Mr. Pearson, you are just like Dr. Johnson—you contradict every word one speaks."—*Piozzi*, p. 172.—ED.]

sir; but it is a delusion that is always beginning again." BOSWELL. "I don't know but there is upon the whole more misery than happiness produced by that passion." JOHNSON. "I don't think so, sir."

"Never speak of a man in his own presence. It is always indelicate, and may be offensive."

"Questioning is not the mode of conversation[1] among gentlemen. It is assuming a superiority, and it is particularly wrong to question a man concerning himself. There may be parts of his former life which he may not wish to be made known to other persons, or even brought to his own recollection."

"A man should be careful never to tell tales of himself to his own disadvantage. People may be amused and laugh at the time, but they will be remembered, and brought out against him upon some subsequent occasion."

"Much may be done if a man puts his whole mind to a particular object. By doing so, Norton[2] has made himself the great lawyer that he is allowed to be."

I mentioned an acquaintance of mine, a sectary, who was a very religious man, who not only attended regularly on publick worship with those of his communion, but made a particular study of the Scriptures, and even wrote a commentary on some parts of them, yet was known to be very licentious in indulging himself with women; maintaining that men are to be saved by faith alone, and that the Christian religion had not prescribed any fixed rule for the intercourse

[1] [This very just observation explains why the conversation of princes, and of those who *ape* princes, consists of so large a proportion of *questions*. The *badauds* of all nations used to wonder at Buonaparte's active curiosity and desire of knowledge from the multitude of his questions, while in fact *he was only "playing at* KING."—ED.]

[2] Sir Fletcher Norton, afterwards speaker of the house of commons, and in 1782 created Baron Grantly.—MALONE.

between the sexes. JOHNSON. "Sir, there is no trusting to that crazy piety."

I observed that it was strange how well Scotchmen were known to one another in their own country, though born in very distant counties; for we do not find that the gentlemen of neighbouring counties in England are mutually known to each other. Johnson, with his usual acuteness, at once saw and explained the reason of this: "Why, sir, you have Edinburgh, where the gentlemen from all your counties meet, and which is not so large but they are all known. There is no such common place of collection in England, except London, where from its great size, and diffusion, many of those who reside in contiguous counties of England may long remain unknown to each other."

On Tuesday, March 26, there came for us an equipage properly suited to a wealthy well-beneficed clergyman: Dr. Taylor's large roomy post-chaise, drawn by four stout plump horses, and driven by two steady jolly postilions, which conveyed us to Ashbourne; where I found my friend's schoolfellow living upon an establishment perfectly corresponding with his substantial creditable equipage: his house, garden, pleasure-ground, table, in short every thing good, and no scantiness appearing. Every man should form such a plan of living as he can execute completely. Let him not draw an outline wider than he can fill up. I have seen many skeletons of show and magnificence which excite at once ridicule and pity. Dr. Taylor had a good estate of his own, and good preferment in the church, being a prebendary of Westminster, and rector of Bosworth. He was a diligent justice of the peace, and presided over the town of Ashbourne, to the inhabitants of which I was told he was very liberal; and as a proof of this

it was mentioned to me, he had the preceding winter distributed two hundred pounds among such of them as stood in need of his assistance. He had consequently a considerable political interest in the county of Derby, which he employed to support the Devonshire family; for though the schoolfellow and friend of Johnson, he was a whig. I could not perceive in his character much congeniality of any sort with that of Johnson, who, however, said to me, "Sir, he has a very strong understanding." His size, and figure, and countenance, and manner, were that of a hearty English squire, with the parson super-induced: and I took particular notice of his upper-servant, Mr. Peters, a decent grave man, in purple clothes, and a large white wig, like the butler or *major-domo* of a bishop.

Dr. Johnson and Dr. Taylor met with great cordiality; and Johnson soon gave him the same sad account of their schoolfellow, Congreve, that he had given to Mr. Hector; adding a remark of such moment to the rational conduct of a man in the decline of life, that deserves to be imprinted upon every mind: "There is nothing against which an old man should be so much upon his guard as putting himself to nurse." Innumerable have been the melancholy instances of men once distinguished for firmness, resolution, and spirit, who in their latter days have been governed like children, by interested female artifice.

Dr. Taylor commended a physician[1] who was known to him and Dr. Johnson, and said, "I fight many battles for him, as many people in the country dislike him." JOHNSON. "But you should consider, sir, that by every one of your victories he is a loser; for every man of whom you get the better will be

[1] [Dr. Butter, who afterwards came to practise in London, and attended Johnson in his last illness.—ED.]

very angry, a[redacted]ot to employ him; whereas if people ge[redacted]tter of you in argument about him, they'll think, 'We'll send for Dr. [Butter] nevertheless.'" This was an observation deep and sure in human nature.

Next day we talked of a book[1] in which an eminent judge was arraigned before the bar of the publick, as having pronounced an unjust decision in a great cause. Dr. Johnson maintained that this publication would not give any uneasiness to the judge. "For," said he, "either he acted honestly, or he meant to do injustice. If he acted honestly, his own consciousness will protect him; if he meant to do injustice, he will be glad to see the man who attacks him so much vexed."

Next day, as Dr. Johnson had acquainted Dr. Taylor of the reason for his returning speedily to London, it was resolved that we should set out after dinner. A few of Dr. Taylor's neighbours were his guests that day.

Dr. Johnson talked with approbation of one who had attained to the state of the philosophical wise man, that is, to have no want of any thing. "Then, sir," said I, "the savage is a wise man." "Sir," said he, "I do not mean simply being without,—but not having a want." I maintained, against this proposition, that it was better to have fine clothes, for instance, than not to feel the want of them. JOHNSON. "No, sir; fine clothes are good only as they supply the want of other means of procuring respect. Was Charles the Twelfth, think you, less respected for his coarse blue coat and black stock? And you find the King of Prussia dresses plain, because the dignity of his character is sufficient." I here brought

[1] [Andrew Stuart's "Letters to Lord Mansfield on the Douglas Cause."—ED.]

myself into a scrape, for I had the preœsaid, "Would not *you*, sir, be the better for among embroidery?" JOHNSON. "Sir, you put an end to all argument when you introduce your opponent himself. Have you no better manners? There is *your want*[1]." I apologised by saying, I had mentioned him as an instance of one who wanted as little as any man in the world, and yet, perhaps, might receive some additional lustre from dress.

Having left Ashbourne in the evening, we stopped to change horses at Derby, and availed ourselves of a moment to enjoy the conversation of my countryman, Dr. Butter, then physician there. He was in great indignation because Lord Mountstuart's bill for a Scotch militia had been lost. Dr. Johnson was as violent against it. "I am glad," said he, "that parliament has had the spirit to throw it out. You wanted to take advantage of the timidity of our scoundrels" (meaning, I suppose, the ministry). It may be observed, that he used the epithet *scoundrel*, very commonly, not quite in the sense in which it is generally understood, but as a strong term of disapprobation[2]; as when he abruptly answered Mrs. Thrale, who had asked him how he did, "Ready to become a scoundrel, madam; with a little more spoiling you will, I think, make me a complete rascal[3];" he meant, easy to become a capricious and self-indulgent valetudinarian[4]; a character for which
ED. I have heard him express great disgust; [particularly when it connected itself in his mind with intellectual

[1] [The want seems, on this occasion, to have been common to *both*.—ED.]

[2] ["It is so very difficult," he said, on another occasion, to Mrs. Piozzi, "for a sick man not to be a scoundrel." It may be here observed, that *scoundrel* seems to have been a favourite word of his. In his Dictionary, he defined *knave*, a scoundrel; *loon*, a scoundrel; *lout*, a scoundrel; *poltroon*, a scoundrel; *sneakup*, a scoundrel; *rascal*, a scoundrel; and *scoundrel* itself he defines *a mean rascal; a low paltry villain*.—ED.]

[3] *Anecdotes*, p. 176.—BOSWELL.

[4] [See *post*, 16th Sept. 1777.—ED.]

apathy.] ["Nothing more certainly offended Dr. Johnson than the idea of a man's mental faculties decaying by time. 'It is not true; sir,' would he say: 'what a man could once do, he would always do, unless, indeed, by dint of vicious indolence, and compliance with the nephews and nieces who crowd round an old fellow, and help to tuck him in, till he, contented with the exchange of fame for ease, e'en resolves to let them set the pillows at his back, and gives no farther proof of his existence than just to suck the jelly that prolongs it.'"] Piozzi, p. 152.

Johnson had with him upon this jaunt "*Il Palmerino d'Inghilterra,*" a romance praised by Cervantes; but did not like it much. He said, he read it for the language, by way of preparation for his Italian expedition. We lay this night at Loughborough.

On Thursday, March 28, we pursued our journey. I mentioned that old Mr. Sheridan complained of the ingratitude of Mr. Wedderburne and General Fraser, who had been much obliged to him when they were young Scotchmen entering upon life in England. JOHNSON. "Why, sir, a man is very apt to complain of the ingratitude of those who have risen far above him. A man, when he gets into a higher sphere, into other habits of life, cannot keep up all his former connexions. Then, sir, those who knew him formerly upon a level with themselves may think that they ought still to be treated as on a level, which cannot be: and an acquaintance in a former situation may bring out things which it would be very disagreeable to have mentioned before higher company, though, perhaps, every body knows of them." He placed this subject in a new light to me, and showed, that a man who has risen in the world must not be condemned too harshly, for being distant to former

acquaintance, even though he may have been much obliged to them. It is, no doubt, to be wished, that a proper degree of attention should be shown by great men to their early friends. But if either from obtuse insensibility to difference of situation, or presumptuous forwardness, which will not submit even to an exteriour observance of it, the dignity of high place cannot be preserved; when they are admitted into the company of those raised above the state in which they once were, encroachment must be repelled, and the kinder feelings sacrificed. To one of the very fortunate persons whom I have mentioned, namely, Mr. Wedderburne, now Lord Loughborough, I must do the justice to relate, that I have been assured by another early acquaintance of his, old Mr. Macklin, who assisted in improving his pronunciation, that he found him very grateful. Macklin, I suppose, had not pressed upon his elevation with so much eagerness as the gentleman who complained of him. Dr. Johnson's remark as to the jealousy entertained of our friends who rise far above us is certainly very just. By this was withered the early friendship between Charles Townshend and Akenside[1]; and many similar instances might be adduced.

He said, "it is commonly a weak man who marries for love." We then talked of marrying women of fortune; and I mentioned a common remark, that a man may be, upon the whole, richer by marrying a woman with a very small portion, because a woman of fortune will be proportionably expensive; whereas a woman who brings none will be very moderate in

[1] [This is no appropriate instance. Charles Townshend—the nephew of the prime minister—the son of a peer, who was secretary of state, and leader of the house of lords—was as much above Akenside in their earliest days, as at any subsequent period; nor was Akenside in rank inferior to Dr. Brocklesby, with whom Charles Townshend continued in intimate friendship to the end of his life.—ED.]

expenses. JOHNSON. "Depend upon it, sir, this is not true. A woman of fortune being used to the handling of money, spends it judiciously; but a woman who gets the command of money for the first time upon her marriage, has such a gust in spending it, that she throws it away with great profusion."

He praised the ladies of the present age, insisting that they were more faithful to their husbands, and more virtuous in every respect, than in former times, because their understandings were better cultivated. It was an undoubted proof of his good sense and good disposition, that he was never querulous, never prone to inveigh against the present times, as is so common when superficial minds are on the fret. On the contrary, he was willing to speak favourably of his own age; and, indeed, maintained its superiority in every respect, except in its reverence for government; the relaxation of which he imputed, as its grand cause, to the shock which our monarchy received at the revolution, though necessary; and, secondly, to the timid concessions made to faction by successive administrations in the reign of his present majesty. I am happy to think, that he lived to see the crown at last recover its just influence.

At Leicester we read in the newspaper that Dr. James was dead[1]. I thought that the death of an old schoolfellow, and one with whom he had lived a good deal in London, would have affected my fellow-traveller much: but he only said, "Ah! poor Jamy!" Afterwards, however, when we were in the chaise, he said, with more tenderness, "Since I set out on this jaunt, I have lost an old friend and a young one;—Dr. James, and poor Harry" (meaning Mr. Thrale's son).

[1] [Dr. James died 23d March, 1776.—ED.]

Having lain at St. Alban's on Thursday, March 28, we breakfasted the next morning at Barnet. I expressed to him a weakness of mind which I could not help; an uneasy apprehension that my wife and children, who were at a great distance from me, might, perhaps, be ill. "Sir," said he, "consider how foolish you would think it in *them* to be apprehensive that *you* are ill." This sudden turn relieved me for the moment; but I afterwards perceived it to be an ingenious fallacy[1]. I might, to be sure, be satisfied that they had no reason to be apprehensive about me, because I *knew* that I myself was well: but we might have a mutual anxiety, without the charge of folly; because each was, in some degree, uncertain as to the condition of the other.

I enjoyed the luxury of our approach to London, that metropolis which we both loved so much, for the high and varied intellectual pleasure which it furnishes. I experienced immediate happiness while whirled along with such a companion, and said to him, "Sir, you observed one day at General Oglethorpe's, that a man is never happy for the present, but when he is drunk. Will you not add—or when driving rapidly in a post-chaise?" JOHNSON. "No, sir, you are driving rapidly *from* something, or *to* something."

ED. [Yet it was but a week before (21st March) that he had said that "life had few things better than driving rapidly in a post-chaise[2]." This is an instance of the justice of Mrs. Piozzi's observation,]

[1] Surely it is no fallacy, but a sound and rational argument. He who is perfectly well, and apprehensive concerning the state of another at a distance from him, *knows* to a certainty that the fears of that person concerning *his* health are imaginary and delusive; and hence has a rational ground for supposing that his own apprehensions, concerning his absent wife or friend, are equally unfounded.—MALONE.

[2] [See also *post*, 19th September, 1777.—ED.]

["That it was unlucky for those who delighted to echo Johnson's sentiments, that he would not endure from them *to-day* what he had *yesterday*, by his own manner of treating the subject, made them fond of repeating[1]."] Piozzi, p. 201.

Talking of melancholy, he said, "Some men, and very thinking men too, have not those vexing thoughts[2]. Sir Joshua Reynolds is the same all the year round. Beauclerk, except when ill and in pain, is the same. But I believe most men have them in the degree in which they are capable of having them. If I were in the country, and were distressed by that malady, I would force myself to take a book; and every time I did it I should find it the easier. Melancholy, indeed, should be diverted by every means but drinking."

We stopped at Messieurs Dillys, booksellers in the Poultry; from whence he hurried away, in a hackney coach, to Mr. Thrale's in the Borough. I called at his house in the evening, having promised to acquaint Mrs. Williams of his safe return; when, to my surprise, I found him sitting with her at tea, and, as I thought, not in a very good humour: for, it seems, when he had got to Mr. Thrale's, he found the coach was at the door waiting to carry Mrs. and

[1] [See *post*, 1st April, 1781, a similar instance. Menage attributes to the celebrated Duke de Montausier (the *Misanthrope* of Moliere) a like disposition, and gives an amusing instance.—*Menagiana*, vol. iii. p. 91.—Ed.]

[2] The phrase "vexing thoughts," is, I think, very expressive. It has been familiar to me from my childhood; for it is to be found in the "Psalms in Metre," used in the churches (I believe I should say *kirks*) of Scotland, Psal. xliii. v. 5.

"Why art thou then cast down, my soul?
What should discourage thee?
And why with *vexing thoughts* art thou
Disquieted in me?"

Some allowance must no doubt be made for early prepossession. But at a maturer period of life, after looking at various metrical versions of the Psalms, I am well satisfied that the version used in Scotland is, upon the whole, the best; and that it is vain to think of having a better. It has in general a simplicity and *unction* of sacred poesy; and in many parts its transfusion is admirable.—Boswell.

Miss Thrale, and Signor Baretti, their Italian master, to Bath. This was not showing the attention[1] which might have been expected to the "guide, philosopher, and friend;" the *Imlac* who had hastened from the country to console a distressed mother, who he understood was very anxious for his return. They had, I found, without ceremony, proceeded on their journey. I was glad to understand from him that it was still resolved that his tour to Italy with Mr. and Mrs. Thrale should take place, of which he had entertained some doubt, on account of the loss which they had suffered; and his doubts afterwards appeared to be well founded. He observed, indeed very justly, that "their loss was an additional reason for their going abroad; and if it had not been fixed that he should have been one of the party, he would force them out; but he would not advise them unless his advice was asked, lest they might suspect that he recommended what he wished on his own account." I was not pleased that his intimacy with Mr. Thrale's family, though it no doubt contributed much to his comfort and enjoyment, was not without some degree of restraint: not, as has been grossly suggested, that it was required of him as a task to talk for the entertainment of them and their company; but that he was not quite at his ease; which, however, might partly be owing to his own honest pride – that dignity of mind which is always jealous of appearing too compliant.

On Sunday, March 31, I called on him and showed him as a curiosity which I had discovered, his

[1] [How so? The journey must have been settled for some days, and, under the melancholy circumstances in which it was arranged, it would surely have been strange if Dr. Johnson's sudden appearance had interrupted it. Baretti, on the other hand, with more appearance of justice, complained that Johnson had not offered to accompany "the distressed mother," instead of himself, who went, he tells us, because no one else would go.—Ed.]

"Translation of Lobo's Account of Abyssinia," which Sir John Pringle had lent me, it being then little known as one of his works. He said, "Take no notice of it," or "Don't talk of it." He seemed to think it beneath him, though done at six-and-twenty. I said to him, "Your style, sir, is much improved since you translated this." He answered, with a sort of triumphant smile, "Sir, I hope it is."

On Wednesday, April 3, in the morning, I found him very busy putting his books in order, and, as they were generally very old ones, clouds of dust were flying around him. He had on a pair of large gloves, such as hedgers use. His present appearance put me in mind of my uncle Dr. Boswell's description of him, "A robust genius, born to grapple with whole libraries."

I gave him an account of a conversation which had passed between me and Captain Cook, the day before, at dinner at Sir John Pringle's; and he was much pleased with the conscientious accuracy of that celebrated circumnavigator, who set me right as to many of the exaggerated accounts given by Dr. Hawkesworth of his Voyages. I told him that while I was with the captain I catched the enthusiasm of curiosity and adventure, and felt a strong inclination to go with him on his next voyage. JOHNSON. "Why, sir, a man *does* feel so, till he considers how very little he can learn from such voyages." BOSWELL. "But one is carried away with the general, grand, and indistinct notion of A VOYAGE ROUND THE WORLD." JOHNSON. "Yes, sir, but a man is to guard himself against taking a thing in general." I said I was certain that a great part of what we are told by the travellers to the South Sea must be conjecture, because they had not enough of the language of those countries to understand so much as they have related. Objects

falling under the observation of the senses might be clearly known; but every thing intellectual, every thing abstract—politicks, morals, and religion, must be darkly guessed. Dr. Johnson was of the same opinion. He upon another occasion, when a friend mentioned to him several extraordinary facts, as communicated to him by the circumnavigators, slily observed, "Sir, I never before knew how much I was respected by these gentlemen; they told me none of these things."

He had been in company with Omai, a native of one of the South Sea Islands, after he had been some time in this country. He was struck with the elegance of his behaviour, and accounted for it thus: "Sir, he had passed his time, while in England, only in the best company; so that all that he had acquired of our manners was genteel. As a proof of this, sir, Lord Mulgrave and he dined one day at Streatham; they sat with their backs to the light fronting me, so that I could not see distinctly; and there was so little of the savage in Omai, that I was afraid to speak to either, lest I should mistake one for the other [1]."

We agreed to dine to-day at the Mitre tavern, after the rising of the House of Lords, where a branch of the litigation concerning the Douglas estate, in which I was one of the counsel, was to come on. I brought with me Mr. Murray, solicitor-general of Scotland, now one of the judges of the court of session, with the title of Lord Henderland. I mentioned Mr. Solicitor's relation, Lord Charles Hay [2], with whom I knew

[1] [This might perhaps have been more justly attributed to the defect of his sight (see *ante*, p. 286, *n*) than to any resemblance between Omai and Lord Mulgrave.—ED.]

[2] [Third son of the third Marquis of Twe dale. He was an officer in the army, and distinguished himself at the battle of Fontenoy; where he is said to have been the officer who invited the French guards to fire. He was afterwards third in command under Lord Loudon and General Hop on, in an expedition against Canada; but expressed himself with some violence against the tardiness of his superiors, he was, on the 31st July, 1757, put under arrest and

Dr. Johnson had been acquainted. JOHNSON. "I wrote something for Lord Charles [1], and I thought he had nothing to fear from a court-martial. I suffered a great loss when he died; he was a mighty pleasing man in conversation, and a reading man. The character of a soldier is high. They who stand forth the foremost in danger, for the community, have the respect of mankind. An officer is much more respected than any other man who has little money. In a commercial country, money will always purchase respect. But you find, an officer, who has, properly speaking, no money, is every where well received and treated with attention. The character of a soldier always stands him in stead." BOSWELL. "Yet, sir, I think that common soldiers are worse thought of than other men in the same rank of life; such as labourers." JOHNSON. "Why, sir, a common soldier is usually a very gross man, and any quality which procures respect may be overwhelmed by grossness. A man of learning may be so vicious or so ridiculous that you cannot respect him. A common soldier, too, generally eats more than he can pay for. But when a common soldier is civil in his quarters, his red coat procures him a degree of respect." The peculiar respect paid to the military character in France was mentioned. BOSWELL. "I should think that where military men are so numerous, they would be less valuable as not being rare." JOHNSON. "Nay, sir, wherever a particular character or profession is high in the estimation of a people, those who are of it will be valued

sent to England, to be tried by a court-martial, which, however, did not assemble till Feb. 1760; but Lord Charles died on the 1st of May following, before the sentence was promulgated.—ED.]

[1] [The editor, by the kindness of his friend Sir John Beckett, now judge-advocate general, has looked over the original minutes of this court-martial, but finds nothing that can be supposed to have been written by Johnson.—ED.]

above other men. We value an Englishman high in this country, and yet Englishmen are not rare in it."

Mr. Murray praised the ancient philosophers for the candour and good humour with which those of different sects disputed with each other. JOHNSON. "Sir, they disputed with good humour, because they were not in earnest as to religion. Had the ancients been serious in their belief, we should not have had their gods exhibited in the manner we find them represented in the poets. The people would not have suffered it. They disputed with good humour upon their fanciful theories, because they were not interested in the truth of them: when a man has nothing to lose, he may be in good humour with his opponent. Accordingly you see, in Lucian, the Epicurean, who argues only negatively, keeps his temper; the Stoick, who has something positive to preserve, grows angry[1]. Being angry with one who controverts an opinion which you value, is a necessary consequence of the uneasiness which you feel. Every man who attacks my belief, diminishes in some degree my confidence in it, and therefore makes me uneasy; and I am angry with him who makes me uneasy. Those only who believed in revelation have been angry at having their faith called in question; because they only had something upon which they could rest as matter of fact." MURRAY. "It seems to me that we are not angry at a man for controverting an opinion which we believe and value; we rather pity him." JOHNSON. "Why, sir, to be sure, when you wish a man to have that belief which you think is of infinite

[1] He alluded probably to the pleadings for and against *Pleasure* in Lucian's *Dicasteria*, where the Stoic, being defeated by Epicurus in the court below, appeals to Jupiter, but there seems no loss of temper. See *Lucian*, ed. 1615, p. 766.—ED.]

advantage, you wish well to him; but your primary consideration is your own quiet. If a madman were to come into this room with a stick in his hand, no doubt we should pity the state of his mind; but our primary consideration would be to take care of ourselves. We should knock him down first, and pity him afterwards. No, sir, every man will dispute with great good humour upon a subject in which he is not interested. I will dispute very calmly upon the probability of another man's son being hanged; but if a man zealously enforces the probability that my own son will be hanged, I shall certainly not be in a very good humour with him." I added this illustration, "If a man endeavours to convince me that my wife, whom I love very much, and in whom I place great confidence, is a disagreeable woman, and is even unfaithful to me, I shall be very angry, for he is putting me in fear of being unhappy." MURRAY. "But, sir, truth will always bear an examination." JOHNSON. "Yes, sir, but it is painful to be forced to defend it. Consider, sir, how should you like, though conscious of your innocence, to be tried before a jury for a capital crime, once a week."

We talked of education at great schools; the advantages and disadvantages of which Johnson displayed in a luminous manner; but his arguments preponderated so much in favour of the benefit which a boy of good parts might receive at one of them [1], that I have reason to believe Mr. Murray was very

[1] [A peculiar advantage of an education in our public schools was stated in one of his parliamentary speeches, by the late Mr. Canning—himself a great authority and example on such a subject. "Foreigners often ask, 'By what means an uninterrupted succession of men, qualified more or less eminently for the performance of united parliamentary and official duties, is secured?' First, I answer (with the prejudices perhaps of Eton and Oxford), that we owe it to our system of public schools and universities. From these institutions is derived (in the language of the prayer of our collegiate churches) '*a due supply of men fitted to serve their country both in church and state.*' It is in her public schools and universities that the youth of England are, by a discipline which shallow judgments have sometimes attempted to undervalue, prepared for the

much influenced by what he had heard to-day in his determination to send his own son to Westminster school. I have acted in the same manner with regard to my own two sons; having placed the eldest at Eton, and the second at Westminster. I cannot say which is best. But in justice to both those noble seminaries, I with high satisfaction declare, that my boys have derived from them a great deal of good, and no evil: and I trust they will, like Horace, be grateful to their father for giving them so valuable an education.

I introduced the topick, which is often ignorantly urged, that the universities of England are too rich[1]; so that learning does not flourish in them as it would do, if those who teach had smaller salaries, and depended on their assiduity for a great part of their income. JOHNSON. "Sir, the very reverse of this is the truth; the English universities are not rich enough. Our fellowships are only sufficient to support a man during his studies to fit him for the world, and accordingly in general they are held no longer than till an opportunity offers of getting away. Now and then, perhaps, there is a fellow who grows old in his college; but this is against his will, unless he be a man very indolent indeed. A hundred a year is reckoned a good fellowship, and that is no more than is necessary to keep a man decently as a scholar. We do not allow our fellows to marry, because we

duties of public life. There are rare and splendid exceptions, to be sure; but in my conscience I believe, that England would not be what she is without her system of public education, and that no other country can become what England is without the advantages of such a system." Such was also Mr. Gibbon's opinion. "I shall always be ready to join in the public opinion, that our public schools, which have produced so many eminent characters, are the best adapted to the genius and constitution of the English people."—*Memoirs. Mis. Works*, vol. i. p. 37.—ED.]

[1] Dr. Adam Smith, who was for some time a professor in the university of Glasgow, has uttered, in his "Wealth of Nations," some reflections upon this subject which are certainly not well founded, and seem to be invidious.—BOSWELL.

consider academical institutions as preparatory to a settlement in the world. It is only by being employed as a tutor, that a fellow can obtain any thing more than a livelihood. To be sure, a man who has enough without teaching will probably not teach; for we would all be idle if we could. In the same manner, a man who is to get nothing by teaching will not exert himself. Gresham college was intended as a place of instruction for London; able professors were to read lectures gratis; they contrived to have no scholars; whereas, if they had been allowed to receive but sixpence a lecture from each scholar, they would have been emulous to have had many scholars. Every body will agree that it should be the interest of those who teach to have scholars; and this is the case in our universities. That they are too rich is certainly not true; for they have nothing good enough to keep a man of eminent learning with them for his life. In the foreign universities a professorship is a high thing. It is as much almost as a man can make by his learning: and therefore we find the most learned men abroad are in the universities. It is not so with us. Our universities are impoverished of learning, by the penury of their provisions. I wish there were many places of a thousand a year at Oxford, to keep first-rate men of learning from quitting the university." Undoubtedly if this were the case, literature would have a still greater dignity and splendour at Oxford, and there would be grander living sources of instruction.

I mentioned Mr. Maclaurin's uneasiness on account of a degree of ridicule carelessly thrown on his deceased father, in Goldsmith's "History of Animated Nature," in which that celebrated mathematician is represented as being subject to fits of yawning so vio-

lent as to render him incapable of proceeding in his lecture; a story altogether unfounded, but for the publication of which the law would give no reparation[1]. This led us to agitate the question, whether legal redress could be obtained, even when a man's deceased relation was calumniated in a publication. Mr. Murray maintained there should be reparation, unless the authour could justify himself by proving the fact. JOHNSON. "Sir, it is of so much more consequence that truth should be told, than that individuals should not be made uneasy, that it is much better that the law does not restrain writing freely concerning the characters of the dead. Damages will be given to a man who is calumniated in his lifetime, because he may be hurt in his worldly interest, or at least hurt in his mind: but the law does not regard that uneasiness which a man feels on having his ancestor calumniated. That is too nice. Let him deny what is said, and let the matter have a fair chance by discussion. But if a man could say nothing against a character but what he can prove, history could not be written; for a great deal is known of men of which proof cannot be brought. A minister may be notoriously known to take bribes, and yet you may not be able to prove it." Mr. Murray suggested that the authour should be obliged to show some sort of evidence, though he would not require a strict legal proof: but Johnson firmly and resolutely opposed any restraint whatever, as adverse to a free investigation of the characters of mankind[2].

[1] Dr. Goldsmith was dead before Mr. Maclaurin discovered the ludicrous errour. But Mr. Nourse, the bookseller, who was the proprietor of the work, upon being applied to by Sir John Pringle, agreed very handsomely to have the leaf on which it was contained cancelled, and reprinted without it, at his own expense.—BOSWELL.

[2] What Dr. Johnson has here said is undoubtedly good sense; yet I am afraid that law, though defined by *Lord Coke* "the perfection of reason," is not

On Thursday, 4th April, having called on Dr. Johnson, I said, it was a pity that truth was not so firm as to bid defiance to all attacks, so that it might be shot at as much as people chose to attempt, and yet remain unhurt. JOHNSON. "Then, sir, it would not be shot at. Nobody attempts to dispute that two and two make four: but with contests concerning moral truth, human passions are generally mixed, and therefore it must be ever liable to assault and misrepresentation."

altogether *with him*; for it is held in the books, that an attack on the reputation even of a dead man may be punished as a libel because tending to a breach of the peace. There is, however, I believe, no modern decided case to that effect. In the King's Bench, Trinity term, 1790, the question occurred on occasion of an indictment, *the King* v. *Topham*, who, as a *proprietor* of a newspaper entitled "The World," was found guilty of a libel against Earl Cowper, deceased, because certain injurious charges against his lordship were published in that paper. An arrest of judgment having been moved for, the case was afterwards solemnly argued. My friend Mr. Const, whom I delight in having an opportunity to praise, not only for his abilities but his manners—a gentleman whose ancient German blood has been mellowed in England, and who may be truly said to unite the *baron* and the *barrister*, was one of the counsel for Mr. Topham. He displayed much learning and ingenuity upon the general question; which, however, was not decided, as the court granted an arrest chiefly on the informality of the indictment. No man has a higher reverence for the law of England than I have; but with all deference I cannot help thinking, that prosecution by indictment, if a defendant is never to be allowed to justify, must often be very oppressive, unless juries, whom I am more and more confirmed in holding to be judges of law as well as of fact, resolutely interpose. Of late an act of parliament has passed declaratory of their full right to one as well as the other, in matter of libel; and the bill having been brought in by a popular gentleman, many of his party have in most extravagant terms declaimed on the wonderful acquisition to the liberty of the press. For my own part I ever was clearly of opinion that this right was inherent in the very constitution of a jury, and indeed in sense and reason inseparable from their important function. To establish it, therefore, by statute, is, I think, narrowing its foundation, which is the broad and deep basis of common law. Would it not rather weaken the right of primogeniture, or any other old and universally acknowledged right, should the legislature pass an act in favour of it? In my "Letter to the People of Scotland, against diminishing the number of the Lords of Session," published in 1785, there is the following passage, which, as a concise, and I hope a fair and rational state of the matter, I presume to quote: "The juries of England are judges of *law* as well as of *fact* in *many civil* and in *all criminal* trials. That my principles of *resistance* may not be misapprehended, any more than my principles of *submission*, I protest that I should be the last man in the world to encourage juries to contradict rashly, wantonly, or perversely, the opinion of the judges. On the contrary, I would have them listen respectfully to the advice they receive from the bench, by which they may often be well directed in forming *their own opinion*; which, 'and not another's,' is the opinion they are to return *upon their oaths*. But where, after due attention to all that the judge has said, they are decidedly of a different opinion from him, they have not only a *power* and a *right*, but they are *bound in conscience* to bring in a verdict accordingly."—BOSWELL.

On Friday, 5th April, being Good Friday, after having attended the morning service at St. Clement's church, I walked home with Johnson. We talked of the Roman Catholick religion. JOHNSON. "In the barbarous ages, sir, priests and people were equally deceived; but afterwards there were gross corruptions introduced by the clergy, such as indulgences to priests to have concubines, and the worship of images, not, indeed, inculcated, but knowingly permitted." He strongly censured the licensed stews at Rome. BOSWELL. "So then, sir, you would allow of no irregular intercourse whatever between the sexes?" JOHNSON. "To be sure I would not, sir. I would punish it much more than it is done, and so restrain it. In all countries there has been fornication, as in all countries there has been theft; but there may be more or less of the one, as well as of the other, in proportion to the force of law. All men will naturally commit fornication, as all men will naturally steal. And, sir, it is very absurd to argue, as has been often done, that prostitutes are necessary to prevent the violent effects of appetite from violating the decent order of life; nay, should be permitted in order to preserve the chastity of our wives and daughters. Depend upon it, sir, severe laws, steadily enforced, would be sufficient against those evils, and would promote marriage."

I stated to him this case:—"Suppose a man has a daughter, who he knows has been seduced, but her *misfortune* is concealed from the world, should he keep her in his house? Would he not, by doing so, be accessary to imposition? And, perhaps, a worthy, unsuspecting man might come and marry this woman, unless the father inform him of the truth." JOHNSON. "Sir, he is accessary to no imposition. His daughter is in his house; and if a man courts her,

he takes his chance. If a friend, or, indeed, if any man, asks his opinion whether he should marry her, he ought to advise him against it, without telling why, because his real opinion is then required. Or, if he has other daughters who know of her frailty, he ought not to keep her in his house. You are to consider the state of life is this; we are to judge of one another's characters as well as we can; and a man is not bound in honesty or honour to tell us the faults of his daughter or of himself. A man who has debauched his friend's daughter is not obliged to say to every body—'Take care of me; don't let me into your house without suspicion. I once debauched a friend's daughter. I may debauch yours.'"

Mr. Thrale called upon him, and appeared to bear the loss of his son with a manly composure. There was no affectation about him; and he talked, as usual, upon indifferent subjects. He seemed to me to hesitate as to the intended Italian tour, on which, I flattered myself, he and Mrs. Thrale and Dr. Johnson were soon to set out; and, therefore, I pressed it as much as I could. I mentioned that Mr. Beauclerk had said, that Baretti, whom they were to carry with them, would keep them so long in the little towns of his own district, that they would not have time to see Rome. I mentioned this to put them on their guard. JOHNSON. "Sir, we do not thank Mr. Beauclerk for supposing that we are to be directed by Baretti. No, sir; Mr. Thrale is to go by my advice, to Mr. Jackson [1] (the all-knowing), and get from him

[1] A gentleman, who, from his extraordinary stores of knowledge, has been styled *omniscient*. Johnson, I think very properly, altered it to *all-knowing*, as it is a *verbum solenne*, appropriated to the Supreme Being.—BOSWELL. [Mr. Richard Jackson, a barrister, member for New Romney, and F. R. S., had obtained, from the universality of his information on all topics, the appellation of "*omniscient Jackson*." He was an intimate friend of Lord Shelburn's, and became a lord of the treasury in his lordship's administration in 1782. Mr. Jackson died in 1786.—ED.]

a plan for seeing the most that can be seen in the time that we have to travel. We must, to be sure, see Rome, Naples, Florence, and Venice, and as much more as we can." (Speaking with a tone of animation.)

When I expressed an earnest wish for his remarks on Italy, he said, "I do not see that I could make a book upon Italy; yet I should be glad to get two hundred pounds, or five hundred pounds, by such a work." This showed both that a journal of his Tour upon the Continent was not wholly out of his contemplation, and that he uniformly adhered to that strange opinion which his indolent disposition made him utter; "No man but a blockhead ever wrote except for money." Numerous instances to refute this will occur to all who are versed in the history of literature.

He gave us one of the many sketches of character which were treasured in his mind, and which he was wont to produce quite unexpectedly in a very entertaining manner. "I lately," said he, "received a letter from the East Indies, from a gentleman whom I formerly knew very well; he had returned from that country with a handsome fortune, as it was reckoned, before means were found to acquire those immense sums which have been brought from thence of late; he was a scholar, and an agreeable man, and lived very prettily in London, till his wife died. After her death, he took to dissipation and gaming, and lost all he had. One evening he lost a thousand pounds to a gentleman whose name I am sorry I have forgotten. Next morning he sent the gentleman five hundred pounds, with an apology that it was all he had in the world. The gentleman sent the money back to him, declaring he would not accept of it; and adding, that if Mr. —— had occasion for five

hundred pounds more, he would lend it to him. He resolved to go out again to the East Indies, and make his fortune anew. He got a considerable appointment, and I had some intention of accompanying him. Had I thought then as I do now, I should have gone: but at that time I had objections to quitting England."

It was a very remarkable circumstance about Johnson, whom shallow observers have supposed to have been ignorant of the world, that very few men had seen greater variety of characters; and none could observe them better, as was evident from the strong yet nice portraits which he often drew. I have frequently thought that if he had made out what the French call *une catalogue raisonnée* of all the people who had passed under his observation, it would have afforded a very rich fund of instruction and entertainment. The suddenness with which his accounts of some of them started out in conversation was not less pleasing than surprising. I remember he once observed to me, "It is wonderful, sir, what is to be found in London. The most literary conversation that I ever enjoyed was at the table of Jack Ellis, a money-scrivener, behind the Royal Exchange, with whom I at one period used to dine generally once a week[1]."

[1] This Mr. Ellis was, I believe, the last of that profession called *scriveners*, which is one of the London companies, but of which the business is no longer carried on separately, but is transacted by attorneys and others. He was a man of literature and talents. He was the authour of a Hudibrastick version of Maphæus's Canto, in addition to the Æneid; of some poems in Dodsley's collection, and various other small pieces; but, being a very modest man, never put his name to any thing. He showed me a translation which he had made of Ovid's Epistles, very prettily done. There is a good engraved portrait of him by Pether, from a picture by Fry, which hangs in the hall of the Scrivener's company. I visited him October 4, 1790, in his ninety-third year, and found his judgment distinct and clear, and his memory, though faded so as to fail him occasionally, yet, as he assured me, and I indeed perceived, able to serve him very well, after a little recollection. It was agreeable to observe, that he was free from the discontent and fretfulness which too often molest old age. He, in the summer of that year, walked to Rotherhithe, where he dined, and walked home in the evening. He died on the 31st of December, 1791.—BOSWELL.

Volumes would be required to contain a list of his numerous and various acquaintance, none of whom he ever forgot; and could describe and discriminate them all with precision and vivacity. He associated with persons the most widely different in manners, abilities, rank, and accomplishments. He was at once the companion of the brilliant Colonel Forrester of the guards, who wrote "The Polite Philosopher," and of the awkward and uncouth Robert Levett; of Lord Thurlow, and Mr. Sastres, the Italian master; and has dined one day with the beautiful, gay, and fascinating Lady Craven [1], and the next with good Mrs. Gardiner, the tallow-chandler, on Snow-hill [2].

On my expressing my wonder at his discovering so much of the knowledge peculiar to different professions, he told me, "I learnt what I know of law chiefly from Mr. Ballow [3], a very able man. I learnt some too from Chambers: but was not so teachable then. One is not willing to be taught by a young man." When I expressed a wish to know more

[1] Lord Macartney, who, with his other distinguished qualities, is remarkable also for an elegant pleasantry, told me that he met Johnson at Lady Craven's, and that he seemed jealous of any interference. "So," said his lordship, smiling, "*I kept back.*"—BOSWELL.

[2] [This is much exaggerated (see *ante*, vol. ii. p. 151, *n*). His polite acquaintance did not extend much beyond the circle of Mr. Thrale, Sir Joshua Reynolds, and the members of the Club. There is no record that the editor recollects, of his having dined at the table of any peer in London: he seems scarcely to have known an *English* bishop, except Dr. Shipley, whom every one knew; and except by a few occasional visits at the *bas-bleu* assemblies of Mrs. Montagu and Mrs. Vesey, we do not trace him in any thing like *fashionable* society. This seems strange to us; for happily, in our day, a literary man of much less than Johnson's eminence would be courted into the highest and most brilliant ranks of society. Lord Wellesley recollects, with regret, the little notice, compared with his posthumous reputation, which the *fashionable* world seemed to take of Johnson. He was known as a great writer; but his social and conversational powers were not so generally appreciated.—ED.]

[3] There is an account of him in Sir John Hawkins's Life of Johnson, p. 244. Mr. Thomas Ballow was author of an excellent Treatise of Equity, printed anonymously in 1742, and lately republished with very valuable additions, by John Fonblanque, esq. Mr. Ballow died suddenly in London, July 26, 1782, aged seventy-five, and is mentioned in the Gentleman's Magazine for that year as "a great Greek scholar, and famous for his knowledge of the old philosophy."—MALONE.

about Mr. Ballow, Johnson, said, "Sir, I have seen him but once these twenty years. The tide of life has driven us different ways." I was sorry at the time to hear this; but whoever quits the creeks of private connexions, and fairly gets into the great ocean of London, will, by imperceptible degrees, unavoidably experience such cessations of acquaintance.

"My knowledge of physick," he added, "I learnt from Dr. James, whom I helped in writing the proposals for his Dictionary, and also a little in the Dictionary itself[1]. I also learnt from Dr. Lawrence, but was then grown more stubborn."

A curious incident happened to-day, while Mr. Thrale and I sat with him. Francis announced that a large packet was brought to him from the post-office, said to have come from Lisbon, and it was charged *seven pounds ten shillings*. He would not receive it, supposing it to be some trick, nor did he even look at it. But upon inquiry afterwards he found that it was a real packet for him, from that very friend in the East Indies of whom he had been speaking; and the ship which carried it having come to Portugal, this packet with others had been put into the post-office at Lisbon.

I mentioned a new gaming club, of which Mr. Beauclerk had given me an account, where the members played to a desperate extent[2]. JOHNSON. "Depend upon it, sir, this is mere talk. *Who* is ruined by gaming? You will not find six instances in an age. There is a strange rout made about deep play; whereas you have many more people ruined

[1] I have in vain endeavoured to find out what parts Johnson wrote for Dr. James; perhaps medical men may.—BOSWELL.

[2] [Lord Lauderdale informed the Editor that Mr. Fox (a great authority on this as well as on more important subjects) told him, that the deepest play he had ever known was between the year 1772 and the beginning of the American war. Lord Lauderdale instanced 5000*l.* being staked on a single card at faro.—ED.]

by adventurous trade, and yet we do not hear such an outcry against it." THRALE. "There may be few absolutely ruined by deep play; but very many are much hurt in their circumstances by it." JOHNSON. "Yes, sir, and so are very many by other kinds of expense." I had heard him talk once before in the same manner; and at Oxford, he said "he wished he had learned to play at cards[1]." The truth, however, is, that he loved to display his ingenuity in argument; and therefore would sometimes in conversation maintain opinions which he was sensible were wrong, but in supporting which, his reasoning and wit would be most conspicuous. He would begin thus: "Why, sir, as to the good or evil of card-playing—" "Now," said Garrick, "he is thinking which side he shall take." He appeared to have a pleasure in contradiction, especially when any opinion whatever was delivered with an air of confidence; so that there was hardly any topick, if not one of the great truths of religion and morality, that he might not have been incited to argue, either for or against. Lord Elibank[2] had the highest admiration of his powers. He once observed to me, "Whatever opinion Johnson maintains, I will not say that he convinces me; but he never fails to show me, that he had good reasons for it." I have heard Johnson pay his lordship this high compliment: "I never was in Lord Elibank's company without learning something."

We sat together till it was too late for the afternoon service. Thrale said, he had come with intention to go to church with us. We went at seven to evening prayers at St. Clement's church, after having drunk coffee; an indulgence which I under-

[1] [See *ante*, p. 99.—ED.]

[2] Patrick, Lord Elibank, who died in 1778 (*ante*, v. ii. p. 130).—BOSWELL.

stand Johnson yielded to on this occasion, in compliment to Thrale.

[This day he himself thus records, ED.

"Though for the past week I have had an anxious design of communicating to-day, I performed no particular act of devotion, till on Friday I went to church. Pr. and Med. p. 145.

"I fasted, though less rigorously than at other times. I, by negligence, poured milk into the tea, and, in the afternoon, drank one dish of coffee with Thrale; yet at night, after a fit of drowsiness, I felt myself very much disordered by emptiness, and called for tea, with peevish and impatient eagerness. My distress was very great."]

On Sunday, April 7, Easter-day, after having been at St. Paul's cathedral, I came to Dr. Johnson, according to my usual custom. It seemed to me, that there was always something particularly mild and placid in his manner upon this holy festival, the commemoration of the most joyful event in the history of our world, the resurrection of our Lord and Saviour, who, having triumphed over death and the grave, proclaimed immortality to mankind.

[Yet with what different colours he paints his own state at this moment! ED.

"The time is again [come] at which, since the death of my poor dear Tetty, on whom God have mercy, I have annually commemorated the mystery of redemption, and annually purposed to amend my life. My reigning sin, to which perhaps many others are appendant, is waste of time, and general sluggishness, to which I was always inclined, and, in part of my life, have been almost compelled by morbid melancholy and disturbance of mind. Melancholy has had in me its paroxysms and remissions, but I have not improved the intervals, nor sufficiently resisted my natural inclination, or sickly habits." P. 144.

He adds, however:

"In the morning I had at church some radiations of comfort."] P. 145.

I repeated to him an argument of a lady of my acquaintance, who maintained, that her husband's having been guilty of numberless infidelities, released her from conjugal obligations, because they were reciprocal. JOHNSON. "This is miserable stuff, sir. To the contract of marriage, besides the man and wife, there is a third party—society; and if it be considered as a vow—God: and, therefore, it cannot be dissolved by their consent alone. Laws are not made for particular cases, but for men in general. A woman may be unhappy with her husband; but she cannot be freed from him without the approbation of the civil and ecclesiastical power. A man may be unhappy, because he is not so rich as another; but he is not to seize upon another's property with his own hand." BOSWELL. "But, sir, this lady does not want that the contract should be dissolved; she only argues that she may indulge herself in gallantries with equal freedom as her husband does, provided she takes care not to introduce a spurious issue into his family. You know, sir, what Macrobius has told of Julia[1]." JOHNSON. "This lady of yours, sir, I think, is very fit for a brothel."

Mr. Macbean, author of the "Dictionary of Ancient Geography," came in. He mentioned that he had been forty years absent from Scotland, "Ah, Boswell!" said Johnson smiling, "what would you give to be forty years from Scotland?" I said, "I should not like to be so long absent from the seat of my ancestors." This gentleman, Mrs. Williams, and Mr. Levett, dined with us.

Dr. Johnson made a remark, which both Mr. Macbean and I thought new. It was this: that "the law against usury is for the protection of creditors

[1] "Nunquam enim nisi navi plenâ tollo vectorem."—Lib. ii. c. vi.—BOSWELL.

as well as debtors; for if there were no such check, people would be apt, from the temptation of great interest, to lend to desperate persons, by whom they would lose their money. Accordingly, there are instances of ladies being ruined, by having injudiciously sunk their fortunes for high annuities, which, after a few years, ceased to be paid, in consequence of the ruined circumstances of the borrower."

Mrs. Williams was very peevish[1]; and I wondered at Johnson's patience with her now, as I had often done on similar occasions. The truth is, that his humane consideration of the forlorn and indigent state in which this lady was left by her father induced him to treat her with the utmost tenderness, and even to be desirous of procuring her amusement, so as sometimes to incommode many of his friends, by carrying her with him to their houses, where, from her manner of eating, in consequence of her blindness, she could not but offend the delicacy of persons of nice sensations.

After coffee, we went to afternoon service in St. Clement's church. Observing some beggars in the street as we walked along, I said to him, I supposed there was no civilized country in the world where the misery of want in the lowest classes of the people was prevented. JOHNSON: "I believe, sir, there is not; but it is better that some should be unhappy, than that none should be happy, which would be the case in a general state of equality."

When the service was ended, I went home with him, and we sat quietly by ourselves. He recommended Dr. Cheyne's books. I said, I thought Cheyne had been reckoned whimsical. "So he was," said

[1] [Boswell was not partial to Mrs. Williams. Peevish she probably was; but let it be remembered that she was old, blind, poor, and a dependent. And see *ante*, vol. i. p. 221, a more favourable account from Malone and Miss Hawkins.—ED.]

he," in some things; but there is no end of objections. There are few books to which some objection or other may not be made." He added, "I would not have you read any thing else of Cheyne, but his book on Health, and his 'English Malady.'"

Upon the question whether a man who had been guilty of vicious actions would do well to force himself into solitude and sadness? JOHNSON. "No, sir, unless it prevent him from being vicious again. With some people, gloomy penitence is only madness turned upside down. A man may be gloomy, till, in order to be relieved from gloom, he has recourse again to criminal indulgencies."

On Wednesday, 10th April, I dined with him at Mr. Thrale's, where were Mr. Murphy and some other company. Before dinner, Dr. Johnson and I passed some time by ourselves. I was sorry to find it was now resolved that the proposed journey to Italy should not take place this year. He said, "I am disappointed, to be sure; but it is not a great disappointment." I wondered to see him bear, with a philosophical calmness, what would have made most people peevish and fretful. [But he cordially assented to the reasons which operated on the minds of Mr. and Mrs. Thrale to postpone the journey, as appears from his letter to the lady.]

Ed.

Letters, v. i. p. 314.

["TO MRS. THRALE.

"9th April, 1776.

"Mr. Thrale's alteration of purpose is not weakness of resolution; it is a wise man's compliance with the change of things, and with the new duties which the change produces. Whoever expects me to be angry will be disappointed. I do not even grieve at the effect; I only grieve for the cause."]

Piozzi, p. 130.

[His desire, however, to go abroad was very great; and he had a longing wish, too, to leave some Latin verses at the Grand Chartreux.]

I perceived that he had so warmly cherished the hope of enjoying classical scenes, that he could not easily part with the scheme; for he said, "I shall probably contrive to get to Italy some other way[1]. But I won't mention it to Mr. and Mrs. Thrale, as it might vex them." I suggested that going to Italy might have done Mr. and Mrs. Thrale good. JOHNSON. "I rather believe not, sir. While grief is fresh, every attempt to divert only irritates. You must wait till grief be *digested*, and then amusement will dissipate the remains of it."

At dinner, Mr. Murphy entertained us with the history of Mr. Joseph Simpson[2], a schoolfellow of Dr. Johnson's, a barrister at law, of good parts, but who fell into a dissipated course of life, incompatible with that success in his profession which he once had, and would otherwise have deservedly maintained; yet he still preserved a dignity in his deportment. He wrote a tragedy on the story of Leonidas, entitled "The Patriot." He read it to a company of lawyers, who found so many faults that he wrote it over again: so then there were two tragedies on the same subject and with the same title. Dr. Johnson told us, that one of them was still in his possession. This very piece was, after his death, published by some person who had been about him, and, for the sake of a little hasty profit, was fallaciously advertised so as to make it be believed to have been written by Johnson himself.

I said, I disliked the custom which some people had of bringing their children into company, because it in a manner forced us to pay foolish compliments to please their parents. JOHNSON. "You are right,

[1] [He probably may have had some idea of accompanying his friend Mr. Saunders Welsh, who, in fact, went to Italy about the 14th May of this year. See *post*, Feb. 1778.—ED.]

[2] [See *ante*, v. i. p. 336, his letter to this gentleman.—ED.]

sir[1]. We may be excused for not caring much about other people's children, for there are many who care very little about their own children. It may be observed, that men who, from being engaged in business, or from their course of life in whatever way, soldom see their children, do not care much about them. I myself should not have had much fondness for a child of my own." MRS. THRALE[2]. "Nay, sir, how can you talk so?" JOHNSON. "At least, I never wished to have a child." [On another occasion, when Mrs. Thrale was relating to him that Dr. Collier (of the commons) had observed, that the love one bore to children was from the anticipation one's mind made while one contemplated them: "We hope," says he, "that they will some time make wise men, or amiable women; and we suffer them to take up our affection beforehand. One cannot love *lumps of flesh*, and little infants are nothing more." "On the contrary," said Johnson, "one can scarcely help wishing, while one fondles a baby, that it may never live to become a man; for it is so probable that when he becomes a man, he should be sure to end in a scoundrel." Girls were less displeasing to him; "for as their temptations were fewer," he said, "their virtue in this life, and happiness in the next, were less improbable; and he loved," he said, "to see a knot of little misses dearly."]

Piozzi, p. 211.

Mr. Murphy mentioned Dr. Johnson's having a design to publish an edition of Cowley. Johnson said, he did not know but he should; and he ex-

[1] [Yet he was always kind to children, even when he blamed the parents for obtruding them. Miss Hawkins tells us that "Johnson was kind, *in his way*, to children: my father seldom observed me with him without recollecting the lion dandling the kid."—*Mem.* 1—23. See also *post*, *circa* 9th April, 1783.—ED.]

[2] [It seems not easy to account for Mrs. Thrale's presence in London on the 10th April. She appears by the correspondence with Johnson to have been at Bath, to which place Johnson addressed a letter to her on the 9th. See *ante*, p. 392.—ED.]

pressed his disapprobation of Dr. Hurd, for having published a mutilated edition under the title of "Select Works of Abraham Cowley." Mr. Murphy thought it a bad precedent; observing, that any authour might be used in the same manner: and that it was pleasing to see the variety of an authour's compositions at different periods.

We talked of Flatman's Poems; and Mrs. Thrale observed, that Pope had partly borrowed from him "The Dying Christian to his Soul." Johnson repeated Rochester's verses upon Flatman, which I think by much too severe:

> "Nor that slow drudge in swift Pindarick strains,
> Flatman, who Cowley imitates with pains,
> And rides a jaded muse, whipt with loose reins."

I like to recollect all the passages that I heard Johnson repeat: it stamps a value on them.

He told us that the book entitled "The Lives of the Poets," by Mr. Cibber, was entirely compiled by Mr. Shiels [1], a Scotchman, one of his amanuenses.

[1] [Here followed, in the former editions, a note containing a long extract from the Monthly Review for 1792, controverting the above assertion, which, on account of its length, the Editor has thrown into the Appendix; but he must observe, with more immediate reference to the statement in the text, that notwithstanding the weight which must be given to Dr. Johnson's *repeated assertions* on a subject in which he alleged that he had indisputable evidence in his own possession, yet there are some circumstances which seem at variance with his statements. It is true that the title-page of the first volume says, "*compiled* by Mr. Cibber," but all the other volumes have "compiled by Mr. Cibber and *other hands*;" so that Johnson was certainly mistaken in representing that Cibber was held out as the *sole author*. In the third vol., p. 156, the life of Betterton, the actor, is announced as "written by R. S." no doubt *Robert Shiels*, and to it is appended the following note, "As *Mr. Theophilus Cibber* is publishing (in another work) the 'Lives and Character of eminent Actors,' he leaves to *other gentlemen concerned in this work* the account of some *players*, who could not be omitted herein as *poets*." A similar notice accompanies the Life of Booth, v. iv. p. 178; and again, in a note on the "Life of Thomson," vol. v. p. 211, *Theophilus Cibber, in his own name*, states, that he read the tragedy of Agamemnon to the theatrical synod with so much applause, that he was selected to play the part of Melisander. These circumstances prove that "a *Cibber*" had some share in the work,—that there was no intention to conceal that it was *Theophilus*,—and that *Robert Shiels and others* were *avowed* assistants. Mr. Boswell, in a former passage, (see *ante*, vol. i. p. 161.) intimated, that "some *choice passages* of these lives were written by Johnson himself." That opinion the Editor thought that Johnson's own assertion sufficiently negatived; but he must admit, on reconsideration, that there is some

"The booksellers," said he, "gave Theophilus Cibber, who was then in prison, ten guineas, to allow Mr. Cibber to be put upon the title-page, as the authour; by this, a double imposition was intended; in the first place, that it was the work of a Cibber at all; and, in the second place, that it was the work of old Cibber."

Mr. Murphy said, that "The Memoirs of Gray's Life set him much higher in his estimation than his poems did: for you there saw a man constantly at work in literature." Johnson acquiesced in this; but depreciated the book, I thought, very unreasonably. For he said, "I forced myself to read it, only because it was a common topic of conversation. I found it mighty dull; and, as to the style, it is fit for the second table." Why he thought so I was at a loss to conceive. He now gave it as his opinion, that "Akenside was a superiour poet both to Gray and Mason."

Talking of the Reviews, Johnson said, "I think them very impartial: I do not know an instance of partiality." He mentioned what had passed upon the subject of the Monthly and Critical Reviews, in the conversation with which his majesty had honoured him. He expatiated a little more on them this evening. "The Monthly Reviewers," said he, "are not Deists; but they are Christians with as little Christianity as may be; and are for pulling down all establishments. The Critical Reviewers are for supporting the constitution both in church and state.

colour for Mr. Boswell's suspicion; for it appears that Johnson was at one time employed to contribute to that work the lives of, at least, Shakspeare and Dryden (see *ante*, v. i. p. 514, and *post*, 15th May, 1776), and though he certainly did not write those lives, yet several passages throughout the work are much in his style. That, however, might arise from the imitation of Shiels; but what is most important is, that the *plan* in which these lives are written is substantially the same as that which Johnson adopted in his own beautiful work.—Ed.]

The Critical Reviewers, I believe, often review without reading the books through; but lay hold of a topick, and write chiefly from their own minds. The Monthly Reviewers are duller men, and are glad to read the books through."

He talked of Lord Lyttelton's extreme anxiety as an authour; observing, that "he was thirty years in preparing his history, and that he employed a man to point it for him; as if (laughing) another man could point his sense better than himself[1]." Mr. Murphy said, he understood his history was kept back several years for fear of Smollett. JOHNSON. "This seems strange to Murphy and me, who never felt that anxiety, but sent what he wrote to the press, and let it take its chance." MRS. THRALE. "The time has been, sir, when you felt it." JOHNSON. "Why really, madam, I do not recollect a time when that was the case."

Talking of "The Spectator," he said, "It is wonderful that there is such a proportion of bad papers, in the half of the work which was not written by Addison; for there was all the world to write that half, yet not a half of that half is good. One of the finest pieces in the English language is the paper on Novelty[2], yet we do not hear it talked of. It was written by Grove, a dissenting *teacher*." He would not, I perceived, call him a *clergyman*, though he was candid enough to allow very great merit to his composition. Mr. Murphy said, he remembered when there were several people alive in London, who enjoyed a considerable reputation merely from having

[1] [It may be doubted whether Johnson's dislike of Lord Lyttelton did not here lead him into an error. Persons not so habituated with the details of printing as he was may have been less expert at the use of these conventional signs. Lord Byron wrote to Mr. Murray: "Do you know any one who can *stop* ?—I mean *point*, *comma*, and so forth, for I am, I fear, a sad hand at your punctuation."—*Moore's Life of Byron*, vol. i. p. 417.—ED.]

[2] [Spectator, No. 629.—ED.]

written a paper in "The Spectator." He mentioned particularly Mr. Ince, who used to frequent Tom's coffee-house. "But," said Johnson, "you must consider how highly Steele speaks of Mr. Ince [1]." He would not allow that the paper on carrying a boy to travel, signed Philip Homebred, which was reported to be written by the Lord Chancellor Hardwicke, had merit. He said, "it was quite vulgar, and had nothing luminous."

Johnson mentioned Dr. Barry's[2] System of Physick. "He was a man," said he, "who had acquired a high reputation in Dublin, came over to England, and brought his reputation with him, but had not great success. His notion was, that pulsation occasions death by attrition; and that, therefore, the way to preserve life is to retard pulsation. But we know that pulsation is strongest in infants, and that we increase in growth while it operates in its regular course; so it cannot be the cause of destruction." Soon after this, he said something very flattering to Mrs. Thrale, which I do not recollect; but it concluded with wishing her long life. "Sir," said I, "if Dr. Barry's system be true, you have now shortened Mrs. Thrale's life, perhaps some minutes, by accelerating her pulsation."

Reyn. MS.

["DR. JOHNSON TO MISS REYNOLDS.

"11th April, 1776.

"DEAREST MADAM,—To have acted, with regard to you, in a manner either unfriendly or disrespectful, would give me great pain; and, I hope, will be always very contrary to my intention. That I staid away was merely accidental. I have seldom dined from home; and I did not think my opinion necessary to your information in any proprieties of behaviour.

"The poor parents of the child are much grieved, and much

[1] [In the 555th Number of the Spectator.—ED.]

[2] Sir Edward Barry, Baronet. [He published a curious work on the Wines of the Ancients.—ED.]

dejected. The journey to Italy is put off, but they go to Bath on Monday. A visit from you will be well taken, and I think your intimacy is such that you may very properly pay it in a morning. I am sure that it will be thought seasonable and kind, and I wish you not to omit it. I am, dear madam, your most humble servant, "SAM. JOHNSON."] Reyn. MS.

On Thursday, April 11, I dined with him at General Paoli's, in whose house I now resided, and where I had ever afterwards the honour of being entertained with the kindest attention as his constant guest, while I was in London, till I had a house of my own there. I mentioned my having that morning introduced to Mr. Garrick, Count Neni, a Flemish nobleman of great rank and fortune, to whom Garrick talked of Abel Drugger as *a small part;* and related, with pleasant vanity, that a Frenchman, who had seen him in one of his low characters, exclaimed, "*Comment! je ne le crois pas. Ce n'est pas Monsieur Garrick, ce grand homme!*" Garrick added, with an appearance of grave recollection, "If I were to begin life again, I think I should not play those low characters." Upon which I observed, "Sir, you would be in the wrong, for your great excellence is your variety of playing, your representing so well, characters so very different." JOHNSON. "Garrick, sir, was not in earnest in what he said: for, to be sure, his peculiar excellence is his variety; and, perhaps, there is not any one character which has not been as well acted by somebody else, as he could do it." BOSWELL. "Why then, sir, did he talk so?" JOHNSON. "Why, sir, to make you answer as you did." BOSWELL. "I don't know, sir; he seemed to dip deep into his mind for the reflection." JOHNSON. "He had not far to dip, sir; he had said the same thing, probably, twenty times before."

Of a nobleman raised at a very early period to high office, he said, "His parts, sir, are pretty well for a

lord; but would not be distinguished in a man who had nothing else but his parts[1]."

A journey to Italy was still in his thoughts. He said, "A man who has not been in Italy is always conscious of an inferiority, from his not having seen what it is expected a man should see. The grand object of travelling is to see the shores of the Mediterranean. On those shores were the four great empires of the world; the Assyrian, the Persian, the Grecian, and the Roman. All our religion, almost all our law, almost all our arts, almost all that sets us above savages, has come to us from the shores of the Mediterranean." The general observed, that "THE MEDITERRANEAN would be a noble subject for a poem."

We talked of translation. I said, I could not define it, nor could I think of a similitude to illustrate it; but that it appeared to me the translation of poetry could be only imitation. JOHNSON. "You may translate books of science exactly. You may also translate history, in so far as it is not embellished with oratory, which is poetical. Poetry, indeed, cannot be translated; and, therefore, it is the poets that preserve languages; for we would not be at the trouble to learn a language, if we could have all that is written in it just as well in a translation. But as the beauties of poetry cannot be preserved in any language except that in which it was originally written, we learn the language."

A gentleman maintained that the art of printing had hurt real learning, by disseminating idle writings. JOHNSON. "Sir, if it had not been for the art of printing, we should now have no learning at all; for books would have perished faster than they could have been transcribed." This observation seems not just,

[1] [Obvious as this allusion must have been at the time, neither the editor, nor any of the numerous persons who have favoured him with assistance and information, can satisfactorily designate the nobleman here meant.—ED.]

considering for how many ages books were preserved by writing alone [1].

The same gentleman maintained, that a general diffusion of knowledge among a people was a disadvantage; for it made the vulgar rise above their humble sphere. JOHNSON. "Sir, while knowledge is a distinction, those who are possessed of it will naturally rise above those who are not. Merely to read and write was a distinction at first; but we see when reading and writing have become general, the common people keep their stations. And so, were higher attainments to become general, the effect would be the same."

"Goldsmith," he said, "referred every thing to vanity; his virtues and his vices too were from that motive. He was not a social man. He never exchanged mind with you [2]."

We spent the evening at Mr. Hoole's. Mr. Mickle, the excellent translator of "The Lusiad," was there. I have preserved little of the conversation of this evening. Dr. Johnson said, "Thomson had a true poetical genius, the power of viewing every thing in a poetical light. His fault is such a cloud of words sometimes, that the sense can hardly peep through. Shiels, who compiled 'Cibber's Lives of the Poets [3],' was one day sitting with me. I took down Thomson, and read aloud a large portion of him, and then

[1] The authour did not recollect that of the books preserved (and an infinite number was lost) all were confined to two languages. In modern times and modern languages, France and Italy alone produce more books in a given time than Greece and Rome: put England, Spain, Germany, and the northern kingdoms out of the question.—BLAKEWAY.

[2] [This seems not easy to understand. Poor Goldsmith was *social* to a fault; how he behaved in society is another matter; and as to "exchanging mind," his chief defect was, that he had no reserve whatsoever, and opened whatever he had in his mind with the utmost confidence of indiscretion. [see *passim*]. Dr. Johnson, perhaps, meant that he was too much of an egotist, and thought too much of personal triumph in conversation, to be a man of agreeable social habits; yet we know that Johnson himself always considered conversation as a kind of gladiatorial exercise.—ED.]

[3] See *ante*, note, p. 395, &c.

asked,—Is not this fine? Shiels having expressed the highest admiration—Well, sir, (said I), I have omitted every other line."

I related a dispute between Goldsmith and Mr. Robert Dodsley, one day when they and I were dining at Tom Davies's, in 1762. Goldsmith asserted, that there was no poetry produced in this age. Dodsley appealed to his own Collection, and maintained, that though you could not find a palace like Dryden's "Ode on St. Cecilia's Day," you had villages composed of very pretty houses; and he mentioned particularly "The Spleen." JOHNSON. "I think Dodsley gave up the question. He and Goldsmith said the same thing; only he said it in a softer manner than Goldsmith did; for he acknowledged there was no poetry, nothing that towered above the common mark. You may find wit and humour in verse, and yet no poetry. 'Hudibras' has a profusion of these; yet it is not to be reckoned a poem. 'The Spleen,' in Dodsley's Collection, on which you say he chiefly rested, is not poetry." BOSWELL. "Does not Gray's poetry, sir, tower above the common mark?" JOHNSON. "Yes, sir; but we must attend to the difference between what men in general cannot do if they would, and what every man may do if he would. Sixteen-string Jack[1] towered above the common mark." BOSWELL. "Then, sir, what is poetry?" JOHNSON. "Why, sir, it is much easier to say what it is not. We all *know* what light is; but it is not easy to *tell* what it is."

Hawk. Apoph. p. 214. [Gray, he said, on another occasion, was the very Torré[2] of poetry; he played his coruscations so spe-

[1] A noted highwayman, who, after having been several times tried and acquitted, was at last hanged. He was remarkable for foppery in his dress, and particularly for wearing a bunch of sixteen strings at the knees of his breeches. —BOSWELL.

[2] [A foreigner of that name, who, some years ago, exhibited a variety of splendid fire-works at Marybone Gardens.]

ciously, that his steel-dust is mistaken by many for a shower of gold [1].]

On Friday, April 12, I dined with him at our friend Tom Davies's, where we met Mr. Cradock [2], of Leicestershire, authour of "Zobeide," a tragedy; a very pleasing gentleman, to whom my friend Dr. Farmer's very excellent Essay on the Learning of Shakspeare is addressed; and Dr. Harwood, who has written and published various works; particularly a fantastical translation of the New Testament, in modern phrase, and with a Socinian twist [3].

I introduced Aristotle's doctrine, in his "Art of Poetry," of "καθαρσις των παθηματων, the purging of the passions," as the purpose of tragedy [4]. "But how are the passions to be purged by terrour and pity?" said I, with an assumed air of ignorance, to incite him to talk, for which it was often necessary to employ some address. JOHNSON. "Why, sir, you are to consider what is the meaning of purging in the original sense. It is to expel impurities from the human body. The mind is subject to the same imperfection. The passions are the great movers of human actions; but they are mixed with such impurities, that it is necessary they should be purged

[1] [This and some subsequent extracts are from a collection of Dr. Johnson's "*Apophthegms, Sentiments, Opinions, and occasional Reflections*," made by Sir John Hawkins, and published in the last volume of his edition of Johnson's works.—ED.]

[2] [Who has since published Memoirs of his own Times, of which the Editor has made occasional use.—ED.]

[3] [He is more advantageously known by a work on the classics. This poor man had, about 1783, a stroke of the palsy, which rendered him a cripple, and, in 1788, he published, in the European Magazine, a letter, written to him in 1773 by Bishop Lowth, to show that the bishop, though no friend to dissenters, was kind and liberal towards him. Harwood concludes his appeal by saying, that, had he been a dishonest man, and could have conformed to the trinitarian worship of the church, he should not have been in indigent and necessitous circumstances. Bishop Lowth, he says, contributed, to the last year of his life, to relieve his wants. *European Magazine*, 1788, p. 413.—ED.]

[4] See an ingenious essay on this subject by the late Dr. Moor, Greek professor at Glasgow.—BOSWELL. See also a learned note on this passage of Aristotle, by Mr. Twining, in his admirable translation of the Poeticks, in which the various explanations of other criticks are considered, and in which Dr. Moor's essay is particularly discussed.—J. BOSWELL.

or refined by means of terrour and pity. For instance, ambition is a noble passion; but by seeing upon the stage, that a man who is so excessively ambitious as to raise himself by injustice is punished, we are terrified at the fatal consequences of such a passion. In the same manner a certain degree of resentment is necessary; but if we see that a man carries it too far, we pity the object of it, and are taught to moderate that passion." My record upon this occasion does great injustice to Johnson's expression, which was so forcible and brilliant, that Mr. Cradock whispered me, "O that his words were written in a book[1]!"

I observed, the great defect of the tragedy of "Othello" was, that it had not a moral; for that no man could resist the circumstances of suspicion which were artfully suggested to Othello's mind. JOHNSON. "In the first place, sir, we learn from Othello this very useful moral, not to make an unequal match; in the second place, we learn not to yield too readily to suspicion. The handkerchief is merely a trick, though a very pretty trick; but there are no other circumstances of reasonable suspicion, except what is related by Iago of Cassio's warm expressions concerning Desdemona in his sleep; and that depended entirely upon the assertion of one man. No, sir, I think Othello has more moral than almost any play."

Talking of a penurious gentleman of our acquaintance, Johnson said, "Sir, he is narrow, not so much from avarice, as from impotence to spend his money. He cannot find in his heart to pour out a bottle of wine; but he would not much care if it should sour."

He said, he wished to see "John Dennis's Critical

[1] [Perhaps in allusion to, "Oh, that my words were now written! Oh that they were printed in a book!"—*Job*, xix. 23.—HALL.]

Works" collected. Davies said, they would not sell. Dr. Johnson seemed to think otherwise.

Davies said of a well known dramatick authour[1], that "he lived upon *potted stories*, and that he made his way as Hannibal did, by vinegar; having begun by attacking people, particularly the players."

He reminded Dr. Johnson of Mr. Murphy's having paid him the highest compliment that ever was paid to a layman, by asking his pardon for repeating some oaths in the course of telling a story.

[He never suffered any one to swear before him. When ———, a libertine, but a man of some note, was talking before him, and interlarding his stories with oaths, Johnson said, "Sir, all this swearing will do nothing for our story; I beg you will not swear." The narrator went on swearing: Johnson said, "I must again entreat you not to swear." He swore again; Johnson quitted the room.] Hawk. Apoph. p. 210.

Johnson and I supped this evening at the Crown and Anchor tavern, in company with Sir Joshua Reynolds, Mr. Langton, Mr. Nairne, now one of the Scotch judges, with the title of Lord Dunsinan[2], and my very worthy friend, Sir William Forbes, of Pitsligo.

We discussed the question, whether drinking improved conversation and benevolence. Sir Joshua maintained, it did. JOHNSON. "No, sir: before dinner men meet with great inequality of understanding; and those who are conscious of their inferiority have the modesty not to talk. When they have drunk wine, every man feels himself happy, and loses that modesty, and grows impudent and vociferous: but he is not improved: he is only not sensible of his defects." Sir Joshua said the Doctor

[1] [Probably Mr. Cumberland.—ED.]
[2] [See *ante*, v. ii. p. 269.—ED.]

was talking of the effects of excess in wine; but that a moderate glass enlivened the mind, by giving a proper circulation to the blood. "I am," said he, "in very good spirits, when I get up in the morning. By dinner-time I am exhausted; wine puts me in the same state as when I got up: and I am sure that moderate drinking makes people talk better." JOHNSON. "No, sir; wine gives not light, gay, ideal, hilarity; but tumultuous, noisy, clamorous merriment. I have heard none of those drunken,—nay, drunken is a coarse word,—none of those *vinous* flights." SIR JOSHUA. "Because you have sat by, quite sober, and felt an envy of the happiness of those who were drinking." JOHNSON. "Perhaps, contempt. And, sir, it is not necessary to be drunk one's self, to relish the wit of drunkenness. Do we not judge of the drunken wit of the dialogue between Iago and Cassio, the most excellent in its kind, when we are quite sober? Wit is wit, by whatever means it is produced; and, if good, will appear so at all times. I admit that the spirits are raised by drinking, as by the common participation of any pleasure: cock-fighting or bear-baiting will raise the spirits of a company, as drinking does, though surely they will not improve conversation. I also admit, that there are some sluggish men who are improved by drinking; as there are fruits which are not good till they are rotten. There are such men, but they are medlars. I indeed allow that there have been a very few men of talents who were improved by drinking: but I maintain that I am right as to the effects of drinking in general: and let it be considered, that there is no position, however false in its universality, which is not true of some particular man." Sir William Forbes said, "Might not a man warmed with wine be like a bottle of beer, which is made brisker by

being set before the fire?" "Nay," said Johnson, laughing, "I cannot answer that: that is too much for me."

I observed, that wine did some people harm, by inflaming, confusing, and irritating their minds; but that the experience of mankind had declared in favour of moderate drinking. JOHNSON. "Sir, I do not say it is wrong to produce self-complacency by drinking; I only deny that it improves the mind. When I drank wine[1], I scorned to drink it when in company. I have drunk many a bottle by myself; in the first place, because I had need of it to raise my spirits: in the second place, because I would have nobody to witness its effects upon me."

[At one period of his life, however, he was reconciled to the bottle. Sweet wines were his chief favourites; when none of these were before him, he would sometimes drink port with a lump of sugar in every glass. The strongest liquors, and in very large quantities, produced no other effect on him than moderate exhilaration. Once, and but once, he is known to have had his dose; a circumstance which he himself discovered, on finding one of his sesquipedalian words hang fire; he then started up, and gravely observed,—I think it time we should go to bed. "After a ten years' forbearance of every fluid except tea and sherbet, I drank," said he, "one glass of wine to the health of Sir Joshua Reynolds, on the evening of the day on which he was knighted. I never swallowed another drop, till old Madeira was prescribed to me as a cordial during my present indisposition; but this liquor did not relish as formerly, and I therefore discontinued it."] Hawk. Apoph. p. 215.

[1] [Wine-drinkers will not be much affected by the censure of one who, when he did drink wine, drank *alone*, and whose choice beverage was port in hasty draughts, *sweetened with sugar or capillaire*. See *ante*, v. i. p. 482.—ED.]

He told us, "almost all his Ramblers[1] were written just as they were wanted for the press; that he sent a certain portion of the copy of an essay, and wrote the remainder, while the former part of it was printing. When it was wanted, and he had fairly sat down to it, he was sure it would be done."

He said, that, for general improvement, a man should read whatever his immediate inclination prompts him to; though, to be sure, if a man has a science to learn, he must regularly and resolutely advance. He added, "What we read with inclination makes a much stronger impression. If we read without inclination, half the mind is employed in fixing the attention; so there is but one half to be employed on what we read." He told us, he read Fielding's "Amelia" through without stopping[2]. He said, "If a man begins to read in the middle of a book, and feels an inclination to go on, let him not quit it, to go to the beginning. He may, perhaps, not feel again the inclination."

Sir Joshua mentioned Mr. Cumberland's "Odes," which were just published. JOHNSON. "Why, sir, they would have been thought as good as odes commonly are, if Cumberland had not put his name to them; but a name immediately draws censure, unless

[1] [See *ante*, v. i. p. 178; but the editor must observe—on the assertion made there by Mrs. Piozzi, "that the paper on Procrastination was written in Sir Joshua Reynolds's parlour"—that both she and Mr. Boswell appear to have been in error as to the date of the acquaintance between Sir Joshua and Dr. Johnson. See *note*, v. i. p. 227. "The Rambler" was ended before they could have been acquainted.—ED.]

[2] We have here an involuntary testimony to the excellence of this admirable writer, to whom we have seen that Dr. Johnson *directly* allowed so little merit. —BOSWELL. Johnson appears to have been particularly pleased with the character of the heroine of this novel. "His attention to veracity," says Mrs. Piozzi, "was without equal or example;" and when I mentioned Clarissa as a perfect character, "On the contrary," said he, "you may observe there is always something which she prefers to truth." "Fielding's Amelia was the most pleasing heroine of all the romances," he said; "but that vile broken nose, never cured, ruined the sale of perhaps the only book, of which, being printed off (*publ'shed*) betimes one morning, a new edition was called for before night."—*Anecdotes*, p. 221.—MALONE.

it be a name that bears down every thing before it. Nay, Cumberland has made his 'Odes' subsidiary to the fame of another man [1]. They might have run well enough by themselves; but he has not only loaded them with a name, but has made them carry double."

We talked of the reviews, and Dr. Johnson spoke of them as he did at Thrale's [2]. Sir Joshua said, what I have often thought, that he wondered to find so much good writing employed in them, when the authours were to remain unknown, and so could not have the motive of fame. JOHNSON. "Nay, sir, those who write in them, write well in order to be paid well."

["DR. JOHNSON TO MISS REYNOLDS. Reyn. MSS.

"15th April, 1776.

"DEAREST MADAM,—When you called on Mrs. Thrale, I find by inquiry that she was really abroad. The same thing happened to Mrs. Montagu, of which I beg you to inform her, for she went likewise by my opinion. The denial, if it had been feigned, would not have pleased me. Your visits, however, are kindly paid, and very kindly taken.

"We are going to Bath this morning; but I could not part without telling you the real state of your visit.—I am, dearest madam, your most humble servant, "SAM. JOHNSON."]

Soon after this day, he went to Bath with Mr. and Mrs. Thrale. I had never seen that beautiful city, and wished to take the opportunity of visiting it while Johnson was there. Having written to him, I received the following answer:

"TO JAMES BOSWELL, ESQ.

"DEAR SIR,—Why do you talk of neglect? When did I

[1] Mr. Romney, the painter, who has now deservedly established a high reputation.—BOSWELL. [A curious work might be written on the reputation of painters. Horace Walpole talks somewhere of "*Ramsay and Reynolds!*" and Haley also dedicated his lyre (such as it was) to Romney. What would a picture of Ramsay or Romney now bring at an auction?—ED.]

[2] [See *ante*, p. 396.—ED.]

neglect you? If you will come to Bath, we shall all be glad to see you. Come, therefore, as soon as you can.

"But I have a little business for you at London. Bid Francis look in the paper drawer of the chest of drawers in my bedchamber, for two cases; one for the attorney-general, and one for the solicitor-general. They lie, I think, at the top of my papers; otherwise they are somewhere else, and will give me more trouble.

"Please to write to me immediately, if they can be found. Make my compliments to all our friends round the world, and to Mrs. Williams at home.—I am, sir, your, &c.

"SAM. JOHNSON.

"Search for the papers as soon as you can, that, if it is necessary, I may write to you again before you come down."

On the 26th April, I went to Bath; and on my arrival at the Pelican inn, found lying for me an obliging invitation from Mr. and Mrs. Thrale, by whom I was agreeably entertained almost constantly during my stay. They were gone to the rooms: but there was a kind note from Dr. Johnson, that he should sit at home all the evening. I went to him directly, and before Mr. and Mrs. Thrale returned, we had by ourselves some hours of tea-drinking and talk.

I shall group together such of his sayings as I preserved during the few days that I was at Bath.

Of a person[1] who differed from him in politicks, he said, "In private life he is a very honest gentleman; but I will not allow him to be so in publick life. People *may* be honest, though they are doing wrong: that is, between their Maker and them. But *we*, who are suffering by their pernicious conduct, are to destroy them. We are sure that [Burke] acts from interest. We know what his genuine principles were[2]. They who allow their passions to confound

[1] [Mr. Burke.—ED.]

[2] [He means, that, in early life, they, at the Club, knew that Burke was not what Johnson would call a *whig*. Mr. Burke ended as he began—

"This sun of empire, where he rose, he set!"—ED.]

the distinctions between right and wrong, are criminal. They may be convinced; but they have not come honestly by their conviction."

It having been mentioned, I know not with what truth, that a certain female political writer[1], whose doctrines he disliked, had of late become very fond of dress, sat hours together at her toilet, and even put on rouge: JOHNSON. "She is better employed at her toilet, than using her pen. It is better she should be reddening her own cheeks, than blackening other people's characters."

He told us that "Addison wrote Budgell's papers in the Spectator, at least mended them so much, that he made them almost his own; and that Draper, Tonson's partner, assured Mrs. Johnson, that the much admired Epilogue to 'The Distressed Mother,' which came out in Budgell's name, was in reality written by Addison."

"The mode of government by one may be ill adapted to a small society, but is best for a great nation. The characteristick of our own government at present is imbecility. The magistrates dare not call the guards for fear of being hanged. The guards will not come for fear of being given up to the blind rage of popular juries."

Of the father[2] of one of our friends he observed, "He never clarified his notions, by filtrating them through other minds. He had a canal upon his estate, where at one place the bank was too low. I dug the canal deeper," said he.

He told me that "so long ago as 1748 he had read 'The Grave, a Poem[3],' but did not like it

[1] [Mrs. Macaulay.—ED.]

[2] [The elder Mr. Langton.—*Hawk. Mem.* It is not easy to understand how any *filtrating* could have cured a mind of such an error as this.—ED.]

[3] I am sorry that there are no memoirs of the Reverend Robert Blair, the authour of this poem. He was the representative of the ancient family of Blair of Blair, in Ayrshire; but the estate had descended to a female, and afterwards

much." I differed from him: for though it is not equal throughout, and is seldom elegantly correct, it abounds in solemn thought and poetical imagery beyond the common reach. The world has differed from him; for the poem has passed through many editions, and is still much read by people of a serious cast of mind.

A literary lady of large fortune was mentioned, as one who did good to many, but by no means "by stealth," and instead of "blushing to find it fame," acted evidently from vanity. JOHNSON. "I have seen no beings who do as much good from benevolence, as she does, from whatever motive. If there are such under the earth, or in the clouds, I wish they would come up, or come down. What Soame Jenyns says upon this subject is not to be minded; he is a wit. No, sir; to act from pure benevolence is not possible for finite beings. Human benevolence is mingled with vanity, interest, or some other motive."

ED. [The pension which Mrs. Montagu had lately settled on Miss Williams[1] would naturally account for this defence of that lady's *beneficence*, but it seems also to have induced Johnson to speak of her intellectual powers in a strain of panegyric as excessive as his former depreciation.] [Miss Reynolds relates that she had heard him speak of Mrs. Montagu in terms of high admiration. "Sir," he would say, "that lady exerts more *mind* in conversation than any person I ever met with: sir, she displays such powers of ratiocination—such radiations of intellectual excellence as are amazing!"]

Reyn. Recoll.

passed to the son of her husband by another marriage. He was minister of the parish of Athelstaneford, where Mr. John Home was his successor; so that it may truly be called classick ground. His son, who is of the same name, and a man eminent for talents and learning, is now, with universal approbation, solicitor-general of Scotland. [He was afterwards Lord President of the Court of Session, and highly venerated.—ED.]

[1] [See *ante*, p. 295.—ED.]

He would not allow me to praise a lady[1] then at Bath; observing, "She does not gain upon me, sir; I think her empty-headed." He was, indeed, a stern critick upon characters and manners. Even Mrs. Thrale did not escape his friendly animadversion at times. When he and I were one day endeavouring to ascertain, article by article, how one of our friends[2] could possibly spend as much money in his family as he told us he did, she interrupted us by a lively extravagant sally, on the expense of clothing his children, describing it in a very ludicrous and fanciful manner. Johnson looked a little angry, and said, "Nay, madam, when you are declaiming, declaim; and when you are calculating, calculate." At another time, when she said, perhaps affectedly, "I don't like to fly." JOHNSON. "With *your* wings, madam, you *must* fly: but have a care, there are *clippers* abroad." How very well was this said, and how fully has experience proved the truth of it! But have they not *clipped* rather *rudely*, and gone a great deal *closer* than was necessary[3]?

[But though Dr. Johnson would, as Mrs. Piozzi has candidly confessed, treat her with occasional rudeness, he had a most sincere and tender regard for her, and no wonder; for she would, with great consideration and kindness, overlook his foibles and his asperities. One day, at her own table, he spoke so very roughly to her, that every one present was surprised that she could bear it so placidly, and on the ladies withdrawing, Miss Reynolds expressed great astonishment that Dr. Johnson should speak so harshly to Reyn. Recoll.

[1] [This has been supposed to be Miss Hannah More; yet it seems hard to conceive in what wayward fancy he could call her "*empty-headed*."—ED.]

[2] [Mr. Langton.—ED.]

[3] [This alludes to the many sarcastic observations published against Mrs. Piozzi, on her lamentable marriage, and particularly to Baretti's brutal strictures in the European Magazine for 1788; so brutal, that Mr. Boswell, with all his enmity towards her, could not approve of them.—ED.]

Reyn. Recoll. her, but to this she said no more than "*O, dear good man!*" This simple reply appeared so strong a proof of her generous and affectionate friendship, that Miss Reynolds took the first opportunity of communicating it to Dr. Johnson, repeating her own animadversions which had produced it. He was much delighted with the information; and some time after, as he was lying back in his chair, seeming to be half asleep, but really, as it turned out, musing on this pleasing incident, he repeated, in a loud whisper, "O, dear good man!" This kind of soliloquy was a common habit of his, when any thing very flattering or very extraordinary engrossed his thoughts.]

A gentleman expressed a wish to go and live three years at Otaheité, or New Zealand, in order to obtain a full acquaintance with people so totally different from all that we have ever known, and be satisfied what pure nature can do for man. JOHNSON. "What could you learn, sir? What can savages tell, but what they themselves have seen? Of the past or the invisible they can tell nothing. The inhabitants of Otaheité and New Zealand are not in a state of pure nature; for it is plain they broke off from some other people. Had they grown out of the ground, you might have judged of a state of pure nature. Fanciful people may talk of a mythology being amongst them; but it must be invention. They have once had religion, which has been gradually debased. And what account of their religion can you suppose to be learnt from savages? Only consider, sir, our own state: our religion is in a book; we have an order of men whose duty it is to teach it; we have one day in the week set apart for it, and this is in general pretty well observed: yet ask the first ten gross men you meet, and hear what they can tell of their religion."

On Monday, April 29, he and I made an excursion to Bristol, where I was entertained with seeing him inquire upon the spot into the authenticity of "Rowley's poetry," as I had seen him inquire upon the spot into the authenticity of "Ossian's poetry." George Catcot, the pewterer, who was as zealous for Rowley as Dr. Hugh Blair was for Ossian (I trust my reverend friend will excuse the comparison), attended us at our inn, and with a triumphant air of lively simplicity, called out, "I 'll make Dr. Johnson a convert." Dr. Johnson, at his desire, read aloud some of Chatterton's fabricated verses, while Catcot stood at the back of his chair, moving himself like a pendulum, and beating time with his feet, and now and then looking into Dr. Johnson's face, wondering that he was not yet convinced. We called on Mr. Barret, the surgeon, and saw some of the *originals*, as they were called, which were executed very artificially; but from a careful inspection of them, and a consideration of the circumstances with which they were attended, we were quite satisfied of the imposture, which, indeed, has been clearly demonstrated from internal evidence, by several able criticks [1].

Honest Catcot seemed to pay no attention whatever to any objections, but insisted, as an end of all controversy, that we should go with him to the tower of the church of St. Mary, Redcliff, and *view with our own eyes* the ancient chest in which the manuscripts were found [2]. To this Dr. Johnson good-naturedly agreed; and, though troubled with a shortness of breathing, laboured up a long flight of steps, till we came to the place where the wondrous chest

[1] Mr. Tyrwhitt, Mr. Warton, Mr. Malone.—BOSWELL.

[2] [This *naïveté* resembles the style of evidence which Johnson so pleasantly ridicules in the IDLER. "Jack Sneaker is a hearty adherent to the protestant establishment; he has known those who saw the bed into which the Pretender was conveyed in a warming-pan."—*Idler*, No. 10.—ED.]

stood. "*There*," said Catcot, with a bouncing confident credulity, "*there* is the very chest itself." After this *ocular demonstration*, there was no more to be said. He brought to my recollection a Scotch Highlander, a man of learning too, and who had seen the world, attesting, and at the same time giving his reasons for, the authenticity of Fingal: "I have heard all that poem when I was young." "Have you, sir? Pray what have you heard?" "I have heard Ossian, Oscar, and *every one of them*."

Johnson said of Chatterton, "This is the most extraordinary young man that has encountered my knowledge. It is wonderful how the whelp has written such things."* [And of the merit of the poems admitted on both sides of the controversy, he said, "It is a sword that cuts both ways. It is as wonderful that a boy of sixteen years old should have stored his mind with such a strain of ideas and images, as to suppose that such ease of versification and elegance of language were produced by Rowley in the time of Edward the Fourth.]

Hawk. Apoph. p. 208.

We were by no means pleased with our inn at Bristol. "Let us see now," said I, "how we should describe it." Johnson was ready with his raillery. "Describe it, sir? Why, it was so bad, that—Boswell wished to be in Scotland!"

After Dr. Johnson returned to London[1], I was several times with him at his house, where I occasionally slept, in the room that had been assigned for me. I dined with him at Dr. Taylor's, at General Oglethorpe's, and at General Paoli's. To avoid a tedious minuteness, I shall group together what I

[1] [It appears from his letters to Mrs. Thrale, that he left Bath on Friday night, the 3d of May, and arrived in London by seven o'clock next day. On Sunday, the 5th, and Tuesday, the 7th, he dined with Dr. Taylor: on Wednesday, the 8th, with General Oglethorpe; and on Thursday, the 9th, with General Paoli. —Ed.]

have preserved of his conversation during this period also, without specifying each scene where it passed, except one, which will be found so remarkable as certainly to deserve a very particular relation. Where the place or the persons do not contribute to the zest of the conversation, it is unnecessary to encumber my page with mentioning them. To know of what vintage our wine is, enables us to judge of its value, and to drink it with more relish: but to have the produce of each vine of one vineyard, in the same year, kept separate, would serve no purpose. To know that our wine (to use an advertising phrase) is "of the stock of an ambassadour lately deceased," heightens its flavour: but it signifies nothing to know the bin where each bottle was once deposited [1].

"Garrick," he observed, "does not play the part of Archer in the 'Beaux Stratagem' well. The gentleman should break through the footman, which is not the case as he does it [2]."

"Where there is no education, as in savage countries, men will have the upper hand of women. Bodily strength, no doubt, contributes to this; but it would be so, exclusive of that; for it is mind that always governs. When it comes to dry understanding, man has the better."

"The little volumes entitled '*Respublicæ* [3],' which are very well done, were a bookseller's work."

"There is much talk of the misery which we cause to the brute creation; but they are recompensed by existence. If they were not useful to man, and therefore protected by him, they would not be nearly so numerous." This argument is to be found in the

[1] [Notwithstanding this elaborate illustration, drawn from the cellar, Mr. Boswell's readers are best pleased when his diligence has enabled him to give the actual dialogue, with all its details.—Ed.]

[2] [Garrick, on the other hand, denied that Johnson was capable of distinguishing the *gentleman* from the *footman*. See *ante*, p. 353.—Ed.]

[3] [Accounts of the principal states of Europe.—Ed.]

able and benignant Hutchinson's "Moral Philosophy." But the question is, whether the animals who endure such sufferings of various kinds, for the service and entertainment of man, would accept of existence upon the terms on which they have it. Madame de Sevigné, who, though she had many enjoyments, felt with delicate sensibility the prevalence of misery, complains of the task of existence having been imposed upon her without her consent.

"That man is never happy for the present is so true, that all his relief from unhappiness is only forgetting himself for a little while. Life is a progress from want to want, not from enjoyment to enjoyment."

"Though many men are nominally intrusted with the administration of hospitals and other publick institutions, almost all the good is done by one man, by whom the rest are driven on; owing to confidence in him and indolence in them."

"Lord Chesterfield's Letters to his Son [1], I think, might be made a very pretty book. Take out the immorality, and it should be put into the hands of every young gentleman. An elegant manner and easiness of behaviour are acquired gradually and imperceptibly. No man can say, 'I'll be genteel.' There are ten genteel women for one genteel man, because they are more restrained. A man without some degree of restraint is insufferable; but we are all less restrained than women. Were a woman sitting in company to put out her legs before her as most men do, we should be tempted to kick them in." No man was a more attentive and nice observer of behaviour in those whose company he happened to be than Johnson, or, however strange it may

[1] ["A pretty book" was made up from these letters by the late Dr. Trusler, entitled "Principles of Politeness," and was, some years ago, commonly "put into the hands of young gentlemen."—HALL.]

seem to many, had a higher estimation of its refinements.

[Mrs. Thrale one day commended a young lady for her beauty and pretty behaviour, to whom she thought no objections could have been made. "I saw her (said Dr. Johnson) take a pair of scissors in her left hand; and though her father is now become a nobleman, and as you say excessively rich, I should, were I a youth of quality ten years hence, hesitate between a girl so neglected, and a *negro* [1]."] Piozzi, p. 222.

[It was amazing—so short-sighted as he was—how very observant he was of appearances in dress and behaviour, nay, even of the deportment of servants while waiting at table. One day, as his man Frank was attending at Sir Joshua Reynolds's table, he observed with some emotion, that he had placed the salver under his arm. Nor would the conduct of the company—blind as he was to his own many and strange peculiarities—escape his animadversion on some occasions. He thought the use of water glasses a strange perversion of the idea of refinement, and had a great dislike to the use of a pocket handkerchief at meals, when, if he happened to have occasion for one, he would rise from his chair and go to some distance, with his back to the company, and perform the operation as silently as possible.] Reyn. Recoll.

Lord Elliot informs me, that one day when Johnson and he were at dinner in a gentleman's house in London, upon Lord Chesterfield's Letters being mentioned, Johnson surprised the company by this sen-

[1] "The child who took a pair of scissors in her left hand is now a woman of quality, highly respected, and would *cut* us, I conclude, most deservedly, if more were said on the subject."—*Piozzi MS.* [The editor believes that the lady was the eldest daughter of Mr. Lyttelton, afterwards Lord Westcote, married to Sir Richard Hoare. She was born in Jamaica, and thence, perhaps, Johnson's strange allusion to the negro. It was Johnson's hatred to all the Lytteltons which inflamed this little accident to such a ridiculous size.—Ed.]

tence: "Every man of any education would rather be called a rascal, than accused of deficiency in *the graces.*" Mr. Gibbon, who was present, turned to a lady who knew Johnson well, and lived much with him, and in his quaint manner, tapping his box, addressed her thus: "Don't you think, madam (looking towards Johnson), that among *all* your acquaintance, you could find *one* exception?" The lady smiled, and seemed to acquiesce [1].

"I read (said he), Sharpe's Letters on Italy [2] over again, when I was at Bath. There is a great deal of matter in them."

"Mrs. Williams was angry that Thrale's family did not send regularly to her every time they heard from me while I was in the Hebrides. Little people are apt to be jealous: but they should not be jealous; for they ought to consider, that superiour attention will necessarily be paid to superiour fortune or rank. Two persons may have equal merit, and on that account may have an equal claim to attention; but one

[1] [Mr. Colman, in his "*Random Records*," lately published, has given a lively sketch of the appearance and manners of Johnson and Gibbon in society. "The learned Gibbon was a curious counterbalance to the learned (may I not say *less* learned?) Johnson. Their manners and taste, both in writing and conversation, were as different as their habiliments. On the day I first sat down with Johnson, in his rusty brown suit, and his black worsted stockings, Gibbon was placed opposite to me in a suit of flowered velvet, with a bag and sword. Each had his measured phraseology; and Johnson's famous parallel, between Dryden and Pope, might be loosely parodied, in reference to himself and Gibbon.—Johnson's style was grand, and Gibbon's elegant; the stateliness of the former was sometimes pedantick, and the polish of the latter was occasionally finical. Johnson marched to kettle-drums and trumpets; Gibbon moved to flutes and hautboys: Johnson hewed passages through the Alps, while Gibbon levelled walks through parks and gardens.—Mauled as I had been by Johnson, Gibbon poured balm upon my bruises, by condescending, once or twice, in the course of the evening, to talk with me:—the great historian was light and playful, suiting his matter to the capacity of the boy;—but it was done *more suo*;—still his mannerism prevailed;—still he tapped his snuff-box,—still he smirked, and smiled; and rounded his periods with the same air of good-breeding, as if he were conversing with men.—His mouth, mellifluous as Plato's, was a round hole, nearly in the centre of his visage."—Vol. i. p. 121.—ED.]

[2] [Mr. Samuel Sharpe, a surgeon, who travelled for his health, and whose representation of Italian manners was supposed to be tinged by the ill humour of a valetudinarian. Baretti took up the defence of his country, and a smart controversy ensued which made some noise at the time.—ED.]

of them may have also fortune and rank, and so may have a double claim."

Talking of his notes on Shakspeare, he said, "I despise those who do not see that I am right in the passage where *as* is repeated, and 'asses of great charge' introduced. That on 'To be, or not to be,' is disputable[1]."

A gentleman, whom I found sitting with him one morning, said, that in his opinion the character of an infidel was more detestable than that of a man notoriously guilty of an atrocious crime. I differed from him, because we are surer of the odiousness of the one, than of the errour of the other. JOHNSON. "Sir, I agree with him; for the infidel would be guilty of any crime if he were inclined to it."

"Many things which are false are transmitted from book to book, and gain credit in the world. One of these is the cry against the evil of luxury. Now the truth is, that luxury produces much good. Take the luxury of buildings in London. Does it not produce real advantage in the conveniency and elegance of accommodation, and this all from the exertion of industry? People will tell you, with a melancholy face, how many builders are in gaol. It is plain they are in gaol, not for building; for rents are not fallen. A man gives half-a-guinea for a dish of green peas. How much gardening does this occasion? how many labourers must the competition to have such things early in the market keep in employment? You will hear it said, very gravely, 'Why was not the half-guinea, thus spent in luxury, given to the poor? To how many might it have afforded a good meal?'

[1] It may be observed, that Mr. Malone, in his very valuable edition of Shakspeare, has fully vindicated Dr. Johnson from the idle censures which the first of these notes has given rise to. The interpretation of the other passage, which Dr. Johnson allows to be *disputable*, he has clearly shown to be erroneous.—BOSWELL. [The first note is on a passage in Hamlet, act 5. scene ii.—ED.]

Alas! has it not gone to the *industrious* poor, whom it is better to support than the *idle* poor? You are much surer that you are doing good when you *pay* money to those who work, as the recompense of their labour, than when you *give* money merely in charity. Suppose the ancient luxury of a dish of peacock's brains were to be revived, how many carcasses would be left to the poor at a cheap rate! and as to the rout that is made about people who are ruined by extravagance, it is no matter to the nation that some individuals suffer. When so much general productive exertion is the consequence of luxury, the nation does not care though there are debtors in gaol: nay, they would not care though their creditors were there too."

The uncommon vivacity of General Oglethorpe's mind, and variety of knowledge, having sometimes made his conversation seem too desultory; Johnson observed, "Oglethorpe, sir, never *completes* what he has to say."

He on the same account made a similar remark on Patrick Lord Elibank; "Sir, there is nothing *conclusive* in his talk."

When I complained of having dined at a splendid table without hearing one sentence of conversation worthy of being remembered, he said, "Sir, there seldom is any such conversation." BOSWELL. "Why then meet at table?" JOHNSON. "Why to eat and drink together, and to promote kindness; and, sir, this is better done when there is no solid conversation: for when there is, people differ in opinion, and get into bad humour, or some of the company, who are not capable of such conversation, are left out, and feel themselves uneasy. It was for this reason Sir Robert Walpole said, he always talked [coarsely] at his table, because in that all could join."

Being irritated by hearing a gentleman[1] ask Mr. Levet a variety of questions concerning him, when he was sitting by, he broke out, "Sir, you have but two topicks, yourself and me. I am sick of both." "A man (said he) should not talk of himself, nor much of any particular person. He should take care not to be made a proverb; and, therefore, should avoid having any one topick of which people can say, 'We shall hear him upon it.' There was a Dr. Oldfield, who was always talking of the Duke of Marlborough. He came into a coffeehouse one day, and told that his grace had spoken in the House of Lords for half an hour. 'Did he indeed speak for half an hour?' (said Belchier, the surgeon).—'Yes.'—'And what did he say of Dr. Oldfield?'—'Nothing.'—'Why then, sir, he was very ungrateful; for Dr. Oldfield could not have spoken for a quarter of an hour, without saying something of him.'"

"Every man is to take existence on the terms on which it is given to him. To some men it is given on condition of not taking liberties, which other men may take without much harm. One may drink wine, and be nothing the worse for it: on another, wine may have effects so inflammatory as to injure him both in body and mind, and perhaps make him commit something for which he may deserve to be hanged."

"Lord Hailes's 'Annals of Scotland' have not that painted form which is the taste of this age; but it is a book which will always sell, it has such a stability of dates, such a certainty of facts, and such a punctuality of citation. I never before read Scotch history with certainty."

I asked him whether he would advise me to read

[1] [Probably Mr. Boswell himself, who frequently practised this mode of obtaining information.—Ed.]

the Bible with a commentary, and what commentaries he would recommend. JOHNSON. "To be sure, sir, I would have you read the Bible with a commentary; and I would recommend Lowth and Patrick on the Old Testament, and Hammond on the New."

During my stay in London this spring, I solicited his attention to another law case, in which I was engaged. In the course of a contested election for the borough of Dunfermline, which I attended as one of my friend Colonel (afterward Sir Archibald) Campbell's counsel, one of his political agents—who was charged with having been unfaithful to his employer, and having deserted to the opposite party for a pecuniary reward—attacked very rudely in the newspapers the Reverend Mr. James Thomson, one of the ministers of that place, on account of a supposed allusion to him in one of his sermons. Upon this the minister, on a subsequent Sunday, arraigned him by name from the pulpit with some severity; and the agent, after the sermon was over, rose up and asked the minister aloud, "What bribe he had received for telling so many lies from the chair of verity[1]?" I was present at this very extraordinary scene. The person arraigned, and his father and brother, who also had a share both of the reproof from the pulpit and in the retaliation, brought an action against Mr. Thomson, in the Court of Session, for defamation and damages, and I was one of the counsel for the reverend defendant. The liberty of the pulpit was our great ground of defence; but we argued also on the provocation of the previous attack, and on the instant retaliation. The Court of Session, however,—the fifteen judges, who are at the same time the jury,—decided against the minister, contrary to my humble

[1] [*A Gallicism*, which has, it appears, with so many others, become vernacular in Scotland. A pulpit is in French called "*chaire de vérité*."—ED.]

opinion; and several of them expressed themselves with indignation against him. He was an aged gentleman, formerly a military chaplain, and a man of high spirit and honour. Johnson was satisfied that the judgment was wrong, and dictated to me, in confutation of it, an argument, [which will be found in the Appendix.]

When I read [the argument] to Mr. Burke, he was highly pleased, and exclaimed, "Well, he does his work in a workman-like manner [1]."

Mr. Thomson wished to bring the cause by appeal before the house of lords, but was dissuaded by the advice of the noble person who lately presided so ably in that most honourable house, and who was then attorney-general. As my readers will no doubt be glad also to read the opinion of this eminent man upon the same subject, I shall here insert it.

CASE.

"There is herewith laid before you,

"1. Petition for the Reverend Mr. James Thomson, minister of Dunfermline.

"2. Answers thereto.

"3. Copy of the judgment of the Court of Session upon both.

"4. Notes of the opinions of the judges, being the reasons upon which their decree is grounded.

"These papers you will please to peruse, and give your opinion,

"Whether there is a probability of the above decree of the Court of Session being reversed, if Mr. Thomson should appeal from the same?"

"I don't think the appeal advisable; not only because the value of the judgment is in no degree adequate to the expense; but because there are many chances, that upon the general com-

[1] As a proof of Dr. Johnson's extraordinary powers of composition, it appears from the original manuscript of this excellent dissertation, of which he dictated the first eight paragraphs on the 10th of May, and the remainder on the 13th, that there are in the whole only seven corrections, or rather variations, and those not considerable. Such were at once the vigorous and accurate emanations of his mind.—BOSWELL.

plexion of the case, the impression will be taken to the disadvantage of the appellant.

"It is impossible to approve the style of that sermon. But the *complaint* was not less ungracious from that man, who had behaved so ill by his original libel, and at the time when he received the reproach he complains of. In the last article all the plaintiffs are equally concerned. It struck me also with some wonder, that the judges should think so much fervour apposite to the occasion of reproving the defendant for a little excess.

'"Upon the matter, however, I agree with them in condemning the behaviour of the minister, and in thinking it a subject fit for ecclesiastical censure; and even for an action, if any individual could qualify [1] a wrong, and a damage arising from it. But this I doubt. The circumstance of publishing the reproach in a pulpit, though extremely indecent, and culpable in another view, does not constitute a different sort of wrong, or any other rule of law than would have obtained, if the same words had been pronounced elsewhere. I don't know whether there be any difference in the law of Scotland, in the definition of slander, before the commissaries, or the Court of Session. The common law of England does not give way to actions for every reproachful word. An action cannot be brought for general damages upon any words which import less than an offence cognisable by law; consequently no action could have been brought here for the words in question. Both laws admit the truth to be a justification in action *for words*; and the law of England does the same in actions for libels. The judgment, therefore, seems to me to have been wrong, in that the court repelled that defence. "E. THURLOW."

I am now to record a very curious incident in Dr. Johnson's life, which fell under my own observation; of which *pars magna fui*, and which I am persuaded will, with the liberal-minded, be much to his credit.

My desire of being acquainted with celebrated men of every description had made me, much about the same time, obtain an introduction to Dr. Samuel Johnson and to John Wilkes, Esq. Two men more

[1] It is curious to observe that Lord Thurlow has here, perhaps, in compliment to North Britain, made use of a term of the Scotch law, which to an English reader may require explanation. To *qualify* a wrong, is to point out and establish it.—BOSWELL.

different could perhaps not be selected out of all mankind. They had even attacked one another with some asperity in their writings; yet I lived in habits of friendship with both. I could fully relish the excellence of each; for I have ever delighted in that intellectual chymistry, which can separate good qualities from evil in the same person.

Sir John Pringle, "mine own friend and my father's friend," between whom and Dr. Johnson I in vain wished to establish an acquaintance, as I respected and lived in intimacy with both of them, observed to me once, very ingeniously, "It is not in friendship as in mathematicks, where two things, each equal to a third, are equal between themselves. You agree with Johnson as a middle quality, and you agree with me as a middle quality; but Johnson and I should not agree." Sir John was not sufficiently flexible; so I desisted; knowing, indeed, that the repulsion was equally strong on the part of Johnson; who, I know not from what cause, unless his being a Scotchman, had formed a very erroneous opinion of Sir John. But I conceived an irresistible wish, if possible, to bring Dr. Johnson and Mr. Wilkes together. How to manage it, was a nice and difficult matter; [for Johnson's dislike of Mr. Wilkes was so great that it extended even to his connexions. He happened to dine one day at Sir Joshua Reynolds's with a large and distinguished company, amongst which were Mr. Wilkes's brother, Israel, and his lady. In the course of conversation, Mr. Israel Wilkes was about to make some remark, when Johnson suddenly stopped him with, "I hope, sir, what you are going to say may be better worth hearing than what you have already said." This rudeness shocked and spread a gloom over the whole party, particularly as Mr. Israel Wilkes was a gentleman of a very amiable

Reyn. Recol.

Reyn. Recol. character and of refined taste, and, what Dr. Johnson little suspected, a very loyal subject. Johnson afterwards owned to Miss Reynolds that he was very sorry that he had "*snubbed* Wilkes, as his wife was present." Miss Reynolds replied that he should be sorry for many reasons. "No," said Johnson, who was very reluctant to apologise for offences of this nature; "no, I only regret it because his wife was by." Miss Reynolds believed that he had no kind of motive for this incivility to Mr. I. Wilkes but disgust at his brother's political principles.]

My worthy booksellers and friends, Messieurs Dilly in the Poultry, at whose hospitable and well-covered table I have seen a greater number of literary men than at any other, except that of Sir Joshua Reynolds, had invited me to meet Mr. Wilkes and some more gentlemen on Wednesday, May 15. "Pray," said I, "let us have Dr. Johnson." "What, with Mr. Wilkes? not for the world," said Mr. Edward Dilly: "Dr. Johnson would never forgive me." "Come," said I, "if you 'll let me negotiate for you, I will be answerable that all shall go well." DILLY. "Nay, if you will take it upon you, I am sure I shall be very happy to see them both here."

Notwithstanding the high veneration which I entertained for Dr. Johnson, I was sensible that he was sometimes a little actuated by the spirit of contradiction, and by means of that I hoped I should gain my point. I was persuaded that if I had come upon him with a direct proposal, "Sir, will you dine in company with Jack Wilkes?" he would have flown into a passion, and would probably have answered, "Dine with Jack Wilkes, sir! I'd as soon dine with Jack Ketch[1]." I, therefore, while we were sitting

[1] This has been circulated as if actually said by Johnson; when the truth is it was only *supposed* by me.—BOSWELL.

quietly by ourselves at his house in an evening, took occasion to open my plan thus: "Mr. Dilly, sir, sends his respectful compliments to you, and would be happy if you would do him the honour to dine with him on Wednesday next along with me, as I must soon go to Scotland." JOHNSON. "Sir, I am obliged to Mr. Dilly. I will wait upon him—." BOSWELL. "Provided, sir, I suppose, that the company which he is to have is agreeable to you?" JOHNSON. "What do you mean, sir? What do you take me for? Do you think I am so ignorant of the world as to imagine that I am to prescribe to a gentleman what company he is to have at his table?" BOSWELL. "I beg your pardon, sir, for wishing to prevent you from meeting people whom you might not like. Perhaps he may have some of what he calls his patriotick friends with him." JOHNSON. "Well, sir, and what then? What care *I* for his *patriotick friends?* Poh!" BOSWELL. "I should not be surprised to find Jack Wilkes there." JOHNSON. "And if Jack Wilkes *should* be there, what is that to *me*, sir? My dear friend, let us have no more of this. I am sorry to be angry with you; but really it is treating me strangely to talk to me as if I could not meet any company whatever, occasionally." BOSWELL. "Pray forgive me, sir: I meant well. But you shall meet whoever comes, for me." Thus I secured him, and told Dilly that he would find him very well pleased to be one of his guests on the day appointed.

Upon the much expected Wednesday, I called on him about half an hour before dinner, as I often did when we were to dine out together, to see that he was ready in time, and to accompany him. I found him buffeting his books, as upon a former occasion[1],

[1] See page 373 of this volume.—BOSWELL.

covered with dust, and making no preparation for going abroad. "How is this, sir?" said I. "Don't you recollect that you are to dine at Mr. Dilly's?" JOHNSON. "Sir, I did not think of going to Dilly's: it went out of my head. I have ordered dinner at home with Mrs. Williams." BOSWELL. "But, my dear sir, you know you were engaged to Mr. Dilly, and I told him so. He will expect you, and will be much disappointed if you don't come." JOHNSON. "You must talk to Mrs. Williams about this."

Here was a sad dilemma. I feared that what I was so confident I had secured would yet be frustrated. He had accustomed himself to show Mrs. Williams such a degree of humane attention, as frequently imposed some restraint upon him; and I knew that if she should be obstinate, he would not stir. I hastened down stairs to the blind lady's room, and told her I was in great uneasiness, for Dr. Johnson had engaged to me to dine this day at Mr. Dilly's, but that he had told me he had forgotten his engagement, and had ordered dinner at home. "Yes, sir," said she, pretty peevishly, "Dr. Johnson is to dine at home." "Madam," said I, "his respect for you is such, that I know he will not leave you, unless you absolutely desire it. But as you have so much of his company, I hope you will be good enough to forego it for a day, as Mr. Dilly is a very worthy man, has frequently had agreeable parties at his house for Dr. Johnson, and will be vexed if the doctor neglects him to-day. And then, madam, be pleased to consider my situation; I carried the message, and I assured Mr. Dilly that Dr. Johnson was to come; and no doubt he has made a dinner, and invited a company, and boasted of the honour he expected to have. I shall be quite disgraced if the doctor is not there." She gradually softened to my solicitations,

which were certainly as earnest as most entreaties to ladies upon any occasion, and was graciously pleased to empower me to tell Dr. Johnson, "That, all things considered, she thought he should certainly go." I flew back to him, still in dust, and careless of what should be the event, "indifferent in his choice to go or stay;" but as soon as I had announced to him Mrs. Williams's consent, he roared, "Frank, a clean shirt," and was very soon dressed. When I had him fairly seated in a hackney-coach with me, I exulted as much as a fortune-hunter who has got an heiress into a post-chaise with him to set out for Gretna-Green.

When we entered Mr. Dilly's drawing-room, he found himself in the midst of a company he did not know. I kept myself snug and silent, watching how he would conduct himself. I observed him whispering to Mr. Dilly, "Who is that gentleman, sir? "Mr. Arthur Lee." JOHNSON. "Too, too, too" (under his breath), which was one of his habitual mutterings. Mr. Arthur Lee could not but be very obnoxious to Johnson, for he was not only a *patriot*, but an *American*. He was afterwards minister from the United States at the court of Madrid. "And who is the gentleman in lace?" "Mr. Wilkes, sir." This information confounded him still more; he had some difficulty to restrain himself, and, taking up a book, sat down upon a window-seat and read, or at least kept his eye upon it intently for some time, till he composed himself. His feelings, I dare say, were awkward enough. But he no doubt recollected his having rated me for supposing that he could be at all disconcerted by any company, and he, therefore, resolutely set himself to behave quite as an easy man of the world, who could adapt himself at once to the

disposition and manners of those whom he might chance to meet

The cheering sound of "Dinner is upon the table," dissolved his reverie, and we *all* sat down without any symptom of ill humour. There were present, beside Mr. Wilkes and Mr. Arthur Lee, who was an old companion of mine when he studied physick at Edinburgh, Mr. (now Sir John) Miller[1], Dr. Lettsom, and Mr. Slater, the druggist. Mr. Wilkes placed himself next to Dr. Johnson, and behaved to him with so much attention and politeness, that he gained upon him insensibly. No man eat more heartily than Johnson, or loved better what was nice and delicate. Mr. Wilkes was very assiduous in helping him to some fine veal. "Pray give me leave, sir—It is better here—A little of the brown—Some fat, sir—A little of the stuffing—Some gravy—Let me have the pleasure of giving you some butter—Allow me to recommend a squeeze of this orange; or the lemon, perhaps, may have more zest." "Sir; sir, I am obliged to you, sir," cried Johnson, bowing, and turning his head to him with a look for some time of "surly virtue[2]," but, in a short while, of complacency.

Foote being mentioned, Johnson said, "He is not a good mimick." One of the company added, "A merry-andrew, a buffoon." JOHNSON. "But he has wit too, and is not deficient in ideas, or in fertility and variety of imagery, and not empty of reading; he has knowledge enough to fill up his part. One species of wit he has in an eminent degree, that of escape. You drive him into a corner with both hands; but he's gone, sir, when you think you have got him

[1] [Of Bath Easton. See *ante*, p. 211.—ED.]
[2] Johnson's "London, a Poem," v. 145.—BOSWELL.

—like an animal that jumps over your head. Then he has a great range for wit; he never lets truth stand between him and a jest, and he is sometimes mighty coarse. Garrick is under many restraints from which Foote is free." WILKES. "Garrick's wit is more like Lord Chesterfield's." JOHNSON. "The first time I was in company with Foote was at Fitzherbert's. Having no good opinion of the fellow, I was resolved not to be pleased; and it is very difficult to please a man against his will. I went on eating my dinner pretty sullenly, affecting not to mind him. But the dog was so very comical, that I was obliged to lay down my knife and fork, throw myself back upon my chair, and fairly laugh it out. No, sir, he was irresistible[1]. He upon one occasion experienced, in an extraordinary degree, the efficacy of his powers of entertaining. Amongst the many and various modes which he tried of getting money, he became a partner with a small-beer brewer, and he was to have a share of the profits for procuring customers amongst his numerous acquaintance. Fitzherbert was one who took his small-beer; but it was so bad that the servants resolved not to drink it. They were at some loss how to notify their resolution, being afraid of offending their master, who they knew liked Foote much as a companion. At last they fixed upon a little black boy, who was rather a favourite, to be their deputy, and deliver their remonstrance; and, having invested him with the whole authority of the kitchen, he was to inform Mr. Fitzherbert, in all their names, upon a certain day, that they would drink Foote's small-beer no longer. On that day Foote happened to dine at

[1] Foote told me, that Johnson said of him, "For loud, obstreperous, broad-faced mirth, I know not his equal."—BOSWELL. [See *ante*, p. 320.—ED.]

Fitzherbert's, and this boy served at table; he was so delighted with Foote's stories, and merriment, and grimace, that when he went down stairs, he told them, "This is the finest man I have ever seen. I will not deliver your message. I will drink his small-beer."

Somebody observed that Garrick could not have done this. WILKES. "Garrick would have made the small-beer still smaller. He is now leaving the stage; but he will play *Scrub* all his life." I knew that Johnson would let nobody attack Garrick but himself, as Garrick said to me, and I had heard him praise his liberality; so to bring out his commendation of his celebrated pupil, I said, loudly, "I have heard Garrick is liberal." JOHNSON. "Yes, sir, I know that Garrick has given away more money than any man in England that I am acquainted with, and that not from ostentatious views. Garrick was very poor when he began life; so when he came to have money, he probably was very unskilful in giving away, and saved when he should not. But Garrick began to be liberal as soon as he could; and I am of opinion, the reputation of avarice which he has had has been very lucky for him, and prevented his having many enemies. You despise a man for avarice, but do not hate him. Garrick might have been much better attacked for living with more splendour than is suitable to a player; if they had had the wit to have assaulted him in that quarter, they might have galled him more. But they have kept clamouring about his avarice, which has rescued him from much obloquy and envy."

Talking of the great difficulty of obtaining authentick information for biography, Johnson told us, "When I was a young fellow, I wanted to write the

'Life of Dryden[1],' and, in order to get materials, I applied to the only two persons then alive who had seen him; these were old Swinney[2], and old Cibber. Swinney's information was no more than this, 'That at Will's coffee-house Dryden had a particular chair for himself, which was set by the fire in winter, and was then called his winter chair; and that it was carried out for him to the balcony in summer, and was then called his summer chair.' Cibber could tell no more but 'That he remembered him a decent old man, arbiter of critical disputes at Will's.' You are to consider that Cibber was then at a great distance from Dryden, had perhaps one leg only in the room, and durst not draw in the other." BOSWELL. "Yet Cibber was a man of observation?" JOHNSON. "I think not." BOSWELL. "You will allow his 'Apology' to be well done." JOHNSON. "Very well done, to be sure, sir. That book is a striking proof of the justice of Pope's remark:

> 'Each might his several province well command,
> Would all but stoop to what they understand.'"

BOSWELL. "And his plays are good." JOHNSON. "Yes; but that was his trade; *l'esprit du corps*; he had been all his life among players and play-writers. I wondered that he had so little to say in conversation, for he had kept the best company, and learnt all that can be got by the ear. He abused Pindar to me, and then showed me an ode of his own, with an absurd couplet, making a linnet soar

[1] [This was probably for "Cibber's Lives," as well as the "Life of Shakspeare," mentioned *ante*, p. 396, *n.*—ED.]

[2] Owen M'Swinney, who died in 1754, and bequeathed his fortune to Mrs. Woffington, the actress. He had been a manager of Drury-lane theatre, and afterwards of the Queen's theatre in the Haymarket. He was also a dramatick writer, having produced a comedy entitled "The Quacks, or Love 's the Physician," 1705, and two operas.—MALONE.

on an eagle's wing[1]. I told him that when the ancients made a simile, they always made it like something real."

Mr. Wilkes remarked, that "among all the bold flights of Shakspeare's imagination, the boldest was making Birnam-wood march to Dunsinane; creating a wood where there never was a shrub; a wood in Scotland! ha! ha! ha!" And he also observed, that "the clannish slavery of the Highlands of Scotland was the single exception to Milton's remark of 'the mountain nymph, sweet Liberty,' being worshipped in all hilly countries." "When I was at Inverary," said he, "on a visit to my old friend Archibald, Duke of Argyle, his dependents congratulated me on being such a favourite of his grace. I said, 'It is, then, gentlemen, truly lucky for me; for if I had displeased the duke, and he had wished it, there is not a Campbell among you but would have been ready to bring John Wilkes's head to him in a charger. It would have been only

'Off with his head! so much for *Aylesbury*.'

I was then member for Aylesbury."

Dr. Johnson and Mr. Wilkes talked of the contested passage in Horace's "Art of Poetry," *Difficile est propriè communia dicere.* Mr. Wilkes, according to my note, gave the interpretation thus: "It is difficult to speak with propriety of common things; as, if a poet had to speak of Queen Caroline drinking tea, he must endeavour to avoid the vulgarity of cups and saucers." But, upon reading my note, he tells me that he meant to say, that "the word *communia* being a Roman law term, signifies here things *communis juris*, that is to say, what have

[1] See ante, v. i. p. 411.—BOSWELL.

never yet been treated by any body; and this appears clearly from what followed,

'——————— Tuque
Rectiùs Iliacum carmen deducis in actus,
Quàm si proferres ignota indictaque primus.'

You will easier make a tragedy out of the Iliad than on any subject not handled before[1]." JOHNSON.

[1] My very pleasant friend himself, as well as others who remember old stories, will no doubt be surprised, when I observe, that John Wilkes here shows himself to be of the *Warburtonian school*. It is nevertheless true, as appears from Dr. Hurd the bishop of Worcester's very elegant commentary and notes on the "Epistola ad Pisones." It is necessary, to a fair consideration of the question, that the whole passage in which the words occur should be kept in view:

"Si quid inexpertum scenæ committis, et audes
Personam formare novam, servetur ad imum
Qualis ab incepto processerit, et sibi constet.
Difficile est propriè communia dicere: tuque
Rectiùs Iliacum carmen deducis in actus,
Quàm si proferres ignota indictaque primus.
Publica materies privati juris erit, si
Non circa vilem patulumque moraberis orbem,
Nec verbum verbo curabis reddere fidus
Interpres; nec desilies imitator in arctum
Unde pedem proferre pudor vetat aut operis lex."

The "Commentary" thus illustrates it: "But the formation of quite new characters is a work of great difficulty and hazard. For here there is no generally received and fixed archetype to work after, but every one judges of common right according to the extent and comprehension of his own idea; therefore he advises to labour and refit old characters and subjects, particularly those made known and authorized by the practice of Homer and the epic writers." The note is, "*Difficile est propriè communia dicere.*" Lambin's comment is, "Communia hoc loco appellat Horatius argumenta fabularum à nullo adhuc tractata: et ita, quæ cuivis exposita sunt et in medio quodammodo posita, quasi vacua et à nemine occupata." And that this is the true meaning of *communia* is evidently fixed by the words *ignota indictaque*, which are explanatory of it; so that the sense given it in the commentary is unquestionably the right one. Yet, notwithstanding the clearness of the case, a late critick has this strange passage: "Difficile quidem esse propriè communia dicere, hoc est, materiem vulgarem, notam et è medio petitam, ita immutare atque exornare, ut nova et scriptori propria videatur, ultro concedimus; et maximi procul dubio ponderis ista est observatio. Sed omnibus utrinque collatis, et tum difficilis tum venusti, tam judicii quam ingenii ratione habitâ, major videtur esse gloria fabulam formare penitùs novam, quàm veterem, utcunque mutatam de novo exhibere."—*Pont. Præl.* v. ii. p. 164. Where, having first put a wrong construction on the word *communia*, he employs it to introduce an impertinent criticism. For where does the poet prefer the glory of refitting old subjects to that of inventing new ones? The contrary is implied in what he urges about the superior difficulty of the latter, from which he dissuades his countrymen, only in respect of their abilities and inexperience in these matters; and in order to cultivate in them, which is the main view of the epistle, a spirit of correctness, by sending them to the old subjects, treated by the Greek writers. For my own part (with all deference for Dr. Hurd, who thinks the case clear), I consider the passage, "*Difficile est propriè communia dicere*," to be a *crux* for the criticks on Horace. The ex-

"He means that it is difficult to appropriate to particular persons qualities which are common to all mankind, as Homer has done."

WILKES. "We have no city-poet now: that is an office which has gone into disuse. The last was Elkanah Settle. There is something in *names* which one cannot help feeling. Now *Elkanah Settle* sounds so *queer*, who can expect much from that name? We should have no hesitation to give it for John

plication which my Lord of Worcester treats with so much contempt is, nevertheless, countenanced by authority which I find quoted by the learned Baxter in his edition of Horace, "*Difficile est proprié communia dicere*, h. e. res vulgares disertis verbis enarrare, vel humile thema cum dignitate tractare. *Difficile est communes res propriis explicare verbis.* Vet. Schol." I was much disappointed to find that the great critick, Dr. Bentley, has no note upon this very difficult passage, as from his vigorous and illuminated mind I should have expected to receive more satisfaction than I have yet had. Sanadon thus treats of it: "Proprié communia dicere; c'est à dire, qu'il n'est pas aisé de former à ces personnages d'imagination, des caractères particuliers et cependant vraisemblables. Comme l'on a été le maitre de les former tels qu'on a voulu, les fautes que l'on fait en cela sont moins pardonnables. C'est pourquoi Horace conseille de prendre toujours des sujets connus, tels que sont par exemple ceux que l'on peut tirer des poëmes d'Homère." And Dacier observes upon it, "Après avoir marqué les deux qualités qu'il faut donner aux personnages qu'on invente, il conseille aux poëtes tragiques, de n'user pas trop facilement de cette liberté qu'ils ont d'en inventer, car il est très difficile de réussir dans ces nouveaux caractères. Il est mal aisé, dit Horace, de traiter proprement, c'est à dire, convenablement des sujets communs; c'est à dire, des sujets inventés, et qui n'ont aucun fondement ni dans l'histoire ni dans la fable; et il les appelle communs, parcequ'ils sont en disposition à tout le monde, et que tout le monde a le droit de les inventer, et qu'ils sont, comme on dit, au premier occupant." See his observations at large on this expression and the following. After all, I cannot help entertaining some doubt whether the words *Difficile est proprié communia dicere* may not have been thrown in by Horace to form a separate article in a "choice of difficulties" which a poet has to encounter who chooses a new subject; in which case it must be uncertain which of the various explanations is the true one, and every reader has a right to decide as it may strike his own fancy. And even should the words be understood, as they generally are, to be connected both with what goes before and what comes after, the exact sense cannot be absolutely ascertained; for instance, whether *proprié* is meant to signify *in an appropriated manner*, as Dr. Johnson here understands it, or, as it is often used by Cicero, *with propriety* or *elegantly*. In short, it is a rare instance of a defect in perspicuity in an admirable writer, who, with almost every species of excellence, is peculiarly remarkable for that quality. The length of this note perhaps requires an apology. Many of my readers, I doubt not, will admit that a critical discussion of a passage in a favourite classick is very engaging.—BOSWELL. [This passage was the subject of an ingenious discussion between the young Marquis de Sevigné and M. Dacier, which will be found, together with Sanadon's and Dumarsais' opinions, in the last volume of the best edition of Madame de Sevigné's letters. It seems to result from the whole discussion that, in the ordinary meaning of the words, the passage is obscure, and that, to make sense, we must either alter the words, or assign to them an unusual interpretation. All commentators are agreed—by the help of the context—what the general meaning must be, but no one seems able *verbum verbo reddere fidus interpres*.—ED.]

Dryden, in preference to Elkanah Settle, from the names only, without knowing their different merits." JOHNSON. "I suppose, sir, Settle did as well for aldermen in his time, as John Home could do now. Where did Beckford and Trecothick learn English?"

Mr. Arthur Lee mentioned some Scotch who had taken possession of a barren part of America, and wondered why they should choose it. JOHNSON. "Why, sir, all barrenness is comparative. The *Scotch* would not know it to be barren." BOSWELL. "Come, come, he is flattering the English. You have now been in Scotland, sir, and say if you did not see meat and drink enough there." JOHNSON. "Why, yes, sir; meat and drink enough to give the inhabitants sufficient strength to run away from home." All these quick and lively sallies were said sportively, quite in jest, and with a smile, which showed that he meant only wit. Upon this topick he and Mr. Wilkes could perfectly assimilate; here was a bond of union between them, and I was conscious that as both of them had visited Caledonia, both were fully satisfied of the strange narrow ignorance of those who imagine that it is a land of famine. But they amused themselves with persevering in the old jokes. When I claimed a superiority for Scotland over England in one respect, that no man can be arrested there for a debt merely because another swears it against him; but there must first be the judgment of a court of law ascertaining its justice; and that a seizure of the person, before judgment is obtained, can take place only if his creditor should swear that he is about to fly from the country, or, as it is technically expressed, is *in meditatione fugæ*. WILKES. "That, I should think, may be safely sworn of all the Scotch nation." JOHNSON (to Mr. Wilkes). "You must know, sir, I lately took my friend Bos-

well, and showed him genuine civilised life in an English provincial town. I turned him loose at Lichfield, my native city, that he might see for once real civility; for you know he lives among savages in Scotland, and among rakes in London." WILKES. "Except when he is with grave, sober, decent people, like you and me." JOHNSON (smiling). "And we ashamed of him."

They were quite frank and easy. Johnson told the story of his asking Mrs. Macaulay to allow her footman to sit down with them, to prove the ridiculousness of the argument for the equality of mankind; and he said to me afterwards, with a nod of satisfaction, "You saw Mr. Wilkes acquiesced." Wilkes talked with all imaginable freedom of the ludicrous title given to the attorney-general, *Diabolus regis;* adding, "I have reason to know something about that officer; for I was prosecuted for a libel." Johnson, who many people would have supposed must have been furiously angry at hearing this talked of so lightly, said not a word. He was now, *indeed,* "a good-humoured fellow."

After dinner we had an accession of Mrs. Knowles, the Quaker lady, well known for her various talents, and of Mr. Alderman Lee [1]. Amidst some patriotick groans, somebody (I think the alderman) said, "Poor old England is lost." JOHNSON. "Sir, it is not so much to be lamented that old England is lost, as that the Scotch have found it [2]." WILKES. "Had Lord Bute governed Scotland only, I should not have taken

[1] [It is to this gentleman that allusion is supposed to be made in the following anecdote: "Some one mentioned a gentleman of that party for having behaved oddly on an occasion where faction was not concerned: 'Is he not a citizen of London, a native of North America, and a whig?' said Johnson. 'Let him be absurd, I beg of you: when a monkey is *too* like a man, it shocks one.'"—*Piozzi*, p. 64.—ED.]

[2] It would not become me to expatiate on this strong and pointed remark, in which a very great deal of meaning is condensed.—BOSWELL.

the trouble to write his eulogy, and dedicate 'MORTIMER' to him."

Mr. Wilkes held a candle to show a fine print of a beautiful female figure which hung in the room, and pointed out the elegant contour of the bosom with the finger of an arch connoisseur. He afterwards in a conversation with me waggishly insisted, that all the time Johnson showed visible signs of a fervent admiration of the corresponding charms of the fair Quaker.

This record, though by no means so perfect as I could wish, will serve to give a notion of a very curious interview, which was not only pleasing at the time, but had the agreeable and benignant effect of reconciling any animosity, and sweetening any acidity, which, in the various bustle of political contest, had been produced in the minds of two men, who, though widely different, had so many things in common—classical learning, modern literature, wit and humour, and ready repartee—that it would have been much to be regretted if they had been for ever at a distance from each other.

Mr. Burke gave me much credit for this successful *negotiation*; and pleasantly said, "that there was nothing equal to it in the whole history of the *corps diplomatique*."

I attended Dr. Johnson home, and had the satisfaction to hear him tell Mrs. Williams how much he had been pleased with Mr. Wilkes's company, and what an agreeable day he had passed.

[The following is Dr. Johnson's own good-humoured account to Mrs. Thrale of this meeting. ED.

"For my part I begin to settle, and keep company with *grave aldermen*. I dined yesterday in the Poultry with Mr. Alderman Wilkes, and Mr. Alderman Lee, and Councillor Lee, his brother. There sat you the while thinking, 'What is John- Letters, vol. i. p. 325.

Letters, vol. i. p. 325.

son doing?' What should he be doing? He is breaking jokes with Jack Wilkes upon the Scotch. Such, madam, are the vicissitudes of things! And there was Mrs. Knowles, the Quaker, that works the sutile pictures[1], who is a great admirer of your conversation."]

I talked a good deal to him of the celebrated Margaret Caroline Rudd, whom I had visited, induced by the fame of her talents, address, and irresistible power of fascination[2]. To a lady who disapproved of my visiting her, he said on a former occasion, "Nay, madam, Boswell is in the right; I should have visited her myself, were it not that they have now a trick of putting every thing into the newspapers." This evening he exclaimed, "I envy him his acquaintance with Mrs. Rudd."

I mentioned a scheme which I had of making a tour to the Isle of Man, and giving a full account of it; and that Mr. Burke had playfully suggested as a motto,

"The proper study of mankind is MAN."

JOHNSON. "Sir, you will get more by the book than the jaunt will cost you; so you will have your diversion for nothing, and add to your reputation."

Letters, vol. i. p. 324.

["TO MRS. THRALE.

"14th May, 1776.

"[Boswell] goes away on Thursday very well satisfied with his journey. Some great men[3] have promised to obtain him a place; and then a fig for his father and his new wife[4]."]

[1] [Mrs. Piozzi had printed this "*futile* pictures." They were copies of pictures in needlework.—ED.]

[2] [See *ante*, p. 337. Her power of fascination was celebrated, because it was the fashion to suppose that she had fascinated her lover to the gallows.—ED.]

[3] [This place he never obtained, and the critical reader will observe several passages in this work, the tone of which may be attributed to his disappointment in this point. See *ante*, p. 317.—ED.]

[4] [Lord Auchinleck had lately married Elizabeth Boswell, sister of Claude Irvine Boswell, afterwards a lord of session, by the title of Lord Balmuto. She seems to have been the grand-niece of her husband. Of this marriage there was no issue.—ED.]

On the evening of the next day I took leave of him, being to set out for Scotland. I thanked him, with great warmth, for all his kindness. "Sir," said he, "you are very welcome. Nobody repays it with more."

How very false is the notion that has gone round the world of the rough, and passionate, and harsh manners of this great and good man! That he had occasional sallies of heat of temper, and that he was sometimes, perhaps, too "easily provoked" by absurdity and folly, and sometimes too desirous of triumph in colloquial contest, must be allowed. The quickness both of his perception and sensibility disposed him to sudden explosions of satire; to which his extraordinary readiness of wit was a strong and almost irresistible incitement. To adopt one of the finest images in Mr. Home's "Douglas,"

> "———— On each glance of thought
> Decision followed, as the thunderbolt
> Pursues the flash!"————

I admit that the beadle within him was often so eager to apply the lash, that the judge had not time to consider the case with sufficient deliberation.

That he was occasionally remarkable for violence of temper may be granted; but let us ascertain the degree, and not let it be supposed that he was in a perpetual rage, and never without a club in his hand to knock down every one who approached him. On the contrary, the truth is, that by much the greatest part of his time he was civil, obliging, nay, polite in the true sense of the word; so much so, that many gentlemen who were long acquainted with him never received, or even heard a strong expression from him.

["DR. JOHNSON TO MRS. THRALE. Letters, vol. i. p. 330.

"18th May, 1776.

"[Boswell] went away on Thursday night with no great in-

Letters, vol. i. p. 330. clination to travel northward; but who can contend with destiny? He says he had a very pleasant journey. He carries with him two or three good resolutions; I hope they will not mould on the road."]

Letters, vol. i. p. 334. ["TO MRS. THRALE.

"22d May, 1776.

"On Friday and Saturday I dined with Dr. Taylor, who is in discontent, but resolved not to stay much longer to hear the opinions of lawyers, who are all against him. On Sunday I dined at Sir Joshua's house on the hill [Richmond], with the Bishop of St. Asaph [Shipley]: the dinner was good, and the bishop is knowing and conversible."]

Ed. [This praise of Sir Joshua's dinner was not a matter of course; for his table, though very agreeable, was not what is usually called a *good* one, as appears from the following description given of it by Mr. Courtenay (a frequent and favourite guest) to Sir James Mackintosh, and which is not, the editor hopes, misplaced in a work in which Sir Joshua and his society have so considerable a share.

"There was something," said Courtenay, "singular in the style and economy of Sir Joshua's table that contributed to pleasantry and good-humour; a coarse inelegant plenty, without any regard to order and arrangement. A table, prepared for seven or eight, was often compelled to contain fifteen or sixteen. When this pressing difficulty was got over, a deficiency of knives, forks, plates, and glasses succeeded. The attendance was in the same style; and it was absolutely necessary to call instantly for beer, bread, or wine, that you might be supplied with them before the first course was over. He was once prevailed on to furnish the table with decanters and glasses at dinner, to save time, and prevent the tardy manœuvres of two or three occasional undisciplined domestics. As these accelerating utensils were demolished in the course of service, Sir Joshua could never

be persuaded to replace them. But these trifling embarrassments only served to enhance the hilarity and singular pleasure of the entertainment. The wine, cookery, and dishes were but little attended to; nor was the fish or venison ever talked of or recommended. Amidst this convivial, animated bustle among his guests, our host sat perfectly composed; always attentive to what was said, never minding what was eat or drank, but left every one at perfect liberty to scramble for himself. Temporal and spiritual peers, physicians, lawyers, actors, and musicians, composed the motley group, and played their parts without dissonance or discord. At five o'clock precisely dinner was served, whether all the invited guests were arrived or not. Sir Joshua was never so fashionably ill-bred as to wait an hour perhaps for two or three persons of rank or title, and put the rest of the company out of humour by this invidious distinction. His friends and intimate acquaintance will ever love his memory, and will long regret those social hours, and the cheerfulness of that irregular, convivial table, which no one has attempted to revive or imitate, or was indeed qualified to supply."] ED.

["TO HENRY THRALE, ESQ.

"3d June, 1776. Letters, vol. i. p. 337.

"My *Mistress* writes as if she was afraid that I should make too much haste to see her. Pray tell her that there is no danger. The lameness of which I made mention in one of my notes has improved into a very serious and troublesome fit of the gout. I creep about and hang by both hands. I enjoy all the dignity of lameness. I receive ladies and dismiss them sitting. 'Painful pre-eminence!'"]

The following letters concerning an epitaph which he wrote for the monument of Dr. Goldsmith, in Westminster-abbey, afford at once a proof of his unaffected modesty, his carelessness as to his own writings, and of the great respect which he entertained

for the taste and judgment of the excellent and eminent person to whom the first and last are addressed:

"DR. JOHNSON TO SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS.

"16th May, 1776.

"DEAR SIR,—I have been kept away from you, I know not well how, and of these vexatious hindrances I know not when there will be an end. I therefore send you the poor dear doctor's epitaph. Read it first yourself; and if you then think it right, show it to the club. I am, you know, willing to be corrected. If you think any thing much amiss, keep it to yourself till we come together. I have sent two copies, but prefer the card. The dates must be settled by Dr. Percy. I am, sir, your most humble servant, "SAM. JOHNSON."

Reyn. MSS. ["MISS REYNOLDS TO DR. JOHNSON.

"Richmond-hill, 21st June, 1776.

"SIR,—You saw by my last letter that I knew nothing of your illness, and it was unkind of you not to tell me what had been the matter with you; and you should have let me know how Mrs. Thrale and all the family were; but that would have been a sad transgression of the rule you have certainly prescribed to yourself of writing to some sort of people just such a number of lines. Be so good as to favour me with Dr. Goldsmith's epitaph; and if you have no objection I should be very glad to send it to Dr. Beattie. I am writing now to Mrs. Beattie, and can scarce hope she will ever excuse my shameful neglect of writing to her, but by sending her something curious for Dr. Beattie.

"I don't know whether my brother ever mentioned to you what Dr. Beattie said in a letter he received from him the beginning of last month. As I have his letter here, I will transcribe it. 'In my third essay, which treats of the advantages of classical learning, I have said something of Dr. Johnson, which I hope will please him; I ought not to call it a compliment, for it expresses nothing but the real sentiments of my heart. I can never forget the many and great obligations I am under to his genius and to his virtue, and I wish for an opportunity of testifying my gratitude to the world.'

"My brother says he has lost Dr. Goldsmith's epitaph, otherwise I would not trouble you for it. Indeed I should or I ought have asked if you had any objection to my sending it, before I did send it.—I am, my good sir, your obliged and obedient humble servant, "FRANCES REYNOLDS."]

[DR. JOHNSON TO MISS REYNOLDS. Reyn. MSS.

"21st June, 1776.

"DEAREST MADAM,—You are as naughty as you can be. I am willing enough to write to you when you have any thing to say. As for my disorder, as Sir Joshua saw me, I fancied he would tell you, and that I needed not tell you myself.

"Of Dr. Goldsmith's epitaph, I sent Sir Joshua two copies, and had none myself. If he has lost it, he has not done well. But I suppose I can recollect it, and will send it to you.—I am, madam, your most humble servant, SAM. JOHNSON.

"P. S.—All the Thrales are well, and Mrs. Thrale has a great regard for Miss Reynolds."]

"TO SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS.

"22d June, 1776.

"SIR,—Miss Reynolds has a mind to send the epitaph to Dr. Beattie; I am very willing, but having no copy, cannot immediately recollect it. She tells me you have lost it. Try to recollect, and put down as much as you retain; you perhaps may have kept what I have dropped. The lines for which I am at a loss are something of *rerum civilium sive naturalium* [1]. It was a sorry trick to lose it; help me if you can.—I am, sir, your most humble servant, SAM. JOHNSON.

"The gout grows better, but slowly."

It was, I think, after I had left London in this year, that this epitaph gave occasion to a remonstrance to the *monarch of literature*, for an account of which I am indebted to Sir William Forbes, of Pitsligo.

That my readers may have the subject more fully and clearly before them, I shall insert the epitaph:

"OLIVARII GOLDSMITH,
Poetæ, Physici, Historici,
Qui nullum ferè scribendi genus
Non tetigit,
Nullum quod tetigit non ornavit:
Sive risus essent movendi,
Sive lacrymæ,
Affectuum potens at lenis dominator:
Ingenio sublimis, vividus, versatilis,

[1] [These words must have been in the other copy. They are not in that which was preferred.—ED.]

Oratione grandis, nitidus, venustus:
Hoc monumento memoriam coluit
Sodalium amor,
Amicorum fides,
Lectorum veneratio.
Natus in Hibernià Forniæ Longfordiensis,
In loco cui nomen Pallas,
Nov. XXIX. MDCCXXXI.[1];
Eblanæ literis institutus;
Obiit Londini,
April. IV. MDCCLXXIV."

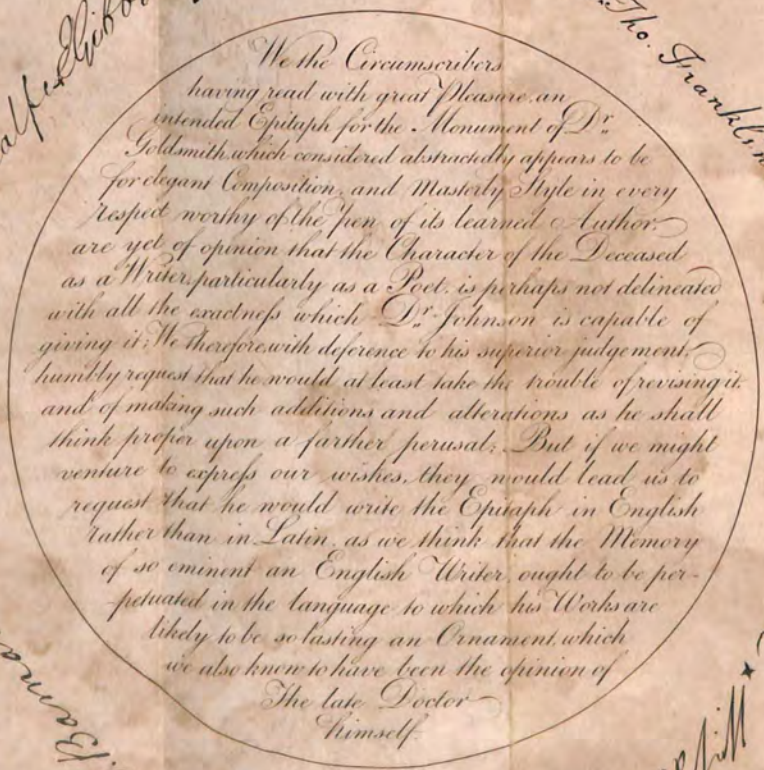
Sir William Forbes writes to me thus: "I enclose the *Round Robin*. This *jeu d'esprit* took its rise one day at dinner at our friend Sir Joshua Reynolds's. All the company present, except myself, were friends and acquaintance of Dr. Goldsmith. The epitaph written for him by Dr. Johnson became the subject of conversation, and various emendations were suggested, which it was agreed should be submitted to the doctor's consideration. But the question was, who should have the courage to propose them to him? At last it was hinted, that there could be no way so good as that of a *Round Robin*, as the sailors call it, which they make use of when they enter into a conspiracy, so as not to let it be known who puts his name first or last to the paper. This proposition was instantly assented to; and Dr. Barnard, dean of Derry, now bishop of Killaloe[2], drew up an address to Dr. Johnson on the occasion, replete with wit and humour, but which it was feared the doctor might

[1] This was a mistake, which was not discovered till after Goldsmith's monument was put up in Westminster Abbey. He was born Nov. 29, 1728; and therefore, when he died, he was in his forty-sixth year.—MALONE.

[2] This prelate who was afterwards translated to the see of Limerick, died at Wimbledon in Surrey, June 7, 1806, in his eightieth year. The original *Round Robin* remained in his possession; the paper which Sir William Forbes transmitted to Mr. Boswell being only a copy.—MALONE. [The engraving published by Mr. Boswell was not an exact *fac simile* of the *sheet* of this curious paper (which is of the size called *foolscap*, and too large to be folded into an ordinary volume), but of the *signatures* only; and, in later editions, even these have, by successive copying, lost some of their original accuracy. By the favour of the Earl of Balcarras (to whom the paper has descended from his aunt, Lady Anne, the widow of the son of Bishop Barnard) the Editor has been enabled to present his readers with a fresh and more accurate fac simile of the signatures. —ED.]

Round Robin addressed to Samuel Johnson, LL.D.

with Fac Similes of the Signatures.


We the Circumscribers
having read with great Pleasure an
intended Epitaph for the Monument of Dr.
Goldsmith, which considered abstractedly appears to be
for elegant Composition, and Masterly Style in every
respect worthy of the Pen of its learned Author:
are yet of opinion that the Character of the Deceased
as a Writer, particularly as a Poet, is perhaps not delineated
with all the exactness which Dr. Johnson is capable of
giving it: We therefore with deference to his superior judgement
humbly request that he would at least take the trouble of revising it
and of making such additions and alterations as he shall
think proper upon a further perusal: But if we might
venture to express our wishes, they would lead us to
request that he would write the Epitaph in English
rather than in Latin, as we think that the Memory
of so eminent an English Writer ought to be per-
petuated in the language to which his Works are
likely to be so lasting an Ornament, which
we also know to have been the opinion of
The late Doctor
Himself

think treated the subject with too much levity. Mr. Burke then proposed the address as it stands in the paper in writing, to which I had the honour to officiate as clerk.

"Sir Joshua agreed to carry it to Dr. Johnson, who received it with much good humour[1], and desired Sir Joshua to tell the gentlemen, that he would alter the epitaph in any manner they pleased, as to the sense of it, but *he would never consent to disgrace the walls of Westminster Abbey, with an English inscription*[2].

"I consider this *Round Robin* as a species of literary curiosity worth preserving, as it marks, in a certain degree, Dr. Johnson's character."

My readers are presented with a faithful transcript of a paper, which I doubt not of their being desirous to see.

[1] He, however, upon seeing Dr. Warton's name to the suggestion, that the epitaph should be in English, observed to Sir Joshua, "I wonder that Joe Warton, a scholar by profession, should be such a fool." He said too, "I should have thought Mund Burke would have had more sense." Mr. Langton, who was one of the company at Sir Joshua's, like a sturdy scholar, resolutely refused to sign the *Round Robin*. This epitaph is engraved upon Dr. Goldsmith's monument without any alteration. At another time, when somebody endeavoured to argue in favour of its being in English, Johnson said, "The language of the country of which a learned man was a native is not the language fit for his epitaph, which should be in ancient and permanent language. Consider, sir, how you should feel, were you to find at Rotterdam an epitaph upon Erasmus *in Dutch!*" For my own part, I think it would be best to have epitaphs written both in a learned language and in the language of the country; so that they might have the advantage of being more universally understood, and at the same time be secured of classical stability. I cannot, however, but be of opinion, that it is not sufficiently discriminative. Applying to Goldsmith equally the epithets of "*Poetæ, Historici, Physici*," is surely not right; for as to his claim to the last of those epithets, I have heard Johnson himself say, "Goldsmith, sir, will give us a very fine book upon the subject; but if he can distinguish a cow from a horse, that, I believe, may be the extent of his knowledge of natural history." His book is, indeed, an excellent performance, though in some instances he appears to have trusted too much to Buffon, who, with all his theoretical ingenuity and extraordinary eloquence, I suspect had little actual information in the science on which he wrote so admirably. For instance, he tells us that the *cow* sheds her horns every two years; a most palpable errour, which Goldsmith has faithfully transferred into his book. It is wonderful that Buffon, who lived so much in the country, at his noble seat, should have fallen into such a blunder. I suppose he has confounded the *cow* with the *deer*.—BOSWELL.

[2] [See *ante*, v. ii. p. 384, on the subject of English inscriptions to English writers.—ED.]

[× E. Gibbon. × Jos. Warton. × Edm. Burke. × Thos. Franklin[2]. × Ant. Chamier[3]. × Geo. Colman. × T. Barnard. × R. B. Sheridan. × P. Metcalfe[1].

"We the Circumscribers, having read with great pleasure an intended epitaph for the monument of Dr. Goldsmith; which, considered abstractedly, appears to be, for elegant composition, and masterly style, in every respect worthy of the pen of its learned author; are yet of opinion, that the character of the deceased as a writer, particularly as a poet, is, perhaps, not delineated with all the exactness which Dr. Johnson is capable of giving it. We, therefore, with deference to his superior judgment, humbly request that he would, at least, take the trouble of revising it; and of making such additions and alterations as he shall think proper on a further perusal. But if we might venture to express our wishes, they would lead us to request that he would write the epitaph in English, rather than in Latin; as we think the memory of so eminent an English writer ought to be perpetuated in the language to which his works are likely to be so lasting an ornament, which we also know to have been the opinion of the late doctor himself."

× W. Forbes. × J. Reynolds. × William Vachell[4]. ×]

Sir William Forbes's observation is very just. The anecdote now related proves, in the strongest manner, the reverence and awe with which Johnson was regarded, by some of the most eminent men of his time, in various departments, and even by such of them as lived most with him; while it also confirms what I have again and again inculcated, that he was by no means of that ferocious and irascible character which has been ignorantly imagined[5].

This hasty composition is also to be remarked as

[1] [See *post*, sub 3d Oct. 1782.—Ed.]

[2] [There would be no doubt that this was Thomas Franklin, D. D. the translator of Sophocles and Lucian, but that the Biog. Dict. and indeed the Doctor's own title-pages, spell his name *Francklin*. See *post*, sub 1780, *ad finem*. He died in 1784, æt. 63.—Ed.]

[3] [Anthony Chamier, Esq. one of the club, M. P. for Tamworth, and Under-Secretary of State from 1775 till his death, 12th Oct. 1780.—Ed.]

[4] [All that the editor has been able to discover of this gentleman is that he was a friend of Sir Joshua's, and attended his funeral.—Ed.]

[5] [Most readers would draw a directly contrary conclusion.—Ed.]

one of the thousand instances which evince the extraordinary promptitude of Mr. Burke; who, while he is equal to the greatest things, can adorn the least; can, with equal facility, embrace the vast and complicated speculations of politicks or the ingenious topicks of literary investigation [1].

"DR. JOHNSON TO MRS. BOSWELL.

"16th May, 1776.

"MADAM,—You must not think me uncivil in omitting to answer the letter with which you favoured me some time ago. I imagined it to have been written without Mr. Boswell's knowledge, and therefore supposed the answer to require, what I could not find, a private conveyance.

"The difference with Lord Auchinleck is now over; and since young Alexander has appeared, I hope no more difficulties will arise among you; for I sincerely wish you all happy. Do not teach the young ones to dislike me, as you dislike me yourself; but let me at least have Veronica's kindness, because she is my acquaintance.

"You will now have Mr. Boswell home; it is well that you have him; he has led a wild life. I have taken him to Lichfield, and he has followed Mr. Thrale to Bath. Pray take care of him, and tame him. The only thing in which I have the honour to agree with you is, in *loving him*: and while we are so much of a mind in a matter of so much importance, our other quarrels will, I hope, produce no great bitterness. I am, madam, your most humble servant, "SAM. JOHNSON."

"MR. BOSWELL TO DR. JOHNSON.

"Edinburgh, 25th June, 1776.

"You have formerly complained that my letters were too long. There is no danger of that complaint being made at present; for I find it difficult for me to write to you at all. [Here an account of having been afflicted with a return of melancholy or bad spirits.]

"The boxes of books [2] which you sent to me are arrived; but I have not yet examined the contents.

[1] Besides this Latin epitaph, Johnson honoured the memory of his friend Goldsmith with a short one in Greek.—BOSWELL. [See *ante*, v. iii. p. 123. —ED.]

[2] Upon a settlement of our account of expenses on a tour to the Hebrides, there was a balance due to me, which Dr. Johnson chose to discharge by sending books.—BOSWELL.

* * * * * *

"I send you Mr. Maclaurin's paper for the negro who claims his freedom in the court of session."

"DR. JOHNSON TO MR. BOSWELL.

"2d July, 1776.

"DEAR SIR,—These black fits, of which you complain, perhaps hurt your memory as well as your imagination. When did I complain that your letters were too long[1]? Your last letter, after a very long delay, brought very bad news. [Here a series of reflections upon melancholy, and—what I could not help thinking strangely unreasonable in him who had suffered so much from it himself—a good deal of severity and reproof, as if it were owing to my own fault, or that I was, perhaps, affecting it from a desire of distinction.]

"Read Cheyne's 'English Malady;' but do not let him teach you a foolish notion that melancholy is a proof of acuteness. * * * * *

"To hear that you have not opened your boxes of books is very offensive. The examination and arrangement of so many volumes might have afforded you an amusement very seasonable at present, and useful for the whole of life. I am, I confess, very angry that you manage yourself so ill. * * * *

"I do not now say any more, than that I am, with great kindness and sincerity, dear sir, your humble servant,

"SAM. JOHNSON.

"It was last year determined by Lord Mansfield in the court of king's bench, that a negro cannot be taken out of the kingdom without his own consent."

"DR. JOHNSON TO MR. BOSWELL.

"16th July, 1776.

"DEAR SIR,—I make haste to write again, lest my last letter should give you too much pain. If you are really oppressed with overpowering and involuntary melancholy, you are to be pitied rather than reproached. * * * *

"Now, my dear Bozzy, let us have done with quarrels and with censure. Let me know whether I have not sent you a pretty library. There are, perhaps, many books among them which you never need read through; but there are none which it is not proper for you to know, and sometimes to consult. Of these books, of which the use is only occasional, it is often suf-

[1] Baretti told me that Johnson complained of my writing very long letters to him when I was upon the continent: which was most certainly true: but it seems my friend did not remember it.—BOSWELL.

ficient to know the contents, that, when any question arises, you may know where to look for information.

"Since I wrote, I have looked over Mr. Maclaurin's plea, and think it excellent. How is the suit carried on? If by subscription, I commission you to contribute, in my name, what is proper. Let nothing be wanting in such a case. Dr. Drummond[1], I see, is superseded. His father would have grieved: but he lived to obtain the pleasure of his son's election, and died before that pleasure was abated.

"Langton's lady has brought him a girl, and both are well: I dined with him the other day. * * * *

"It vexes me to tell you, that on the evening of the 29th of May I was seized by the gout, and am not quite well. The pain has not been violent, but the weakness and tenderness were very troublesome; and what is said to be very uncommon, it has not alleviated my other disorders. Make use of youth and health while you have them; make my compliments to Mrs. Boswell. I am, my dear sir, your most affectionate

"SAM. JOHNSON."

"MR. BOSWELL TO DR. JOHNSON.

"Edinburgh, 18th July, 1776.

"MY DEAR SIR,—Your letter of the 2d of this month was rather a harsh medicine; but I was delighted with that spontaneous tenderness, which, a few days afterwards, sent forth such balsam as your next brought me. I found myself for some time so ill that all I could do was to preserve a decent appearance, while all within was weakness and distress. Like a reduced garrison that has some spirit left, I hung out flags, and planted all the force I could muster, upon the walls. I am now much better, and I sincerely thank you for your kind attention and friendly counsel.

* * * * * *

"Count Manucci[2] came here last week from travelling in Ireland. I have shown him what civilities I could on his account, on yours, and on that of Mr. and Mrs. Thrale. He has had a fall from his horse, and been much hurt. I regret this unlucky accident, for he seems to be a very amiable man."

As the evidence of what I have mentioned at the

[1] The son of Johnson's old friend, Mr. William Drummond. (See *ante*, v. ii. p. 27, and v. iii. p. 81.) He was a young man of such distinguished merit, that he was nominated to one of the medical professorships in the college of Edinburgh, without solicitation, while he was at Naples. Having other views, he did not accept of the honour, and soon afterwards died.—BOSWELL.

[2] A Florentine nobleman, mentioned by Johnson in his "Notes of his Tour in France." I had the pleasure of becoming acquainted with him in London, in the spring of this year.—BOSWELL.

beginning of this year, I select from his private register the following passage:

Prayers & Med. p. 151.

"July 25, 1776. O God, who hast ordained that whatever is to be desired should be sought by labour, and who, by thy blessing, bringest honest labour to good effect, look with mercy upon my studies and endeavours. Grant me, O Lord, to design only what is lawful and right; and afford me calmness of mind, and steadiness of purpose, that I may so do thy will in this short life, as to obtain happiness in the world to come, for the sake of Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen."

It appears from a note subjoined, that this was composed when he "purposed to apply vigorously to study, particularly of the Greek and Italian tongues."

Such a purpose, so expressed, at the age of sixty-seven, is admirable and encouraging; and it must impress all the thinking part of my readers with a consolatory confidence in habitual devotion, when they see a man of such enlarged intellectual powers as Johnson, thus in the genuine earnestness of secrecy, imploring the aid of that Supreme Being, "from whom cometh down every good and every perfect gift."

"TO SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS.

"3d Aug. 1776.

"SIR,—A young man, whose name is Paterson, offers himself this evening to the Academy. He is the son of a man[1] for whom I have long had a kindness, and is now abroad in distress. I shall be glad that you will be pleased to show him any little countenance, or pay him any small distinction. How much it is in your power to favour or to forward a young man I do not know; nor do I know how much this candidate deserves favour by his personal merit, or what hopes his proficiency may now give of future eminence. I recommend him as the son of my friend. Your character and station enable you to give a young man great encouragement by very easy means. You have heard of a man who asked no other favour of Sir Robert Walpole, than that he would bow to him at his levee.—I am, sir, your most humble servant, "SAM. JOHNSON."

[1] Samuel Paterson, formerly a bookseller, latterly an auctioneer, and well known for his skill in forming catalogues of books. He died in London, Oct. 29, 1802.—MALONE. [See *ante*, v. ii. p. 169.—ED.]

"MR. BOSWELL TO DR. JOHNSON.

"Edinburgh, Aug. 30, 1776.

(After giving him an account of my having examined the chests of books which he had sent to me, and which contained what may be truly called a numerous and miscellaneous *stall library*, thrown together at random:—)

"Lord Hailes was against the decree in the case of my client, the minister; not that he justified the minister, but because the parishioner both provoked and retorted. I sent his lordship your able argument upon the case for his perusal. His observation upon it in a letter to me was, 'Dr. Johnson's *Suasorium* is pleasantly[1] and artfully composed. I suspect, however, that he has not convinced himself; for I believe that he is better read in ecclesiastical history, than to imagine that a bishop or a presbyter has a right to begin censure or discipline *è cathedrâ*[2].'

* * * * * *

"For the honour of Count Manucci, as well as to observe that exactness of truth which you have taught me, I must correct what I said in a former letter. He did not fall from his horse, which might have been an imputation on his skill as an officer of cavalry; his horse fell with him.

"I have, since I saw you, read every word of 'Granger's Biographical History.' It has entertained me exceedingly, and I do not think him the *whig* that you supposed. Horace Walpole's being his patron is, indeed, no good sign of his political principles. But he denied to Lord Mountstuart that he was a whig, and said he had been accused by both parties of partiality. It seems he was like Pope,—

'While tories call me whig, and whigs a tory.'

I wish you would look more into his book; and as Lord Mountstuart wishes much to find a proper person to continue the work upon Granger's plan, and has desired I would mention it to you, if such a man occurs, please to let me know. His lordship will give him generous encouragement[3]."

[1] Why his lordship uses the epithet *pleasantly*, when speaking of a grave piece of reasoning, I cannot conceive. But different men have different notions of pleasantry. I happened to sit by a gentleman one evening at the Opera-house in London, who, at the moment when *Medea* appeared to be in great agony at the thought of killing her children, turned to me with a smile, and said "*Funny* enough."—BOSWELL.

[2] Dr. Johnson afterwards told me, that he was of opinion that a clergyman had this right.—BOSWELL.

[3] [Lord Mountstuart, afterwards first Marquis of Bute, had also patronised,

"TO MR. ROBERT LEVETT.

"Brighthelmstone, 21st Oct. 1776.

"DEAR SIR,—Having spent about six weeks at this place, we have at length resolved on returning. I expect to see you all in Fleet-street on the 30th of this month.

"I did not go into the sea till last Friday [1], but think to go most of this week, though I know not that it does me any good. My nights are very restless and tiresome, but I am otherwise well.

"I have written word of my coming to Mrs. Williams. Remember me kindly to Francis and Betsey [2].—I am, sir, your humble servant, "SAM. JOHNSON [3]."

I again wrote to Dr. Johnson on the 21st of Oct., informing him, that my father had, in the most liberal manner, paid a large debt for me, and that I had now the happiness of being upon very good terms with him; to which he returned the following answer:

"TO JAMES BOSWELL, ESQ.

"Bolt-court, 16th Nov. 1776.

"DEAR SIR,—I had great pleasure in hearing that you are at last on good terms with your father. Cultivate his kindness by all honest and manly means. Life is but short: no time can be afforded but for the indulgence of real sorrow, or contests upon questions seriously momentous. Let us not throw away any of our days upon useless resentment, or contend who shall hold out longest in stubborn malignity. It is best not to be angry; and best, in the next place, to be quickly reconciled. May you and your father pass the remainder of your time in reciprocal benevolence!

* * * * * * *

in a similar manner, Sir John Hill's immense "Vegetable System" (twenty-six vols. folio!); but Sir John's widow published, in 1788, "An Address to the Public," in which she alleged that Lord Bute had acted very penuriously in that matter.—ED.]

[1] [Johnson was a good swimmer. "One of the bathing-men at Brighton seeing him swim, said, 'Why, sir, you must have been a stout-hearted gentleman forty years ago.'"—*Piozzi*, p. 87.—ED.]

[2] His female servant.—MALONE.

[3] For this and Dr. Johnson's other letters to Mr. Levett, I am indebted to my old acquaintance Mr. Nathaniel Thomas, whose worth and ingenuity have been long known to a respectable though not a wide circle, and whose collection of medals would do credit to persons of greater opulence.—BOSWELL. Mr. Nathaniel Thomas, who was many years editor of the "St. James's Chronicle," died March 1, 1795.—MALONE.

"Do you ever hear from Mr. Langton? I visit him sometimes, but he does not talk. I do not like his scheme of life; but as I am not permitted to understand it, I cannot set any thing right that is wrong. His children are sweet babies.

"I hope my irreconcileable enemy, Mrs. Boswell, is well. Desire her not to transmit her malevolence to the young people. Let me have Alexander, and Veronica, and Euphemia, for my friends.

"Mrs. Williams, whom you may reckon as one of your well-wishers, is in a feeble and languishing state, with little hopes of growing better. She went for some part of the autumn into the country, but is little benefited; and Dr. Lawrence confesses that his art is at an end. Death is, however, at a distance: and what more than that can we say of ourselves? I am sorry for her pain, and more sorry for her decay. Mr. Levett is sound, wind and limb.

"I was some weeks this autumn at Brighthelmstone. The place was very dull; and I was not well: the expedition to the Hebrides was the most pleasant journey that I ever made. Such an effort annually would give the world a little diversification.

"Every year, however, we cannot wander, and must therefore endeavour to spend our time at home as well as we can. I believe it is best to throw life into a method, that every hour may bring its employment, and every employment have its hour. Xenophon observes, in his 'Treatise of Œconomy,' that if every thing be kept in a certain place, when any thing is worn out or consumed, the vacuity which it leaves will show what is wanting; so if every part of time has its duty, the hour will call into remembrance its proper engagement.

"I have not practised all this prudence myself, but I have suffered much for want of it; and I would have you, by timely recollection and steady resolution, escape from those evils which have lain heavy upon me.—I am, my dearest Boswell, your most humble servant, "SAM. JOHNSON."

On the 16th of November, I informed him that Mr. Strahan had sent me *twelve* copies of the "Journey to the Western Islands," handsomely bound, instead of the *twenty* copies which were stipulated, but which, I supposed, were to be only in sheets; requested to know how they should be distributed; and mentioned that I had another son

born to me, who was named David, and was a sickly infant.

"TO JAMES BOSWELL, ESQ.

"21st Dec. 1776.

"DEAR SIR,—I have been for some time ill of a cold, which, perhaps, I made an excuse to myself for not writing, when in reality I know not what to say.

"The books you must at last distribute as you think best, in my name, or your own, as you are inclined, or as you judge most proper. Every body cannot be obliged; but I wish that nobody may be offended. Do the best you can.

"I congratulate you on the increase of your family, and hope that little David is by this time well, and his mamma perfectly recovered. I am much pleased to hear of the re-establishment of kindness between you and your father. Cultivate his paternal tenderness as much as you can. To live at variance at all is uncomfortable; and variance with a father is still more uncomfortable. Besides that, in the whole dispute you have the wrong side; at least you gave the first provocations, and some of them very offensive. Let it now be all over. As you have no reason to think that your new mother has shown you any foul play, treat her with respect, and with some degree of confidence; this will secure your father. When once a discordant family has felt the pleasure of peace they will not willingly lose it. If Mrs. Boswell would but be friends with me, we might now shut the temple of Janus.

"What came of Dr. Memis's cause? Is the question about the negro determined? Has Sir Allan any reasonable hopes? What is become of poor Macquarry? Let me know the event of all these litigations. I wish particularly well to the negro and Sir Allan.

"Mrs. Williams has been much out of order; and though she is something better, is likely, in her physician's opinion, to endure her malady for life, though she may, perhaps, die of some other. Mrs. Thrale is big, and fancies that she carries a boy: if it were very reasonable to wish much about it, I should wish her not to be disappointed. The desire of male heirs is not appendant only to feudal tenures. A son is almost necessary to the continuance of Thrale's fortune; for what can misses do with a brewhouse? Lands are fitter for daughters than trades.

"Baretti went away from Thrale's in some whimsical fit of disgust, or ill-nature, without taking any leave. It is well if

he finds in any other place as good an habitation, and as many conveniences. He has got five-and-twenty guineas by translating Sir Joshua's Discourses into Italian, and Mr. Thrale gave him an hundred in the spring; so that he is yet in no difficulties.

"Colman has bought Foote's patent, and is to allow Foote for life sixteen hundred pounds a year, as Reynolds told me, and to allow him to play so often on such terms that he may gain four hundred pounds more. What Colman can get by this bargain [1], but trouble and hazard, I do not see.—I am, dear sir, your humble servant, "SAM. JOHNSON."

The Reverend Dr. Hugh Blair, who had long been admired as a preacher at Edinburgh, thought now of diffusing his excellent sermons more extensively, and increasing his reputation, by publishing a collection of them. He transmitted the manuscript to Mr. Strahan, the printer, who, after keeping it for some time, wrote a letter to him, discouraging the publication. Such at first was the unpropitious state of one of the most successful theological books that has ever appeared. Mr. Strahan, however, had sent one of the sermons to Dr. Johnson for his opinion; and after his unfavourable letter to Dr. Blair had been sent off, he received from Johnson, on Christmas-eve, a note in which was the following paragraph:

"I have read over Dr. Blair's first sermon with more than approbation: to say it is good, is to say too little."

I believe Mr. Strahan had very soon after this time a conversation with Dr. Johnson concerning them; and then he very candidly wrote again to Dr. Blair, enclosing Johnson's note, and agreeing to purchase the volume, for which he and Mr. Cadell gave one hundred pounds. The sale was so rapid and ex-

[1] It turned out, however, a very fortunate bargain; for Foote, though not then fifty-six, died at an inn in Dover, in less than a year, October 21st, 1777. —MALONE.

tensive, and the approbation of the public so high, that, to their honour be it recorded, the proprietors made Dr. Blair a present first of one sum, and afterwards of another, of fifty pounds, thus voluntarily doubling the stipulated price; and, when he prepared another volume, they gave him at once three hundred pounds, being in all five hundred pounds, by an agreement to which I am a subscribing witness; and now for a third octavo volume he has received no less than six hundred pounds.

ED. In 1777 [he began the year with a serious indisposition. The following letter affords a strong proof of his anxiety for society, and the effort he would make, even over disease, to enjoy it.]

Lett. v. i. p. 343. ["TO MRS. THRALE.

"Wednesday, 15th January, 1 in the morning, 1777.

"*Omnium rerum vicissitudo!* The night after last Thursday was so bad that I took ipecacuanha the next day. The next night was no better. On Saturday I dined with Sir Joshua. The night was such as I was forced to rise and pass some hours in a chair, with great labour of respiration. I found it now time to do something, and went to Dr. Lawrence, and told him I would do what he should order, without reading the prescription. He sent for a chirurgeon, and took about twelve ounces of blood, and in the afternoon I got sleep in a chair.

"At night, when I came to lie down, after trial of an hour or two, I found sleep impracticable, and therefore did what the doctor permitted in a case of distress; I rose, and opening the orifice, let out about ten ounces more. Frank and I were but awkward; but, with Mr. Levett's help, we stopped the stream, and I lay down again, though to little purpose; the difficulty of breathing allowed no rest. I slept again in the daytime, in an erect posture. The doctor has ordered me a second bleeding, which I hope will set my breath at liberty. Last night I could lie but a little at a time.

"Yet I do not make it a matter of much form. I was to-day at Mrs. Gardiner's. When I have bled to-morrow, I will not give up Langton nor Paradise. But I beg that you will fetch me away on Friday. I do not know but clearer air may do me

good; but whether the air be clear or dark let me come to you. —I am, &c.

"'To sleep, or not to sleep——.'"]

It appears from his "Prayers and Meditations," that Johnson suffered much from a state of mind "unsettled and perplexed," and from that constitutional gloom, which, together with his extreme humility and anxiety with regard to his religious state, made him contemplate himself through too dark and unfavourable a medium. It may be said of him, that he "saw God in clouds." Certain we may be of his injustice to himself in the following lamentable paragraph, which it is painful to think came from the contrite heart of this great man, to whose labours the world is so much indebted:

"When I survey my past life, I discover nothing but a barren waste of time, with some disorders of body, and disturbances of the mind very near to madness, which I hope He that made me will suffer to extenuate many faults, and excuse many deficiencies." Prayers & Med. p. 155.

But we find his devotions in this year eminently fervent; and we are comforted by observing intervals of quiet, composure, and gladness.

On Easter-day we find the following emphatick prayer:

"Almighty and most merciful Father, who seest all our miseries, and knowest all our necessities, look down upon me and pity me. Defend me from the violent incursion of evil thoughts, and enable me to form and keep such resolutions as may conduce to the discharge of the duties which thy providence shall appoint me; and so help me, by thy Holy Spirit, that my heart may surely there be fixed where true joys are to be found, and that I may serve thee with pure affection and a cheerful mind. Have mercy upon me, O God, have mercy upon me! Years and infirmities oppress me; terrour and anxiety beset me. Have mercy upon me, my Creator and my Judge! [In all dangers Prayers & Med. p. 158.

protect me[1];] in all perplexities relieve and free me; and so help me by thy Holy Spirit, that I may now so commemorate the death of thy Son our Saviour Jesus Christ, as that, when this short and painful life shall have an end, I may, for his sake, be received to everlasting happiness. Amen."

While he was at church, the agreeable impressions upon his mind are thus commemorated:

Pr. and Med. p. 156–159

"On Easter-day I was at church early, and there prayed over my prayer, and commended Tetty and my other friends. I was for some time much distressed, but at last obtained, I hope, from the God of Peace, more quiet than I have enjoyed for a long time. I had made no resolution, but as my heart grew lighter, my hopes revived, and my courage increased; and I wrote with my pencil in my Common Prayer Book,

Vita ordinanda.
Biblia legenda.
Theologiæ opera danda.
Serviendum et lætandum.

"I then went to the altar, having, I believe, again read my prayer. I then went to the table and communicated, praying for some time afterwards, but the particular matter of my prayer I do not remember.

"I dined, by an appointment, with Mrs. Gardiner, and passed the afternoon with such calm gladness of mind as it is very long since I felt before. I came home, and began to read the Bible. I passed the night in such sweet uninterrupted sleep as I have not known since I slept at Fort Augustus.

"On Monday I dined with Sheward, on Tuesday with Paradise. The mornings have been devoured by company, and one intrusion has, through the whole week, succeeded to another.

"At the beginning of the year I proposed to myself a scheme of life, and a plan of study; but neither life has been rectified, nor study followed. Days and months pass in a dream; and I am afraid that my memory grows less tenacious, and my observation less attentive. If I am decaying, it is time to make haste. My nights are restless and tedious, and my days drowsy. The flatulence which torments me has sometimes so obstructed my breath, that the act of respiration became not only voluntary but laborious in a decumbent posture. By copious bleeding I was relieved, but not cured.

[1] [These words are in the original.—HALL.]

"I have this year omitted church on most Sundays, intending to supply the deficience in the week. So that I owe twelve attendances on worship. I will make no more such superstitious stipulations, which entangle the mind with unbidden obligations."

[It was about this time that Mrs. Thrale, who had just recovered from illness and confinement, went into his room in the morning of her birthday, and said to him, "Nobody sends me any verses now, because I am five-and-thirty years old; and Stella was fed with them till forty-six, I remember." Upon which he burst out suddenly, without the least previous hesitation, and without having entertained the smallest intention towards it half a minute before:— Piozzi, p. 126, 127.

Oft in danger, yet alive,
We are come to thirty-five;
Long may better years arrive,
Better years than thirty-five.
Could philosophers contrive
Life to stop at thirty-five,
Time his hours should never drive
O'er the bounds of thirty-five.
High to soar, and deep to dive,
Nature gives at thirty-five.
Ladies, stock and tend your hive,
Trifle not at thirty-five:
For, howe'er we boast and strive,
Life declines from thirty-five:
He that ever hopes to thrive
Must begin by thirty-five;
And all who wisely wish to wive
Must look on Thrale at thirty-five.

"And now," said he, as I was writing them down, "you may see what it is to come for poetry to a Dictionary-maker; you may observe that the rhymes run in alphabetical order exactly." And so they do. Dr. Johnson did indeed possess an almost Tuscan power of improvisation.] [He was much pleased with the Italian *improvisatore*, whom he saw at Streatham, and with whom he talked much in Latin. Hawk. Apoph. p. 205.

He told him, if he had not been a witness to his faculty himself, he should not have thought it possible. He said, Isaac Hawkins Browne had endeavoured at it in English, but could not get beyond thirty verses.]

Mr. Steevens, whose generosity is well known, joined Dr. Johnson in kind assistance to a female relation of Dr. Goldsmith, and desired that on her return to Ireland she would procure authentick particulars of the life of her celebrated relation. Concerning her is the following letter:

"TO GEORGE STEEVENS, ESQ.

"25th February, 1777.

"DEAR SIR,—You will be glad to hear that from Mrs. Goldsmith, whom we lamented as drowned, I have received a letter full of gratitude to us all, with promise to make the inquiries which we recommended to her.

"I would have had the honour of conveying this intelligence to Miss Caulfield, but that her letter is not at hand, and I know not the direction. You will tell the good news.—I am, sir, your most, &c. "SAM. JOHNSON."

"MR. BOSWELL TO DR. JOHNSON.

"Edinburgh, 14th February. 1777.

"MY DEAR SIR,—My state of epistolary accounts with you at present is extraordinary. The balance, as to number, is on your side. I am indebted to you for two letters: one dated the 16th of November, upon which very day I wrote to you, so that our letters were exactly exchanged; and one dated the 21st of December last.

"My heart was warmed with gratitude by the truly kind contents of both of them; and it is amazing and vexing that I have allowed so much time to elapse without writing to you. But delay is inherent in me, by nature or by bad habit. I waited till I should have an opportunity of paying you my compliments on a new year. I have procrastinated till the year is no longer new.

* * * * * *

"Dr. Memis's cause was determined against him, with 40*l.* costs. The lord president, and two other of the judges, dissented from the majority upon this ground: that although there may have been no intention to injure him by calling him *doctor of*

medicine, instead of *physician*, yet, as he remonstrated against the designation before the charter was printed off, and represented that it was disagreeable, and even hurtful to him, it was ill-natured to refuse to alter it, and let him have the designation to which he was certainly entitled. My own opinion is, that our court has judged wrong. The defendants were *in malâ fide*, to persist in naming him in a way that he disliked. You remember poor Goldsmith, when he grew important, and wished to appear *Doctor Major* [1], could not bear your calling him *Goldy*. Would it not have been wrong to have named him so in your 'Preface to Shakspeare,' or in any serious permanent writing of any sort? The difficulty is, whether an action should be allowed on such petty wrongs. *De minimis non curat lex.*

"The negro cause is not yet decided. A memorial is preparing on the side of slavery. I shall send you a copy as soon as it is printed. Maclaurin is made happy by your approbation of his memorial for the black.

"Macquarry was here in the winter, and we passed an evening together. The sale of his estate cannot be prevented.

"Sir Allan Maclean's suit against the Duke of Argyle, for recovering the ancient inheritance of his family, is now fairly before all our judges. I spoke for him yesterday, and Maclaurin to-day; Crosbie spoke to-day against him. Three more counsel are to be heard, and next week the cause will be determined. I send you the informations, or cases, on each side, which I hope you will read. You said to me when we were under Sir Allan's hospitable roof, 'I will help you with my pen.' You said it with a generous glow; and though his Grace of Argyle did afterwards mount you upon an excellent horse, upon which 'you looked like a bishop,' you must not swerve from your purpose at Inchkenneth. I wish you may understand the points at issue, amidst our Scotch law principles and phrases."

Here followed a full state of the case, in which I endeavoured to make it as clear as I could to an Englishman who had no knowledge of the formularies and technical language of the law of Scotland.

"I shall inform you how the cause is decided here. But as it may be brought under the review of our judges, and is certainly to be carried by appeal to the house of lords, the assistance of such a mind as yours will be of consequence. Your paper

[1] [See *ante*, vol. ii. p. 330.—ED.]

on *Vicious Intromission* is a noble proof of what you can do even in Scotch law.

* * * * * *

"I have not yet distributed all your books. Lord Hailes and Lord Monboddo have each received one, and return you thanks. Monboddo dined with me lately, and, having drank tea, we were a good while by ourselves; and as I knew that he had read the 'Journey' superficially, as he did not talk of it as I wished, I brought it to him, and read aloud several passages; and then he talked so, that I told him he was to have a copy *from the authour*. He begged *that* might be marked on it.

* * * * * *

"I ever am, my dear sir, your most faithful and affectionate humble servant, "JAMES BOSWELL."

"SIR ALEXANDER DICK TO DR. SAMUEL JOHNSON.

"Prestonfield, 17th February, 1777.

"SIR,—I had yesterday the honour of receiving your book of your 'Journey to the Western Islands of Scotland,' which you was so good as to send me, by the hands of our mutual friend, Mr. Boswell, of Auchinleck; for which I return you my most hearty thanks; and, after carefully reading it over again, shall deposit it in my little collection of choice books, next our worthy friend's 'Journey to Corsica.' As there are many things to admire in both performances, I have often wished that no travels or journey should be published but those undertaken by persons of integrity, and capacity to judge well and describe faithfully, and in good language, the situation, condition, and manners of the countries passed through. Indeed, our country of Scotland, in spite of the union of the crowns, is still in most places so devoid of clothing or cover from hedges and plantations, that it was well you gave your readers a sound *monitoire* with respect to that circumstance. The truths you have told, and the purity of the language in which they are expressed, as your 'Journey' is universally read, may, and already appear to have a very good effect. For a man of my acquaintance, who has the largest nursery for trees and hedges in this country, tells me, that of late the demand upon him for these articles is doubled, and sometimes tripled. I have, therefore, listed Dr. Samuel Johnson in some of my memorandums of the principal planters and favourers of the enclosures, under a name which I took the liberty to invent from the Greek, *Papadendrion*. Lord Auchinleck and some few more are of the list. I am told that one gentleman in the shire of

Aberdeen, *viz.* Sir Archibald Grant, has planted above fifty millions of trees on a piece of very wild ground at Monimusk: I must inquire if he has fenced them well, before he enters my list; for that is the soul of enclosing. I began myself to plant a little, our ground being too valuable for much, and that is now fifty years ago; and the trees, now in my seventy-fourth year, I look up to with reverence, and show them to my eldest son, now in his fifteenth year; and they are the full height of my country-house here, where I had the pleasure of receiving you, and hope again to have that satisfaction with our mutual friend, Mr. Boswell. I shall always continue, with the truest esteem, dear doctor, your much obliged and obedient humble servant, "ALEXANDER DICK[1]."

"TO JAMES BOSWELL, ESQ.

"18th February, 1777.

"DEAR SIR,—It is so long since I heard any thing from you[2], that I am not easy about it; write something to me next post. When you sent your last letter, every thing seemed to be mending; I hope nothing has lately grown worse. I suppose young Alexander continues to thrive, and Veronica is now very pretty company. I do not suppose the lady is yet reconciled to me; yet let her know that I love her very well, and value her very much.

"Dr. Blair is printing some sermons. If they are all like the first, which I have read, they are *sermones aurei, ac auro magis aurei.* It is excellently written both as to doctrine and language. Mr. Watson's book[3] seems to be much esteemed.

* * * * * *

"Poor Beauclerk still continues very ill. Langton lives on as he used to do. His children are very pretty, and, I think, his lady loses her Scotch[4]. Paoli I never see.

"I have been so distressed by difficulty of breathing, that I lost, as was computed, six-and-thirty ounces of blood in a few days. I am better, but not well.

"I wish you would be vigilant and get me Graham's 'Telemachus,' that was printed at Glasgow, a very little book; and '*Johnstoni Poemata*[5],' another little book, printed at Middleburgh.

[1] For a character of this very amiable man, see *ante*, vol. ii. p. 283, and the *Biographical Dictionary.* He died in 1785.—BOSWELL.

[2] By the then course of the post, my long letter of the 14th had not yet reached him.—BOSWELL.

[3] History of Philip the Second.—BOSWELL.

[4] [Lady Rothes was a native of England, but she had lived long in Scotland, and never, it is said, entirely lost the accent she had acquired there.—ED.]

[5] [See *ante*, vol. ii. p. 328.—ED.]

"Mrs. Williams sends her compliments, and promises that when you come hither she will accommodate you as well as ever she can in the old room. She wishes to know whether you sent her book to Sir Alexander Gordon.

"My dear Boswell, do not neglect to write to me; for your kindness is one of the pleasures of my life, which I should be sorry to lose. I am, sir, your humble servant,

"SAM. JOHNSON."

"TO DR. SAMUEL JOHNSON.

"Edinburgh, 24th February, 1777.

"DEAR SIR,—Your letter dated the 18th instant, I had the pleasure to receive last post. Although my late long neglect, or rather delay, was truly culpable, I am tempted not to regret it, since it has produced me so valuable a proof of your regard. I did, indeed, during that inexcusable silence, sometimes divert the reproaches of my own mind, by fancying that I should hear again from you, inquiring with some anxiety about me, because, for aught you knew, I might have been ill.

"You are pleased to show me that my kindness is of some consequence to you. My heart is elated at the thought. Be assured, my dear sir, that my affection and reverence for you are exalted and steady. I do not believe that a more perfect attachment ever existed in the history of mankind. And it is a noble attachment; for the attractions are genius, learning, and piety.

"Your difficulty of breathing alarms me, and brings into my imagination an event, which, although, in the natural course of things, I must expect at some period, I cannot view with composure.

* * * * * *

"My wife is much honoured by what you say of her. She begs you may accept of her best compliments. She is to send you some marmalade of oranges of her own making.

* * * * * *

"I ever am, my dear sir, your most obliged and faithful humble servant, "JAMES BOSWELL."

Pemb. MS.

["DR. JOHNSON TO MRS. ASTON.

"Bolt-court, Fleet-street, 8th March, 1777.

"DEAR MADAM,—As we pass on through the journey of life, we meet, and ought to expect, many unpleasing occurrences, but many likewise encounter us unexpected. I have this morning heard from Lucy of your illness. I heard indeed in

the next sentence that you are to a great degree recovered. Pemb. MS. May your recovery, dearest madam, be complete and lasting! The hopes of paying you the annual visit is one of the few solaces with which my imagination gratifies me, and my wish is, that I may find you happy.

"My health is much broken; my nights are very restless, and will not be made more comfortable by remembering that one of the friends whom I value most is suffering equally with myself.

"Be pleased, dearest lady, to let me know how you are; and if writing be troublesome, get dear Mrs. Gastrel to write for you. I hope she is well and able to assist you; and wish that you may so well recover, as to repay her kindness, if she should want you. May you both live long happy together! I am, dear madam, your most humble servant, "SAM. JOHNSON."]

"TO JAMES BOSWELL, ESQ.

"14th March, 1777.

"DEAR SIR,—I have been much pleased with your late letter, and am glad that my old enemy, Mrs. Boswell, begins to feel some remorse. As to Miss Veronica's Scotch, I think it cannot be helped. An English maid you might easily have; but she would still imitate the greater number, as they would be likewise those whom she must most respect. Her dialect will not be gross. Her mamma has not much Scotch, and you have yourself very little. I hope she knows my name, and does not call me *Johnston*[1].

"The immediate cause of my writing is this: One Shaw, who seems a modest and a decent man, has written an Erse Grammar, which a very learned Highlander, Macbean, has, at my request, examined and approved.

"The book is very little, but Mr. Shaw has been persuaded by his friends to set it at half a guinea, though I advised only a crown, and thought myself liberal. You, whom the authour considers as a great encourager of ingenious men, will receive a parcel of his proposals and receipts. I have undertaken to give you notice of them, and to solicit your countenance. You must ask no poor man, because the price is really too high. Yet such a work deserves patronage.

[1] John*son* is the most common English formation of the surname from *John*; John*ston* the Scotch. My illustrious friend observed that many North Britons pronounced his name in their own way.—BOSWELL.

"It is proposed to augment our club from twenty to thirty, of which I am glad; for as we have several in it whom I do not much like to consort with [1], I am for reducing it to a mere miscellaneous collection of conspicuous men, without any determinate character. * * * * * I am, dear sir, most affectionately yours, "SAM. JOHNSON.

"My respects to madam, to Veronica, to Alexander, to Euphemia, to David."

Pemb. MS.

["TO MRS. ASTON.

"15th March, 1777.

"DEAREST MADAM,—The letter with which I was favoured, by the kindness of Mrs. Gastrell, has contributed very little to quiet my solicitude. I am indeed more frighted than by Mrs. Porter's account. Yet since you have had strength to conquer your disorder so as to obtain a partial recovery, I think it reasonable to believe, that the favourable season which is now coming forward may restore you to your former health. Do not, dear madam, lose your courage, nor by despondence or inactivity give way to the disease. Use such exercise as you can bear, and excite cheerful thoughts in your own mind. Do not harass your faculties with laborious attention: nothing is, in my opinion, of more mischievous tendency in a state of body like yours, than deep meditation or perplexing solicitude. Gaiety is a duty, when health requires it. Entertain yourself as you can with small amusements or light conversation, and let nothing but your devotion ever make you serious. But while I exhort you, my dearest lady, to merriment, I am very serious myself. The loss or danger of a friend is not to be considered with indifference; but I derive some consolation from the thought, that you do not languish unattended; that you are not in the hands of strangers or servants, but have a sister at hand to watch your wants and supply them. If, at this distance, I can be of any use, by consulting physicians, or for any other purpose, I hope you will employ me. I have thought on a journey to Staffordshire; and hope, in a few weeks, to climb Stow Hill, and to find there the pleasure which I have so often found. Let me hear again from you. I am, dear madam, your most humble servant, "SAM. JOHNSON."]

[1] On account of their differing from him as to religion and politicks.—BOSWELL. [Messrs. Burke, Beauclerk, Fox, &c. It was about this time that Mr. Sheridan, Lord Upper-Ossory, Dr. Barclay, and Mr. Dunning were admitted.—ED.]

"MR. BOSWELL TO DR. JOHNSON.

"Edinburgh, 4th April, 1777.

After informing him of the death of my little son David, and that I could not come to London this spring:

"I think it hard that I should be a whole year without seeing you. May I presume to petition for a meeting with you in the autumn? You have, I believe, seen all the cathedrals in England, except that of Carlisle. If you are to be with Dr. Taylor, at Ashbourne, it would not be a great journey to come thither. We may pass a few most agreeable days there by ourselves, and I will accompany you a good part of the way to the southward again. Pray think of this.

"You forget that Mr. Shaw's Erse Grammar was put into your hands by myself last year. Lord Eglintoune put it into mine. I am glad that Mr. Macbean approves of it. I have received Mr. Shaw's proposals for its publication, which I can perceive are written *by the hand of a master*.

* * * * * *

"Pray get for me all the editions of 'Walton's Lives.' I have a notion that the republication of them with notes will fall upon me, between Dr. Horne and Lord Hailes[1]."

Mr. Shaw's proposals† for an "Analysis of the Scotch Celtic Language" were thus illuminated by the pen of Johnson:

"Though the Erse dialect of the Celtic language has, from the earliest times, been spoken in Britain, and still subsists in the northern parts and adjacent islands, yet, by the negligence of a people rather warlike than lettered, it has hitherto been left to the caprice and judgment of every speaker, and has floated in the living voice, without the steadiness of analogy, or direction of rules. An Erse grammar is an addition to the stores of literature; and its authour hopes for the indulgence always shown to those that attempt to do what was never done before. If his work shall be found defective, it is at least all

[1] None of the persons here mentioned executed the work which they had in contemplation. Walton's valuable book, however, has been correctly republished in quarto and octavo, with notes and illustrations by the Rev. Mr. Zouch.—MALONE. [It was also printed at the Clarendon press, in 1805, in two volumes, 12mo., and *one vol.* 8vo., 1824.—HALL.]

his own: he is not like other grammarians, a compiler or transcriber; what he delivers, he has learned by attentive observation among his countrymen, who perhaps will be themselves surprised to see that speech reduced to principles, which they have used only by imitation.

"The use of this book will, however, not be confined to the mountains and islands: it will afford a pleasing and important subject of speculation to those whose studies lead them to trace the affinity of languages, and the migrations of the ancient races of mankind."

"TO DR. SAMUEL JOHNSON.

"Glasgow, 24th April, 1777.

"MY DEAR SIR,—Our worthy friend Thrale's death having appeared in the newspapers, and been afterwards contradicted, I have been placed in a state of very uneasy uncertainty, from which I hoped to be relieved by you: but my hopes have as yet been vain. How could you omit to write to me on such an occasion? I shall wait with anxiety.

"I am going to Auchinleck to stay a fortnight with my father. It is better not to be there very long at one time. But frequent renewals of attention are agreeable to him.

"Pray tell me about this edition of 'English Poets, with a Preface, biographical and critical, to each Authour, by Samuel Johnson, LL.D.' which I see advertised. I am delighted with the prospect of it. Indeed I am happy to feel that I am capable of being so much delighted with literature. But is not the charm of this publication chiefly owing to the *magnum nomen* in the front of it?

"What do you say of Lord Chesterfield's Memoirs and last Letters[1]?

"My wife has made marmalade of oranges for you. I left her and my daughters and Alexander all well yesterday. I have taught Veronica to speak of you thus; Dr. Johnson, not Johnston.—I remain, my dear sir, your most affectionate, and obliged humble servant, "JAMES BOSWELL."

"TO JAMES BOSWELL, ESQ.

"3d May, 1777.

"DEAR SIR,—The story of Mr. Thrale's death, as he had neither been sick nor in any other danger, made so little impression upon me, that I never thought about obviating its

[1] [Dr. Maty's posthumous edition of the Memoirs and Miscellaneous Works of Lord Chesterfield, published by Mr. Justamond early in 1777.—ED.]

effects on any body else. It is supposed to have been produced by the English custom[1] of making April fools, that is, of sending one another on some foolish errand on the first of April.

"Tell Mrs. Boswell that I shall taste her marmalade cautiously at first. *Timeo Danaos et dona ferentes.* Beware, says the Italian proverb, of a reconciled enemy. But when I find it does me no harm, I shall then receive it, and be thankful for it, as a pledge of firm, and, I hope, of unalterable kindness. She is, after all, a dear, dear lady.

"Please to return Dr. Blair thanks for his sermons. The Scotch write English wonderfully well.

* * * * * *

"Your frequent visits to Auchinleck, and your short stay there, are very laudable and very judicious. Your present concord with your father gives me great pleasure; it was all that you seemed to want.

"My health is very bad, and my nights are very unquiet. What can I do to mend them? I have for this summer nothing better in prospect than a journey into Staffordshire and Derbyshire, perhaps with Oxford and Birmingham in my way.

"Make my compliments to Miss Veronica; I must leave it to *her* philosophy to comfort you for the loss of little David. You must remember, that to keep three out of four is more than your share. Mrs. Thrale has but four out of eleven.

"I am engaged to write little Lives, and little Prefaces, to a little edition of the English Poets. I think I have persuaded the booksellers to insert something of Thomson; and if you could give me some information about him, for the life which we have is very scanty, I should be glad.—I am, dear sir, your most affectionate humble servant, "SAM. JOHNSON."

To those who delight in tracing the progress of works of literature, it will be an entertainment to compare the limited design with the ample execution of that admirable performance, "The Lives of the English Poets," which is the richest, most beautiful, and indeed most perfect, production of Johnson's pen. His notion of it at this time appears in the preceding letter. He has a memorandum in this year:

[1] [Not merely an English custom—the French have the same; but what we call *April fools* they term "*poisson* d'Avril."—ED.]

Prayers & Med. p. 155. "29 May, Easter-eve, I treated with booksellers on a bargain, but the time was not long."

The bargain was concerning that undertaking; but his tender conscience seems alarmed, lest it should have intruded too much on his devout preparation for the solemnity of the ensuing day. But, indeed, very little time was necessary for Johnson's concluding a treaty with the booksellers; as he had, I believe, less attention to profit from his labours, than any man to whom literature has been a profession. I shall here insert, from a letter to me from my late worthy friend Mr. Edward Dilly, though of a later date, an account of this plan so happily conceived, since it was the occasion of procuring for us an elegant collection of the best biography and criticism of which our language can boast.

"TO JAMES BOSWELL, ESQ.

"Southill, 26th Sept. 1777.

"DEAR SIR,—You find by this letter, that I am still in the same calm retreat, from the noise and bustle of London, as when I wrote to you last. I am happy to find you had such an agreeable meeting with your old friend Dr. Johnson; I have no doubt your stock is much increased by the interview; few men, nay, I may say, scarcely any man has got that fund of knowledge and entertainment as Dr. Johnson in conversation. When he opens freely, every one is attentive to what he says, and cannot fail of improvement as well as pleasure.

"The edition of the poets, now printing, will do honour to the English press; and a concise account of the life of each authour, by Dr. Johnson, will be a very valuable addition, and stamp the reputation of this edition superiour to any thing that is gone before. The first cause that gave rise to this undertaking, I believe, was owing to the little trifling edition of the poets, printing by the Martins at Edinburgh, and to be sold by Bell in London. Upon examining the volumes which were printed, the type was found so extremely small, that many persons could not read them: not only this inconvenience attended it, but the inaccuracy of the press was very conspicuous. These

reasons, as well as the idea of an invasion of what we call our Literary Property, induced the London booksellers to print an elegant and accurate edition of all the English poets of reputation, from Chaucer to the present time.

"Accordingly a select number of the most respectable booksellers met on the occasion: and, on consulting together, agreed, that all the proprietors of copyright in the various poets should be summoned together; and when their opinions were given, to proceed immediately on the business. Accordingly a meeting was held, consisting of about forty of the most respectable booksellers of London, when it was agreed that an elegant and uniform edition of 'The English Poets' should be immediately printed, with a concise account of the life of each authour by Dr. Samuel Johnson; and that three persons should be deputed to wait upon Dr. Johnson, to solicit him to undertake the 'Lives,' viz. T. Davies, Strahan, and Cadell. The doctor very politely undertook it, and seemed exceedingly pleased with the proposal. As to the terms, it was left entirely to the doctor to name his own; he mentioned two hundred guineas [1]; it was immediately agreed to; and a farther compliment, I believe, will be made him. A committee was likewise appointed to engage the best engravers, viz. Bartolozzi, Sherwin, Hall, &c. Likewise another committee for giving directions about the paper, printing, &c.; so that the whole will be conducted with spirit, and in the best manner, with respect to authorship, editorship, engravings, &c. &c. My brother will give you a list of the poets we mean to give, many of which are within the time of the Act of Queen Anne, which Martin and Bell cannot give, as they have no property in them: the proprietors are almost all the booksellers in London, of consequence.—I am, dear sir, ever yours,

"EDWARD DILLY."

I shall afterwards have occasion to consider the extensive and varied range which Johnson took, when he was once led upon ground which he trod with a peculiar delight, having long been intimately acquainted with all the circumstances of it that could interest and please.

[1] Johnson's moderation in demanding so small a sum is extraordinary. Had he asked one thousand, or even fifteen hundred guineas, the booksellers, who knew the value of his name, would doubtless have readily given it. They have probably got five thousand guineas by this work in the course of twenty-five years.—MALONE. [It must be recollected that Johnson at first intended very short prefaces—he afterwards expanded his design.—ED.]

"DR. JOHNSON TO CHARLES O'CONNOR, ESQ.[1]

"19th May, 1777.

"SIR,—Having had the pleasure of conversing with Dr. Campbell about your character and your literary undertaking, I am resolved to gratify myself by renewing a correspondence which began and ended a great while ago, and ended, I am afraid, by my fault; a fault which, if you have not forgotten it, you must now forgive.

"If I have ever disappointed you, give me leave to tell you that you have likewise disappointed me. I expected great discoveries in Irish antiquity, and large publications in the Irish language; but the world still remains as it was, doubtful and ignorant. What the Irish language is in itself, and to what languages it has affinity, are very interesting questions, which every man wishes to see resolved that has any philological or historical curiosity. Dr. Leland begins his history too late: the ages which deserve an exact inquiry are those times (*for* such there were[2]) when Ireland was the school of the west, the quiet habitation of sanctity and literature. If you could give a history, though imperfect, of the Irish nation, from its conversion to Christianity to the invasion from England, you would amplify knowledge with new views and new objects. Set about it, therefore, if you can: do what you can easily do without anxious exactness. Lay the foundation, and leave the superstructure to posterity.—I am, sir, your humble servant,

"SAM. JOHNSON."

Early in this year came out, in two volumes quarto, the posthumous works of the learned Dr. Zachary Pearce, bishop of Rochester; being "A Commentary, with Notes, on the four Evangelists and the Acts of

[1] Mr. Joseph Cooper Walker, of the treasury, Dublin, who obligingly communicated to me this and a former letter from Dr. Johnson to the same gentleman (for which see vol. i. p. 311), writes to me as follows:—"Perhaps it would gratify you to have some account of Mr. O'Connor. He is an amiable, learned, venerable old gentleman, of an independent fortune, who lives at Belanagar, in the county of Roscommon: he is an admired writer, and member of the Irish Academy. The above letter is alluded to in the preface to the second edition of his 'Dissert.' p. 3." Mr. O'Connor afterwards died at the age of eighty-two, July 1, 1791. See a well-drawn character of him in the "Gentleman's Magazine" for August, 1791.—BOSWELL.

[2] [In Anderson's "Sketches of the Native Irish," p. 5. ed. 1828, there is on these words, "FOR *such there were*," the following note: "These words were misquoted by Dr. Campbell in his strictures, 'IF *such there were*,' although he was actually the bearer of the letter to O'Connor." The editor confesses that Dr. Campbell's reading seems the more probable of the two.—ED.]

the Apostles," with other theological pieces. Johnson had now an opportunity of making a grateful return to that excellent prelate [1], who, we have seen, was the only person who gave him any assistance in the compilation of his dictionary. The bishop had left some account of his life and character, written by himself [2]. To this Johnson made some valuable additions †, and also furnished to the editor, the Rev. Mr. Derby, a dedication †, which I shall here insert; both because it will appear at this time with peculiar propriety, and because it will tend to propagate and increase that "fervour of *loyalty*," which in me, who boast of the name of tory, is not only a principle, but a passion.

"TO THE KING.

"SIR,—I presume to lay before your majesty the last labours of a learned bishop, who died in the toils and duties of his calling. He is now beyond the reach of all earthly honours and rewards; and only the hope of inciting others to imitate him, makes it now fit to be remembered, that he enjoyed in his life the favour of your majesty.

"The tumultuary life of princes seldom permits them to survey the wide extent of national interest, without losing sight of private merit; to exhibit qualities which may be imitated by the highest and the humblest of mankind; and to be at once amiable and great.

"Such characters, if now and then they appear in history, are contemplated with admiration. May it be the ambition of all your subjects to make haste with their tribute of reverence!

[1] [Mrs. Thrale, in one of her letters, repeats a curious anecdote of this prelate, which she probably had from Dr. Johnson himself: "We will act as Dr. Zachary Pearce, the famous bishop of Rochester, did, when he lost the wife he so much loved—call for one glass to the health of her who is departed never more to return, and then go quietly back to the usual duties of life, and forbear to mention her again from that time to the last day of it."—*Lett.* 2. p. 213. But he survived his lady but a few months, and his death was (if not occasioned) certainly accelerated by her loss. She died 23d Oct. 1773, and he 29th June, 1774, after a union of fifty-one years.—ED.]

[2] [Died 6th Oct. 1778, the Rev. J. Derby, A.M. rector of Southfleet and Longfield in Kent, and one of the six preachers in Canterbury Cathedral.—*Gent. Mag.* He had married Bishop Pearce's niece. Johnson in a letter to Mrs. Thrale,—"My clerical friend Derby is dead."—ED.]

and as posterity may learn from your majesty how kings should live, may they learn likewise from your people how they should be honoured!—I am, may it please your majesty, with the most profound respect, your majesty's most dutiful and devoted subject and servant."

In the summer he wrote a prologue * which was spoken before "A Word to the Wise," a comedy by Mr. Hugh Kelly, which had been brought upon the stage in 1770; but he being a writer for ministry in one of the newspapers, it fell a sacrifice to popular fury, and, in the playhouse phrase, was *damned*. By the generosity of Mr. Harris, the proprietor of Covent-garden theatre, it was now exhibited for one night, for the benefit of the authour's widow and children. To conciliate the favour of the audience was the intention of Johnson's prologue, which, as it is not long, I shall here insert, as a proof that his poetical talents were in no degree impaired.

"This night presents a play, which publick rage,
Or right or wrong, once hooted from the stage:
From zeal or malice now no more we dread,
For English vengeance *wars not with the dead.*
A generous foe regards with pitying eye
The man whom fate has laid where all must lie,
To wit, reviving from its authour's dust,
Be kind, ye judges, or at least be just:
Let no renewed hostilities invade
Th' oblivious grave's inviolable shade.
Let one great payment every claim appease,
And him who cannot hurt, allow to please;
To please by scenes, unconscious of offence,
By harmless merriment or useful sense.
Where aught of bright or fair the piece displays,
Approve it only;—'tis too late to praise.
If want of skill or want of care appear,
Forbear to hiss;—the poet cannot hear.
By all, like him, must praise and blame be found,
At last, a fleeting gleam or empty sound:
Yet then shall calm reflection bless the night,
When liberal pity dignified delight;
When pleasure fired her torch at virtue's flame,
And mirth was bounty with an humbler name."

[Dr. Johnson, indeed, was always liberal in granting literary assistance to others; and innumerable are the prefaces, sermons, lectures, and dedications, which he used to make for people who begged of him. Mr. Murphy related in his hearing one day, and he did not deny it, that when Murphy joked him the week before for having been so diligent of late between Dodd's sermon and Kelly's prologue, Dr. Johnson replied, "Why, sir, when they come to me with a dead staymaker and a dying parson, what can a man do?" He said, however, that "he hated to give away literary performances, or even to sell them too cheaply: the next generation shall not accuse me," added he, "of beating down the price of literature: one hates, besides, ever to give that which one has been accustomed to sell; would not you, sir," turning to Mr. Thrale, "rather give away money than porter?"] Piozzi, p. 39, 40.

A circumstance which could not fail to be very pleasing to Johnson occurred this year. The tragedy of "Sir Thomas Overbury," written by his early companion in London, Richard Savage, was brought out with alterations at Drury-lane theatre [1]. The prologue to it was written by Mr. Richard Brinsley Sheridan; in which, after describing very pathetically the wretchedness of

> "Ill-fated Savage, at whose birth was given
> No parent but the muse, no friend but Heaven,"

he introduced an elegant compliment to Johnson on his Dictionary, that wonderful performance which cannot be too often or too highly praised; of which Mr. Harris, in his "Philological Inquiries [2]," justly

[1] Our authour has here fallen into a slight mistake: the prologue to this revived tragedy being written by Mr. Sheridan, Mr. Boswell very naturally supposed that it was performed at Drury-lane theatre. But in fact, as Mr. Kemble observes to me, it was acted at the theatre in Covent Garden.—MALONE.

[2] Part First, chap. iv.—BOSWELL.

and liberally observes, "Such is its merit, that our language does not possess a more copious, learned, and valuable work." The concluding lines of this prologue were these:

"So pleads the tale[1] that gives to future times
The son's misfortunes and the parent's crimes;
There shall his fame (if own'd to-night) survive,
Fix'd by the hand that bids our language live."

Mr. Sheridan here at once did honour to his taste and to his liberality of sentiment, by showing that he was not prejudiced from the unlucky difference which had taken place between his worthy father and Dr. Johnson[2]. I have already mentioned that Johnson was very desirous of reconciliation with old Mr. Sheridan. It will, therefore, not seem at all surprising that he was zealous in acknowledging the brilliant merit of his son. While it had as yet been displayed only in the drama, Johnson proposed him as a member of the Literary Club, observing, that "He who has written the two best comedies of his age is surely a considerable man." And he had, accordingly, the honour to be elected; for an honour it undoubtedly must be allowed to be, when it is considered of whom that society consists, and that a single black ball excludes a candidate.

"MR. BOSWELL TO DR. JOHNSON.

"9th July, 1777.

"MY DEAR SIR,—For the health of my wife and children I have taken the little country-house at which you visited my uncle, Dr. Boswell, who, having lost his wife, is gone to live with his son. We took possession of our villa about a week ago. We have a garden of three quarters of an acre, well stocked

[1] "Life of Richard Savage, by Dr. Johnson."—SHERIDAN.

[2] [He likewise made some retribution to Dr. Johnson for the attack he had meditated, about two years before, on the pamphlet he had published about the American question, entitled, "*Taxation no Tyranny.*" Some fragments found among Sheridan's papers show that he had intended answering this pamphlet in no very courteous way.—See *Moore's Life*, vol. i. p. 152.—HALL.]

with fruit-trees and flowers, and gooseberries and currants, and pease and beans, and cabbages, &c. &c. and my children are quite happy. I now write to you in a little study, from the window of which I see around me a verdant grove, and beyond it the lofty mountain called *Arthur's Seat*.

"Your last letter, in which you desire me to send you some additional information concerning Thomson, reached me very fortunately just as I was going to Lanark, to put my wife's two nephews, the young Campbells, to school there, under the care of Mr. Thomson, the master of it, whose wife is sister to the authour of 'The Seasons.' She is an old woman; but her memory is very good; and she will with pleasure give me for you every particular that you wish to know, and she can tell. Pray then take the trouble to send me such questions as may lead to biographical materials. You say that the Life which we have of Thomson is scanty. Since I received your letter, I have read his Life, published under the name of Cibber, but, as you told me, really written by a Mr. Shiels[1]; that written by Dr. Murdoch; one prefixed to an edition of the 'Seasons,' published at Edinburgh, which is compounded of both, with the addition of an anecdote of Quin's relieving Thomson from prison; the abridgement of Murdoch's account of him, in the 'Biographia Britannica,' and another abridgement of it in the 'Biographical Dictionary,' enriched with Dr. Joseph Warton's critical panegyrick on the 'Seasons,' in his 'Essay on the Genius and Writings of Pope:' from all these it appears to me that we have a pretty full account of this poet. However, you will, I doubt not, show me many blanks, and I shall do what can be done to have them filled up. As Thomson never returned to Scotland (which *you* will think very wise), his sister can speak from her own knowledge only as to the early part of his life. She has some letters from him, which may probably give light as to his more advanced progress, if she will let us see them, which I suppose she will. I believe George Lewis Scott[2] and Dr. Armstrong are now his only surviving companions, while he lived in and about London; and they, I dare say, can tell more of him than is yet known. My own notion is, that Thomson was a much coarser man than his friends are willing to acknow-

[1] [See *ante*, p. 395. It is particularly observable that the Life of Thomson which Mr. Boswell here represents Johnson as stating to have been especially written by Shiels bears strong marks of having been written by Theophilus Cibber.—Ed.]

[2] [See *ante*, v. i. p. 169.—Ed.]

ledge. His 'Seasons' are indeed full of elegant and pious sentiments; but a rank soil, nay a dunghil, will produce beautiful flowers.

"Your edition [1] of the 'English Poets' will be very valuable, on account of the 'Prefaces and Lives.' But I have seen a specimen of an edition of the Poets at the Apollo press, at Edinburgh, which, for excellence in printing and engraving, highly deserves a liberal encouragement.

"Most sincerely do I regret the bad health and bad rest with which you have been afflicted; and I hope you are better. I cannot believe that the prologue which you generously gave to Mr. Kelly's widow and children the other day is the effusion of one in sickness and in disquietude: but external circumstances are never sure indications of the state of man. I send you a letter which I wrote to you two years ago at Wilton; and did not send it at the time, for fear of being reproved as indulging too much tenderness: and one written to you at the tomb of Melancthon, which I kept back, lest I should appear at once too superstitious and too enthusiastick. I now imagine that perhaps they may please you.

"You do not take the least notice of my proposal for our meeting at Carlisle [2]. Though I have meritoriously refrained from visiting London this year, I ask you if it would not be wrong that I should be two years without having the benefit of your conversation, when, if you come down as far as Derbyshire, we may meet at the expense of a few days' journeying and not many pounds. I wish you to see Carlisle, which made

[1] Dr. Johnson was not the *editor* of this collection of the English Poets; he merely furnished the biographical prefaces with which it is enriched, as is rightly stated in a subsequent page. He, indeed, from a virtuous motive, recommended the works of four or five poets (whom he has named) to be added to the collection; but he is no otherwise answerable for any which are found there, or any which are omitted. The poems of Goldsmith (whose life I know he intended to write, for I collected some materials for it by his desire,) were omitted in consequence of a petty exclusive interest in some of them, vested in Mr. Carnan, a bookseller.—MALONE.

[2] Dr. Johnson had himself talked of our seeing Carlisle together. *High* was a favourite word of his to denote a person of rank. He said to me, "Sir, I believe we may meet at the house of a Roman Catholick lady in Cumberland; a high lady, sir." I afterwards discovered that he meant Mrs. Strickland [see *ante*, p. 281.—ED.], sister of Charles Townley, Esq. whose very noble collection of statues and pictures is not more to be admired, than his extraordinary and polite readiness in showing it, which I and several of my friends have agreeably experienced. They who are possessed of valuable stores of gratification to persons of taste should exercise their benevolence in imparting the pleasure. Grateful acknowledgements are due to Welbore Ellis Agar, Esq. for the liberal access which he is pleased to allow to his exquisite collection of pictures.—BOSWELL.

me mention that place. But if you have not a desire to complete your tour of the English cathedrals, I will take a larger share of the road between this place and Ashbourne. So tell me *where* you will fix for our passing a few days by ourselves. Now don't cry 'foolish fellow,' or 'idle dog.' Chain your humour, and let your kindness play.

"You will rejoice to hear that Miss Macleod[1], of Rasay, is married to Colonel Mure Campbell, an excellent man, with a pretty good estate of his own, and the prospect of having the Earl of Loudoun's fortune and honours. Is not this a noble lot for our fair Hebridean? How happy am I that she is to be in Ayrshire! We shall have the Laird of Rasay, and old Malcolm, and I know not how many gallant Macleods, and bagpipes, &c. &c. at Auchinleck. Perhaps you may meet them all there.

"Without doubt you have read what is called 'The *Life* of David Hume,' written by himself, with the letter from Adam Smith subjoined to it. Is not this an age of daring effrontery? My friend Mr. Anderson, professor of natural philosophy at Glasgow, at whose house you and I supped, and to whose care Mr. Windham, of Norfolk, was intrusted at that university, paid me a visit lately; and after we had talked with indignation and contempt of the poisonous productions with which this age is infested, he said there was now an excellent opportunity for Dr. Johnson to step forth. I agreed with him that you might knock Hume's and Smith's heads together, and make vain and ostentatious infidelity exceedingly ridiculous. Would it not be worth your while to crush such noxious weeds in the moral garden?

"You have said nothing to me of Dr. Dodd[2]. I know not how you think on that subject; though the newspapers give us a saying of yours in favour of mercy to him. But I own I am very desirous that the royal prerogative of remission of punishment should be employed to exhibit an illustrious instance of the regard which God's *Vicegerent* will ever show to piety and virtue. If for ten righteous men the Almighty would have spared Sodom, shall not a thousand acts of goodness done by Dr. Dodd counterbalance one crime? Such an instance would do more to encourage goodness, than his execution would do to deter from vice. I am not afraid of any bad consequence to

[1] [*Ante*, v. ii. p. 411.—Ed.]
[2] [The whole story of Dodd is told in detail, *post*, 15th Sept. 1777.—Ed.]

society; for who will persevere for a long course of years in a distinguished discharge of religious duties, with a view to commit a forgery with impunity?

"Pray make my best compliments acceptable to Mr. and Mrs. Thrale, by assuring them of my hearty joy that the *master*, as you call him, is alive. I hope I shall often taste his champagne—*soberly*.

"I have not heard from Langton for a long time. I suppose he is as usual,

'Studious the busy moments to deceive.'

* * * * * *

"I remain, my dear sir, your most affectionate and faithful humble servant, "JAMES BOSWELL."

On the 23d of June, I again wrote to Dr. Johnson, enclosing a shipmaster's receipt for a jar of orange-marmalade, and a large packet of Lord Hailes's "Annals of Scotland."

"TO JAMES BOSWELL, ESQ.

"28th June, 1777.

"DEAR SIR,—I have just received your packet from Mr. Thrale's, but have not daylight enough to look much into it. I am glad that I have credit enough with Lord Hailes to be trusted with more copy. I hope to take more care of it than of the last. I return Mrs. Boswell my affectionate thanks for her present, which I value as a token of reconciliation.

"Poor Dodd was put to death yesterday, in opposition to the recommendation of the jury,—the petition of the city of London,—and a subsequent petition signed by three-and-twenty thousand hands. Surely the voice of the publick, when it calls so loudly, and calls only for mercy, ought to be heard.

"The saying that was given me in the papers I never spoke; but I wrote many of his petitions, and some of his letters. He applied to me very often. He was, I am afraid, long flattered with hopes of life; but I had no part in the dreadful delusion; for as soon as the king had signed his sentence, I obtained from Mr. Chamier[1] an account of the disposition of the court towards

[1] [Mr. Chamier was then Under-Secretary of State.—ED.]

him, with a declaration that there *was no hope even of a respite.* This letter immediately was laid before Dodd; but he believed those whom he wished to be right, as it is thought, till within three days of his end. He died with pious composure and resolution. I have just seen the Ordinary that attended him. His address to his fellow-convicts offended the methodists; but he had a Moravian with him much of his time. His moral character is very bad: I hope all is not true that is charged upon him. Of his behaviour in prison an account will be published.

"I give you joy of your country-house and your pretty garden, and hope some time to see you in your felicity. I was much pleased with your two letters that had been kept so long in store[1]; and rejoice at Miss Rasay's advancement, and wish Sir Allan success.

[1] Since they have been so much honoured by Dr. Johnson, I shall here insert them:

"TO MR. SAMUEL JOHNSON.

"Sunday, 30th Sept. 1764.

"MY EVER DEAR AND MUCH-RESPECTED SIR,—You know my solemn enthusiasm of mind. You love me for it, and I respect myself for it, because in so far I resemble Mr. Johnson. You will be agreeably surprised, when you learn the reason of my writing this letter. I am at Wittemberg in Saxony. I am in the old church where the reformation was first preached, and where some of the reformers lie interred. I cannot resist the serious pleasure of writing to Mr. Johnson from the tomb of Melancthon. My paper rests upon the grave-stone of that great and good man, who was undoubtedly the worthiest of all the reformers. He wished to reform abuses which had been introduced into the church; but had no private resentment to gratify. So mild was he, that when his aged mother consulted him with anxiety on the perplexing disputes of the times, he advised her 'to keep to the old religion.' At this tomb, then, my ever dear and respected friend! I vow to thee an eternal attachment. It shall be my study to do what I can to render your life happy: and if you die before me, I shall endeavour to do honour to your memory; and, elevated by the remembrance of you, persist in noble piety. May God, the father of all beings, ever bless you! and may you continue to love your most affectionate friend and devoted servant, "JAMES BOSWELL."

"TO DR. SAMUEL JOHNSON.

"Wilton-house, 22d April, 1775.

"MY DEAR SIR,—Every scene of my life confirms the truth of what you have told me, 'there is no certain happiness in this state of being.' I am here, amidst all that you know is at Lord Pembroke's; and yet I am weary and gloomy. I am just setting out for the house of an old friend in Devonshire, and shall not get back to London for a week yet. You said to me last Good Friday, with a cordiality that warmed my heart, that if I came to settle in London we should have a day fixed every week to meet by ourselves and talk freely. To be thought worthy of such a privilege cannot but exalt me. During my present absence from you, while, notwithstanding the gaiety which you allow me to possess, I am darkened by temporary clouds, I beg to have a few lines from you; a few lines merely of kindness, as a *viaticum* till I see you again. In your 'Vanity of Human Wishes,' and in Parnell's 'Contentment,' I find the only sure means of enjoying happiness; or, at least, the hopes of happiness. I ever am, with reverence and affection, most faithfully yours,

"JAMES BOSWELL."

"I hope to meet you somewhere towards the north, but am loath to come quite to Carlisle. Can we not meet at Manchester? But we will settle it in some other letters.

"Mr. Seward [1], a great favourite at Streatham, has been, I think, enkindled by our travels with a curiosity to see the Highlands. I have given him letters to you and Beattie. He desires that a lodging may be taken for him at Edinburgh against his arrival. He is just setting out.

"Langton has been exercising the militia. Mrs. Williams is, I fear, declining. Dr. Lawrence says he can do no more. She is gone to summer in the country, with as many conveniences about her as she can expect; but I have no great hope. We must all die: may we all be prepared!

"I suppose Miss Boswell reads her book, and young Alexander takes to his learning. Let me hear about them; for every thing that belongs to you, belongs in a more remote degree, and not, I hope, very remote, to, dear sir, yours affectionately,

"SAM. JOHNSON."

"TO JAMES BOSWELL, ESQ.

"24th June, 1777.

"DEAR SIR,—This gentleman is a great favourite at Streatham, and therefore you will easily believe that he has very valuable qualities. Our narrative has kindled him with a desire of visiting the Highlands after having already seen a great part of Europe. You must receive him as a friend, and when you have directed him to the curiosities of Edinburgh, give him instructions and recommendations for the rest of his journey. I am, dear sir, your most humble servant, "SAM. JOHNSON."

Johnson's benevolence to the unfortunate was, I am confident, as steady and active as that of any of those who have been most eminently distinguished for that virtue. Innumerable proofs of it I have no doubt will be for ever concealed from mortal eyes.

[1] William Seward, Esq. F. R. S. editor of "Anecdotes of some distinguished Persons," &c. in four volumes, 8vo. well known to a numerous and valuable acquaintance for his literature, love of the fine arts, and social virtues. I am indebted to him for several communications concerning Johnson.—BOSWELL. This gentleman, who was born in 1747, and was educated at the Charter-house and at Oxford, died in London, April 24th, 1799.—MALONE. [See *ante*, vol. ii. p. 77.—ED.]

We may, however, form some judgment of it from the many and various instances which have been discovered. One, which happened in the course of this summer, is remarkable from the name and connexion of the person who was the object of it. The circumstance to which I allude is ascertained by two letters, one to Mr. Langton, and another to the Rev. Dr. Vyse, rector of Lambeth, son of the respectable clergyman at Lichfield, who was contemporary with Johnson, and in whose father's family Johnson had the happiness of being kindly received in his early years.

"DR. JOHNSON TO BENNET LANGTON, ESQ.

"29th June, 1777.

"DEAR SIR,—I have lately been much disordered by a difficulty of breathing, but am now better. I hope your house is well.

"You know we have been talking lately of St. Cross, at Winchester[1]: I have an old acquaintance whose distress makes him very desirous of an hospital, and I am afraid I have not strength enough to get him into the Chartreux. He is a painter, who never rose higher than to get his immediate living; and from that, at eighty-three, he is disabled by a slight stroke of the palsy, such as does not make him at all helpless on common occasions, though his hand is not steady enough for his art.

"My request is, that you will try to obtain a promise of the next vacancy from the Bishop of Chester. It is not a great thing to ask, and I hope we shall obtain it. Dr. Warton has promised to favour him with his notice, and I hope he may end his days in peace. I am, sir, your most humble servant,

"SAM. JOHNSON."

"TO THE REVEREND DR. VYSE, AT LAMBETH.

"9th July, 1777.

"SIR,—I doubt not but you will readily forgive me for taking the liberty of requesting your assistance in recommending an

[1] [See *ante*, v. i. p. 517.—ED.]

old friend to his grace the archbishop as governor of the Charter-house.

"His name is De Groot[1]; he was born at Gloucester; I have known him many years. He has all the common claims to charity, being old, poor, and infirm to a great degree. He has likewise another claim, to which no scholar can refuse attention; he is by several descents the nephew of Hugo Grotius; of him from whom perhaps every man of learning has learnt something. Let it not be said that in any lettered country a nephew of Grotius asked a charity and was refused. I am, reverend sir, your most humble servant, "SAM. JOHNSON."

"TO THE REVEREND DR. VYSE, AT LAMBETH.

"22d July, 1777.

"If any notice should be taken of the recommendation which I took the liberty of sending you, it will be necessary to know that Mr. De Groot is to be found at No. 8, in Pye-street, Westminster. This information, when I wrote, I could not give you; and being going soon to Lichfield, think it necessary to be left behind me.

"More I will not say. You will want no persuasion to succour the nephew of Grotius. I am, sir, your most humble servant, "SAM. JOHNSON."

"THE REVEREND DR. VYSE TO MR. BOSWELL.

"Lambeth, 9th June, 1777.

"SIR,—I have searched in vain for the letter which I spoke of, and which I wished, at your desire, to communicate to you. It was from Dr. Johnson, to return me thanks for my application to Archbishop Cornwallis in favour of poor De Groot. He rejoices at the success it met with, and is lavish in the praise he bestows upon his favourite, Hugo Grotius. I am really sorry that I cannot find this letter, as it is worthy of the writer. That which I send you enclosed[2] is at your service. It is very short, and will not perhaps be thought of any consequence, unless you should judge proper to consider it as a proof of the very humane part which Dr. Johnson took in behalf of a distressed and deserving person. I am, sir, your most obedient humble servant, "W. VYSE[3]."

[1] [It appears that Isaac de Groot was admitted into the Charter-house, where he died about two years after.—ED.]

[2] The preceding letter.—BOSWELL.

[3] Dr. Vyse, at my request, was so obliging as once more to endeavour to re-

[With advising others to be charitable, Dr. Johnson did not content himself. He gave away all he had, and all he ever had gotten, except the two thousand pounds he left behind; and the very small portion of his income which he spent on himself, his friends never could by any calculation make more than seventy, or at most fourscore pounds a year, and he pretended to allow himself a hundred. He had numberless dependants out of doors as well as in, "who," as he expressed it, "did not like to see him latterly unless he brought them money." For those people he used frequently to raise contributions on his richer friends[1]; "and this," he said, "is one of the thousand reasons which ought to restrain a man from drony solitude and useless retirement."] Piozzi, p. 80.

"DR. JOHNSON TO MR. EDWARD DILLY.

"Bolt-court, Fleet-street, 7th July, 1777.

"SIR,—To the collection of English Poets I have recommended the volume of Dr. Watts to be added; his name has long been held by me in veneration, and I would not willingly be reduced to tell of him only that he was born and died. Yet of his life I know very little, and therefore must pass him in a manner very unworthy of his character, unless some of his friends will favour me with the necessary information. Many of them must be known to you; and by your influence perhaps I may obtain some instruction: my plan does not exact much; but I wish to distinguish Watts, a man who never wrote but for a good purpose. Be pleased to do for me what you can. I am, sir, your humble servant, "SAM. JOHNSON."

cover the letter of Johnson to which he alludes, but without success; for April 23, 1800, he wrote to me thus: "I have again searched, but in vain, for one of his letters, in which he speaks in his own nervous style of Hugo Grotius. De Groot was clearly a descendant of the family of Grotius, and Archbishop Cornwallis willingly complied with Dr. Johnson's request."—MALONE. [These letters appear in the *Gent. Mag.* 1787 and 1799, dated from London only, and seem to have been addressed to Mr. Sharpe.—ED.]

[1] [It appears in Mr. Malone's MS. notes, furnished by Mr. Markland, Dr. Johnson once asked Mr. Gerard Hamilton for so much as *fifty* pounds for a charitable purpose, and Mr. Hamilton gave it: Sir Joshua Reynolds, however, told Mr. Malone that he never asked him for more than a guinea.—ED.]

"TO DR. SAMUEL JOHNSON.

"Edinburgh, 15th July, 1777.

"MY DEAR SIR,—The fate of poor Dr. Dodd made a dismal impression upon my mind.

* * * * * * *

"I had sagacity enough to divine that you wrote his speech to the recorder, before sentence was pronounced. I am glad you have written so much for him; and I hope to be favoured with an exact list of the several pieces when we meet.

"I received Mr. Seward as the friend of Mr. and Mrs. Thrale, and as a gentleman recommended by Dr. Johnson to my attention. I have introduced him to Lord Kames, Lord Monboddo, and Mr. Nairne. He is gone to the Highlands with Dr. Gregory; when he returns I shall do more for him.

"Sir Allan Maclean has carried that branch of his cause, of which we had good hopes; the president and one other judge only were against him. I wish the house of lords may do as well as the court of session has done. But Sir Allan has not the lands of *Brolos* quite cleared by this judgment, till a long account is made up of debts and interests on the one side, and rents on the other. I am, however, not much afraid of the balance.

"Macquarry's estates, Staffa and all, were sold yesterday, and bought by a Campbell. I fear he will have little or nothing left out of the purchase money.

"I send you the case against the negro, by Mr. Cullen, son to Dr. Cullen, in opposition to Maclaurin's for liberty, of which you have approved. Pray read this, and tell me what you think as a *politician*, as well as a *poet*, upon the subject.

"Be so kind as to let me know how your time is to be distributed next autumn. I will meet you at Manchester, or where you please; but I wish you would complete your tour of the cathedrals, and come to Carlisle, and I will accompany you a part of the way homewards. I am ever, most faithfully yours,

"JAMES BOSWELL."

"TO JAMES BOSWELL, ESQ.

"22d July, 1777.

"DEAR SIR,—Your notion of the necessity of any early interview is very pleasing to both my vanity and tenderness. I shall perhaps come to Carlisle another year; but my money has

not held out so well as it used to do. I shall go to Ashbourne, and I purpose to make Dr. Taylor invite you. If you live awhile with me at his house, we shall have much time to ourselves, and our stay will be no expense to us or him. I shall leave London the 28th; and, after some stay at Oxford and Lichfield, shall probably come to Ashbourne about the end of your session; but of all this you shall have notice. Be satisfied we will meet somewhere.

"What passed between me and poor Dr. Dodd, you shall know more fully when we meet.

"Of lawsuits there is no end: poor Sir Allan must have another trial; for which, however, his antagonist cannot be much blamed, having two judges on his side. I am more afraid of the debts than of the house of lords. It is scarcely to be imagined to what debts will swell, that are daily increasing by small additions, and how carelessly in a state of desperation debts are contracted. Poor Macquarry was far from thinking that when he sold his islands he should receive nothing. For what were they sold? and what was their yearly value? The admission of money into the Highlands will soon put an end to the feudal modes of life, by making those men landlords who were not chiefs. I do not know that the people will suffer by the change; but there was in the patriarchal authority something venerable and pleasing. Every eye must look with pain on a *Campbell* turning the *Macquarries* at will out of their *sedes avitæ*, their hereditary island.

"Sir Alexander Dick is the only Scotsman liberal enough not to be angry that I could not find trees where trees were not. I was much delighted by his kind letter.

"I remember Rasay with too much pleasure not to partake of the happiness of any part of that amiable family. Our ramble in the Highlands hangs upon my imagination: I can hardly help imagining that we shall go again. Pennant seems to have seen a great deal which we did not see: when we travel again let us look better about us.

"You have done right in taking your uncle's house. Some change in the form of life gives from time to time a new epocha of existence. In a new place there is something new to be done, and a different system of thoughts rises in the mind. I wish I could gather currants in your garden. Now fit up a little study, and have your books ready at hand: do not spare a little money, to make your habitation pleasing to yourself.

"I have dined lately with poor dear ——— [1]. I do not think he goes on well. His table is rather coarse, and he has his children too much about him [2]. But he is a very good man.

"Mrs. Williams is in the country, to try if she can improve her health: she is very ill. Matters have come so about, that she is in the country with very good accommodation; but age, and sickness, and pride, have made her so peevish, that I was forced to bribe the maid to stay with her by a secret stipulation of half-a-crown a week over her wages.

"Our club ended its session about six weeks ago. We now only meet to dine once a fortnight. Mr. Dunning, the great lawyer [3], is one of our members. The Thrales are well.

"I long to know how the negro's cause will be decided. What is the opinion of Lord Auchinleck, or Lord Hailes, or Lord Monboddo? I am, dear sir, your most affectionate, &c.

"SAM. JOHNSON."

"DR. JOHNSON TO MRS. BOSWELL.

"22d July, 1777.

"MADAM,—Though I am well enough pleased with the taste of sweetmeats, very little of the pleasure which I received at the arrival of your jar of marmalade arose from eating it. I received it as a token of friendship, as a proof of reconciliation, things much sweeter than sweetmeats, and upon this consideration I return you, dear madam, my sincerest thanks. By having your kindness I think I have a double security for the continuance of Mr. Boswell's, which it is not to be expected that any man can long keep, when the influence of a lady so highly and so justly valued operates against him. Mr. Boswell will tell you that I was always faithful to your interest, and always endeavoured to exalt you in his estimation. You must now do the same for me. We must all help one another, and you must now consider me as, dear madam, your most obliged and most humble servant, "SAM. JOHNSON."

[1] [Mr. Langton.—ED.]

[2] This very just remark I hope will be constantly held in remembrance by parents, who are in general too apt to indulge their own fond feelings for their children at the expense of their friends. The common custom of introducing them after dinner is highly injudicious. It is agreeable enough that they should appear at any other time; but they should not be suffered to poison the moments of festivity by attracting the attention of the company, and in a manner compelling them from politeness to say what they do not think.—BOSWELL.

[3] [Created in 1782 Lord Ashburton.—ED.]

"MR. BOSWELL TO DR. JOHNSON.

"Edinburgh, 28th July, 1777.

"MY DEAR SIR,—This is the day on which you were to leave London, and I have been amusing myself in the intervals of my law-drudgery with figuring you in the Oxford post-coach. I doubt, however, if you have had so merry a journey as you and I had in that vehicle last year, when you made so much sport with Gwyn, the architect. Incidents upon a journey are recollected with peculiar pleasure: they are preserved in brisk spirits, and come up again in our minds, tinctured with that gaiety, or at least that animation, with which we first perceived them."

* * * * * * *

(I added, that something had occurred which I was afraid might prevent me from meeting him; and that my wife had been affected with complaints which threatened a consumption, but was now better.)

["DR. JOHNSON TO MR. THRALE.

"[Oxford], 4th Aug. 1777.

"Boswell's project is disconcerted by a visit from a relation of Yorkshire, whom he mentions as the head of his clan. Bozzy, you know, makes a huge bustle about all his own motions and all mine. I have enclosed a letter to pacify him, and reconcile him to the uncertainties of human life."]

"TO JAMES BOSWELL, ESQ.

"Oxford, 4th Aug. 1777.

"DEAR SIR,—Do not disturb yourself about our interviews; I hope we shall have many: nor think it any thing hard or unusual that your design of meeting me is interrupted. We have both endured greater evils, and have greater evils to expect.

"Mrs. Boswell's illness makes a more serious distress. Does the blood rise from her lungs or from her stomach? From little vessels broken in the stomach there is no danger. Blood from the lungs is, I believe, always frothy, as mixed with wind. Your physicians know very well what is to be done. The loss of such a lady would, indeed, be very afflictive, and I hope she is in no danger. Take care to keep her mind as easy as possible.

"I have left Langton in London. He has been down with the militia, and is again quiet at home, talking to his little people, as I suppose you do sometimes. Make my compliments to Miss Veronica[1]. The rest are too young for ceremony.

"I cannot but hope that you have taken your country-house at a very seasonable time, and that it may conduce to restore or establish Mrs. Boswell's health, as well as provide room and exercise for the young ones. That you and your lady may both be happy, and long enjoy your happiness, is the sincere and earnest wish of, dear sir, your most, &c.

"SAM. JOHNSON."

"MR. BOSWELL TO DR. JOHNSON.

(Informing him that my wife had continued to grow better, so that my alarming apprehensions were relieved: and that I hoped to disengage myself from the other embarrassment which had occurred, and therefore requesting to know particularly when he intended to be at Ashbourne.)

"TO JAMES BOSWELL, ESQ.

"30th August, 1777.

"DEAR SIR,—I am this day come to Ashbourne, and have only to tell you, that Dr. Taylor says you shall be welcome to him, and you know how welcome you will be to me. Make haste to let me know when you may be expected.

"Make my compliments to Mrs. Boswell, and tell her I hope we shall be at variance no more. I am, dear sir, your most humble servant, "SAM. JOHNSON."

"TO JAMES BOSWELL, ESQ.

"Ashbourne, 1st Sept. 1777.

"DEAR SIR,—On Saturday I wrote a very short letter, immediately upon my arrival hither, to show you that I am not less desirous of the interview than yourself. Life admits not of delays; when pleasure can be had, it is fit to catch it: every hour takes away part of the things that please us, and perhaps part of our disposition to be pleased. When I came to Lichfield, I found my old friend Harry Jackson dead[2]. It was a

[1] This young lady, the authour's eldest daughter, and at this time about five years old, died in London, of a consumption, four months after her father, Sept. 26, 1795.—MALONE.

[2] [See *ante*, p. 351. He says in a letter to Mrs. Thrale, "Lichfield, 7th

loss, and a loss not to be repaired, as he was one of the companions of my childhood. I hope we may long continue to gain friends; but the friends which merit or usefulness can procure us are not able to supply the place of old acquaintance, with whom the days of youth may be retraced, and those images revived which gave the earliest delight. If you and I live to be much older, we shall take great delight in talking over the Hebridean Journey.

"In the mean time it may not be amiss to contrive some other little adventure, but what it can be I know not; leave it, as Sidney says,

'To virtue, fortune, time, and woman's breast[1];'

August, 1777.—At Birmingham I heard of the death of an old friend, and at Lichfield of the death of another. *Anni prædantur euntes.* One was a little older, and the other a little younger, than myself." The latter probably was Jackson.—ED.]

[1] By an odd mistake, in the first three editions we find a reading in this line to which Dr. Johnson would by no means have subscribed, *wine* having been substituted for *time*. That errour probably was a mistake in the transcript of Johnson's original letter, his hand-writing being often very difficult to read. The other deviation in the beginning of the line (*virtue* instead of *nature*) must be attributed to his memory having deceived him; and therefore has not been disturbed. The verse quoted is the concluding line of a sonnet of Sidney's, of which the earliest copy, I believe, is found in Harrington's translation of Ariosto, 1591, in the notes on the eleventh book:—"And therefore," says he, "that excellent verse of Sir Philip Sydney in his first Arcadia (which I know not by what mishap is left out in the printed booke) [4to. 1590,] is in mine opinion worthie to be praised and followed, to make a true and virtuous wife:

"Who doth desire that chast his wife should bee,
First be he true, for truth doth truth deserve;
Then be he such, as she his worth may see,
And, alwaies one, credit with her preserve:
Not toying kynd, nor causelessly unkynd,
Not stirring thoughts, nor yet denying right,
Not spying faults, nor in plaine errors blind,
Never hard hand, nor ever rayns (reins) too light;
As far from want, as far from vaine expence,
Th' one doth enforce, the t'other doth entice:
Allow good companie, but drive from thence
All filthie mouths that glorie in their vice:
This done, thou hast no more but leave the rest
To *nature*, fortune, *time*, and woman's breast."

I take this opportunity to add, that in England's Parnassus, a collection of poetry printed in 1600, the second couplet of this sonnet is thus corruptly exhibited:

"Then *he be* such as *he* his *words* may see,
And alwaies one credit *which* her preserve:"

a variation which I the rather mention, because the readings of that book have been triumphantly quoted, when they happened to coincide with the sophistica-

for I believe Mrs. Boswell must have some part in the consultation.

"One thing you will like. The doctor, so far as I can judge, is likely to leave us enough to ourselves. He was out to-day before I came down, and, I fancy, will stay out to dinner. I have brought the papers about poor Dodd, to show you, but you will soon have despatched them.

"Before I came away, I sent poor Mrs. Williams into the country, very ill of a pituitous defluxion, which wastes her gradually away, and which her physician declares himself unable to stop. I supplied her as far as could be desired with all conveniences to make her excursion and abode pleasant and useful. But I am afraid she can only linger a short time in a morbid state of weakness and pain.

"The Thrales, little and great, are all well, and purpose to go to Brighthelmstone at Michaelmas. They will invite me to go with them, and perhaps I may go, but I hardly think I shall like to stay the whole time; but of futurity we know but little.

"Mrs. Porter is well; but Mrs. Aston, one of the ladies at Stow-hill, has been struck with a palsy, from which she is not likely ever to recover. How soon may such a stroke fall upon us!

"Write to me, and let us know when we may expect you. I am, dear sir, your most humble servant, "SAM. JOHNSON."

"MR. BOSWELL TO DR. JOHNSON.

"Edinburgh, 9th Sept. 1777.

(After informing him that I was to set out next day, in order to meet him at Ashbourne;—)

"I have a present for you from Lord Hailes; the fifth book of 'Lactantius,' which he has published with Latin notes. He is also to give you a few anecdotes for your 'Life of Thomson,' who I find was private tutor to the present Earl of Hadington, Lord Hailes's cousin, a circumstance not mentioned by Dr. Murdoch. I have keen expectations of delight from your edition of the English Poets.

tions of the second folio edition of Shakspeare's plays in 1632, as adding I know not what degree of authority and authenticity to the latter: as if the corruptions of one book (and that abounding with the grossest falsifications of the authours from whose works its extracts are made) could give any kind of support to another, which in every page is still more adulterated and unfaithful. See Mr. Steevens's Shakspeare, vol. xx. p. 97, fifth edit. 1803.—MALONE.

"I am sorry for poor Mrs. Williams's situation. You will, however, have the comfort of reflecting on your kindness to her. Mr. Jackson's death, and Mrs. Aston's palsy, are gloomy circumstances. Yet surely we should be habituated to the uncertainty of life and health. When my mind is unclouded by melancholy, I consider the temporary distresses of this state of being as 'light afflictions," by stretching my mental view into that glorious after-existence, when they will appear to be as nothing. But present pleasures and present pains must be felt. I lately read 'Rasselas' over again with satisfaction.

"Since you are desirous to hear about Macquarry's sale, I shall inform you particularly. The gentleman who purchased Ulva is Mr. Campbell of Auchnaba: our friend Macquarry was proprietor of two-thirds of it, of which the rent was 156*l.* 5*s.* 1½*d.* This parcel was set up at 4,069*l.* 5*s.* 1*d.* but it sold for no less than 5,540*l.* The other third of Ulva, with the island of Staffa, belonged to Macquarry of Ormaig. Its rent, including that of Staffa, 83*l.* 12*s.* 2½*d.*—set up at 2,178*l.* 16*s.* 4*d.*—sold for no less than 3,540*l.* The Laird of Col wished to purchase Ulva, but he thought the price too high. There may, indeed, be great improvements made there, both in fishing and agriculture; but the interest of the purchase-money exceeds the rent so very much, that I doubt if the bargain will be profitable. There is an island called Little Colonsay, of 10*l.* yearly rent, which I am informed has belonged to the Macquarrys of Ulva for many ages, but which was lately claimed by the Presbyterian Synod of Argyll, in consequence of a grant made to them by Queen Anne. It is believed that their claim will be dismissed, and that Little Colonsay will also be sold for the advantage of Macquarry's creditors. What think you of purchasing this island, and endowing a school or college there, the master to be a clergyman of the Church of England? How venerable would such an institution make the name of Dr. Samuel Johnson in the Hebrides! I have, like yourself, a wonderful pleasure in recollecting our travels in those islands. The pleasure is, I think, greater than it reasonably should be, considering that we had not much either of beauty or elegance to charm our imaginations, or of rude novelty to astonish. Let us, by all means, have another expedition. I shrink a little from our scheme of going up the Baltick. I am sorry you have already been in Wales; for I wish to see it. Shall we go to Ireland, of which I have seen but little? We shall try to strike out a plan when we are at Ashbourne.—I am ever your most faithful humble servant, "James Boswell."

"TO JAMES BOSWELL, ESQ.

"Ashbourne, 11th Sept. 1777.

"DEAR SIR,—I write to be left at Carlisle, as you direct me; but you cannot have it. Your letter, dated Sept. 6th, was not at this place till this day, Thursday, Sept. 11th; and I hope you will be here before this is at Carlisle[1]. However, what you have not going, you may have returning; and as I believe I shall not love you less after our interview, it will then be as true as it is now, that I set a very high value upon your friendship, and count your kindness as one of the chief felicities of my life. Do not fancy that an intermission of writing is a decay of kindness. No man is always in a disposition to write; nor has any man at all times something to say.

"That distrust which intrudes so often on your mind is a mode of melancholy, which, if it be the business of a wise man to be happy, it is foolish to indulge; and, if it be a duty to preserve our faculties entire for their proper use, it is criminal. Suspicion is very often an useless pain. From that, and all other pains, I wish you free and safe; for I am, dear sir, most affectionately yours, "SAM. JOHNSON."

It appears that Johnson, now in his sixty-eighth year, was seriously inclined to realise the project of our going up the Baltick, which I had started when we were in the Isle of Sky; for he thus writes to Mrs. Thrale:

Letters, vol. i. p. 366.

"Ashbourne, 13th Sept. 1777.

"Boswell, I believe, is coming. He talks of being here to-day: I shall be glad to see him: but he shrinks from the Baltick expedition, which, I think, is the best scheme in our power: what we shall substitute, I know not. He wants to see Wales; but, except the woods of *Bachycraigh*, what is there in Wales, that can fill the hunger of ignorance, or quench the thirst of curiosity? We may, perhaps, form some scheme or other; but, in the phrase of *Hockley in the Hole*, it is pity he has not a *better bottom*."

Such an ardour of mind, and vigour of enterprise, is admirable at any age; but more particularly so at

[1] It so happened The letter was forwarded to my house at Edinburgh.—BOSWELL.

the advanced period at which Johnson was then arrived. I am sorry now that I did not insist on our executing that scheme. Besides the other objects of curiosity and observation, to have seen my illustrious friend received, as he probably would have been, by a prince so eminently distinguished for his variety of talents and acquisitions as the late King of Sweden, and by the Empress of Russia, whose extraordinary abilities, information, and magnanimity, astonish the world, would have afforded a noble subject for contemplation and record. This reflection may possibly be thought too visionary by the more sedate and cold-blooded part of my readers; yet I own, I frequently indulge it with an earnest, unavailing regret.

["DR. JOHNSON TO MRS. ASTON. Pemb. MS.

"Ashbourne, 13th Sept. 1777.

"DEAR MADAM,—As I left you so much disordered, a fortnight is a long time to be without any account of your health. I am willing to flatter myself that you are better, though you gave me no reason to believe that you intended to use any means for your recovery. Nature often performs wonders, and will, I hope, do for you more than you seem inclined to do for yourself.

"In this weakness of body, with which it has pleased God to visit you, he has given you great cause of thankfulness, by the total exemption of your mind from all effects of your disorder. Your memory is not less comprehensive or distinct, nor your reason less vigorous and acute, nor your imagination less active and sprightly than in any former time of your life. This is a great blessing, as it respects enjoyment of the present; and a blessing yet far greater, as it bestows power and opportunity to prepare for the future.

"All sickness is a summons. But as you do not want exhortations, I will send you only my good wishes, and exhort you to believe the good wishes very sincere, of, dear madam, your most humble servant, "SAM. JOHNSON."]

On Sunday evening, Sept. 14, I arrived at Ashbourne, and drove directly up to Dr. Taylor's door.

Dr. Johnson and he appeared before I had got out of the post-chaise, and welcomed me cordially.

I told them that I had travelled all the preceding night, and gone to bed at Leek, in Staffordshire; and that when I rose to go to church in the afternoon, I was informed there had been an earthquake, of which, it seems, the shock had been felt in some degree at Ashbourne. JOHNSON. "Sir, it will be much exaggerated in publick talk: for, in the first place, the common people do not accurately adapt their thoughts to the objects; nor, secondly, do they accurately adapt their words to their thoughts: they do not mean to lie; but, taking no pains to be exact, they give you very false accounts. A great part of their language is proverbial. If any thing rocks at all, they say *it rocks like a cradle;* and in this way they go on."

The subject of grief for the loss of relations and friends being introduced, I observed that it was strange to consider how soon it in general wears away. Dr. Taylor mentioned a gentleman of the neighbourhood as the only instance he had ever known of a person who had endeavoured to *retain* grief. He told Dr. Taylor, that after his lady's death, which affected him deeply, he *resolved* that the grief, which he cherished with a kind of sacred fondness, should be lasting; but that he found he could not keep it long. JOHNSON. "All grief for what cannot in the course of nature be helped soon wears away; in some sooner, indeed, in some later; but it never continues very long, unless where there is madness, such as will make a man have pride so fixed in his mind as to imagine himself a king; or any other passion in an unreasonable way: for all unnecessary grief is unwise, and therefore will not be long retained by a sound mind. If, indeed, the cause of our grief is occasioned by our own misconduct, if grief is mingled with remorse of

conscience, it should be lasting." BOSWELL. "But, sir, we do not approve of a man who very soon forgets the loss of a wife or a friend." JOHNSON. "Sir, we disapprove of him, not because he soon forgets his grief, for the sooner it is forgotten the better; but because we suppose, that if he forgets his wife or his friend soon, he has not had much affection for them."

I was somewhat disappointed in finding that the edition of the "English Poets," for which he was to write prefaces and lives, was not an undertaking directed by him, but that he was to furnish a preface and life to any poet the booksellers pleased. I asked him if he would do this to any dunce's works, if they should ask him. JOHNSON. "Yes, sir; and *say* he was a dunce." My friend seemed now not much to relish talking of this edition.

On Monday, September 15, Dr. Johnson [wrote to Mrs. Thrale: Letters, vol. i. p. 369.

"Last night came Boswell. I am glad that he is come, and seems to be very brisk and lively, and laughs a little at ——— [1]. I told him something of the scene at Richmond [2]."]

He observed, that every body commended such parts of his "Journey to the Western Islands" as were in their own way. "For instance," said he, "Mr. Jackson (the all-knowing) told me there was more good sense upon trade in it, than he should hear in the house of commons in a year, except from Burke. Jones commended the part which treats of language; Burke that which describes the inhabitants of mountainous countries."

[1] [Probably his host Dr. Taylor—between whom and Boswell there seems to have been no great cordiality, and it may be suspected that Boswell does not take much power to set Dr. Taylor's merits in the best light. He was Johnson's earliest and most constant friend, and read the funeral service over him. —ED.]

[2] [This refers to some occurrence (probably at Sir Joshua's) now forgotten.—ED.]

After breakfast, Johnson carried me to see the garden belonging to the school of Ashbourne, which is very prettily formed upon a bank, rising gradually behind the house. The Rev. Mr. Langley, the head-master, accompanied us.

While we sat basking in the sun upon a seat here, I introduced a common subject of complaint, the very small salaries which many curates have; and I maintained, that no man should be invested with the character of a clergyman, unless he has a security for such an income as will enable him to appear respectable; that, therefore, a clergyman should not be allowed to have a curate, unless he gives him a hundred pounds a year; if he cannot do that, let him perform the duty himself. JOHNSON. "To be sure, sir, it is wrong that any clergyman should be without a reasonable income; but as the church revenues were sadly diminished at the reformation, the clergy who have livings cannot afford, in many instances, to give good salaries to curates, without leaving themselves too little; and, if no curate were to be permitted unless he had a hundred pounds a year, their number would be very small, which would be a disadvantage, as then there would not be such choice in the nursery for the church, curates being candidates for the higher ecclesiastical offices, according to their merit and good behaviour." He explained the system of the English hierarchy exceedingly well. "It is not thought fit," said he, "to trust a man with the care of a parish till he has given proof as a curate that he shall deserve such a trust." This is an excellent theory; and if the practice were according to it, the church of England would be admirable indeed. However, as I have heard Dr. Johnson observe as to the universities, bad practice does not infer that the constitution is bad.

We had with us at dinner several of Dr. Taylor's

neighbours, good civil gentlemen, who seemed to understand Dr. Johnson very well, and not to consider him in the light that a certain person[1] did, who being struck, or rather stunned by his voice and manner, when he was afterwards asked what he thought of him, answered, "He's a tremendous companion."

Johnson told me, that "Taylor was a very sensible acute man, and had a strong mind: that he had great activity in some respects, and yet such a sort of indolence, that, if you should put a pebble upon his chimney-piece, you would find it there, in the same state, a year afterwards."

And here is a proper place to give an account of Johnson's humane and zealous interference in behalf of the Reverend Dr. William Dodd, formerly Prebendary of Brecon, and chaplain in ordinary to his majesty; celebrated as a very popular preacher, an encourager of charitable institutions, and authour of a variety of works, chiefly theological. Having unhappily contracted expensive habits of living, partly occasioned by licentiousness of manners, he in an evil hour, when pressed by want of money, and dreading an exposure of his circumstances, forged a bond, of which he attempted to avail himself to support his credit, flattering himself with hopes that he might be able to repay its amount without being detected. The person whose name he thus rashly and criminally presumed to falsify was the Earl of Chesterfield, to whom he had been tutor, and who he perhaps, in the warmth of his feelings, flattered himself would have generously paid the money in case of an alarm being taken, rather than suffer him to fall a victim to the dreadful consequences of violating the law against

[1] [Mr. George Garrick.—Ed.]

forgery, the most dangerous crime in a commercial country: but the unfortunate divine had the mortification to find that he was mistaken. His noble pupil appeared against him, and he was capitally convicted.

Johnson told me that Dr. Dodd was very little acquainted with him, having been but once in his company, many years previous to this period (which was precisely the state of my own acquaintance with Dodd); but in his distress he bethought himself of Johnson's persuasive power of writing, if haply it might avail to obtain for him the royal mercy. He did not apply to him directly, but, extraordinary as it may seem, through the late Countess of Harrington [1], who wrote a letter to Johnson, asking him to employ his pen in favour of Dodd. Mr. Allen, the printer, who was Johnson's landlord and next neighbour in Bolt-court, and for whom he had much kindness, was one of Dodd's friends, of whom, to the credit of humanity be it recorded, that he had many who did not desert him, even after his infringement of the law had reduced him to the state of a man under sentence of death. Mr. Allen told me that he carried Lady Harrington's letter to Johnson, that Johnson read it, walking up and down his chamber, and seemed much agitated, after which he said, "I will do what I can;" and certainly he did make extraordinary exertions.

He this evening, as he had obligingly promised in one of his letters, put into my hands the whole series of his writings upon this melancholy occasion, and I

[1] Caroline, eldest daughter of Charles Fitzroy, Duke of Grafton, and wife of William, the second Earl of Harrington.—MALONE. [It may be concluded that Allen not only *carried* the letter, but obtained it; for to those who know the character of Lady Harrington, her *good-nature* will not seem extraordinary; but that she should have had any kind of acquaintance with Dr. Johnson seems highly improbable.—ED.]

shall present my readers with the abstract which I made from the collection; in doing which I studied to avoid copying what had appeared in print, and now make part of the edition of "Johnson's Works" published by the booksellers of London, but taking care to mark Johnson's variations in some of the pieces there exhibited.

Dr. Johnson wrote, in the first place, Dr. Dodd's "Speech to the Recorder of London," at the Old Bailey, when sentence of death was about to be pronounced upon him.

He wrote also "The Convict's Address to his unhappy Brethren," a sermon delivered by Dr. Dodd in the chapel of Newgate. According to Johnson's manuscript, it began thus after the text, *What shall I do to be saved*[1]?

"These were the words with which the keeper, to whose custody Paul and Silas were committed by their prosecutors, addressed his prisoners, when he saw them freed from their bonds by the perceptible agency of divine favour, and was, therefore, irresistibly convinced that they were not offenders against the laws, but martyrs to the truth."

Dr. Johnson was so good as to mark for me with his own hand, on a copy of this sermon which is now in my possession, such passages as were added by Dr. Dodd. They are not many: whoever will take the trouble to look at the printed copy, and attend to what I mention, will be satisfied of this.

There is a short introduction by Dr. Dodd, and he also inserted this sentence: "You see with what confusion and dishonour I now stand before you; no more in the pulpit of instruction, but on this humble seat with yourselves." The *notes* are entirely Dodd's own, and Johnson's writing ends at the words, "the

[1] [What *must* I do to be saved?—*Acts*, c. 17, v. 30.—Ed.]

thief whom he pardoned on the cross." What follows was supplied by Dr. Dodd himself.

[Dr. Johnson wrote to Mrs. Thrale with some degree of complacency, in Miss Porter's judgment (to whom he had not imparted his transactions with Dodd)—" Lucy said, 'When I read Dr. Dodd's sermon to the prisoners, I said, Dr. Johnson could not make a better.'"]

Letters, 9 Aug. 1777.

The other pieces mentioned by Johnson in the above-mentioned collection are two letters, one to the Lord Chancellor Bathurst (not Lord North, as is erroneously supposed), and one to Lord Mansfield. A Petition from Dr. Dodd to the King. A Petition from Mrs. Dodd to the Queen. Observations of some length inserted in the newspapers, on occasion of Earl Percy's having presented to his majesty a petition for mercy to Dodd, signed by twenty thousand people, but all in vain. He told me that he had also written a petition for the city of London; "but (said he, with a significant smile) they *mended* it[1]."

The last of these articles which Johnson wrote is

[1] Having unexpectedly, by the favour of Mr. Stone, of London Field, Hackney, seen the original in Johnson's handwriting of "The Petition of the City of London to his Majesty, in favour of Dr. Dodd," I now present it to my readers, with such passages as were omitted enclosed in crotchets, and the additions or variations marked in italicks.

"That William Dodd, Doctor of Laws, now lying under sentence of death *in your majesty's gaol of Newgate* for the crime of forgery, has for a great part of his life set a useful and laudable example of diligence in his calling [and, as we have reason to believe, has exercised his ministry with great fidelity and efficacy], *which, in many instances, has produced the most happy effect.*

"That he has been the first institutor [or] *and* a very earnest and active promoter of several modes of useful charity, and [that], therefore [he], may be considered as having been on many occasions a benefactor to the publick.

"[That when they consider his past life, they are willing to suppose his late crime to have been, not the consequence of habitual depravity, but the suggestion of some sudden and violent temptation.]

"[That] *your petitioners*, therefore, considering his case as, in some of its circumstances, unprecedented and peculiar, *and encouraged by your majesty's known clemency*, [they] most humbly recommend the said William Dodd to [his] *your* majesty's most gracious consideration, in hopes that he will be found not altogether [unfit] *unworthy* to stand an example of royal mercy."—Boswell. [It does seem that these few *alterations* were *amendments*.—Ed.]

"Dr. Dodd's last solemn Declaration," which he left with the sheriff at the place of execution. Here also my friend marked the variations on a copy of that piece now in my possession. Dodd inserted, "I never knew or attended to the calls of frugality, or the needful minuteness of painful economy;" and in the next sentence he introduced the words which I distinguished by italicks: "My life for some *few unhappy* years past has been *dreadfully erroneous.*" Johnson's expression was *hypocritical;* but his remark on the margin is, "With this he said he could not charge himself."

Having thus authentically settled what part of the "Occasional Papers," concerning Dr. Dodd's miserable situation, came from the pen of Johnson, I shall proceed to present my readers with my record of the unpublished writings relating to that extraordinary and interesting matter.

I found a letter to Dr. Johnson from Dr. Dodd, May 23, 1777, in which "The Convict's Address" seems clearly to be meant:

"DR. DODD TO DR. JOHNSON.

"I am so penetrated, my ever dear sir, with a sense of your extreme benevolence towards me, that I cannot find words equal to the sentiments of my heart. * * * * *

"You are too conversant in the world to need the slightest hint from me of what infinite utility the speech[1] on the awful day has been to me. I experience, every hour, some good effect from it. I am sure that effects still more salutary and important must follow from *your kind and intended favour.* I will labour—God being my helper—to do justice to it from the pulpit. I am sure, had I your sentiments constantly to deliver from thence, in all their mighty force and power, not a soul could be left unconvinced and unpersuaded. * * * * *

"May God Almighty bless and reward, with his choicest

[1] His speech at the Old Bailey when found guilty.—BOSWELL.

comforts, your philanthropick actions, and enable me at all times to express what I feel of the high and uncommon obligations which I owe to the *first man* in our times."

On Sunday, June 22, he writes, begging Dr. Johnson's assistance in framing a supplicatory letter to his majesty:

"If his majesty could be moved of his royal clemency to spare me and my family the horrours and ignominy of a *publick death*, which the *publick* itself is solicitous to wave, and to grant me in some silent distant corner of the globe to pass the remainder of my days in penitence and prayer, I would bless his clemency and be humbled."

This letter was brought to Dr. Johnson when in church. He stooped down and read it, and wrote, when he went home, the following letter for Dr. Dodd to the king:

"Sir,—May it not offend your majesty, that the most miserable of men applies himself to your clemency, as his last hope and his last refuge; that your mercy is most earnestly and humbly implored by a clergyman, whom your laws and judges[1] have condemned to the horrour and ignominy of a publick execution.

"I confess the crime, and own the enormity of its consequences, and the danger of its example. Nor have I the confidence to petition for impunity; but humbly hope, that publick security may be established, without the spectacle of a clergyman dragged through the streets, to a death of infamy, amidst the derision of the profligate and profane; and that justice may be satisfied with irrevocable exile, perpetual disgrace, and hopeless penury.

"My life, sir, has not been useless to mankind. I have benefited many. But my offences against God are numberless, and I have had little time for repentance. Preserve me, sir, by your prerogative of mercy, from the necessity of appearing unprepared at that tribunal, before which kings and subjects must stand at last together. Permit me to hide my guilt in

[1] [He afterwards expressed a hope that this deviation from the duties of the place would be forgiven him.—Ed.]

some obscure corner of a foreign country, where, if I can ever attain confidence to hope that my prayers will be heard, they shall be poured with all the fervour of gratitude for the life and happiness of your majesty.—I am, sir, your majesty's, &c."

Subjoined to it was written as follows:

"DR. JOHNSON TO DR. DODD.

"SIR,—I most seriously enjoin you not to let it be at all known that I have written this letter, and to return the copy to Mr. Allen in a cover to me. I hope I need not tell you that I wish it success. But do not indulge hope. Tell nobody."

It happened luckily that Mr. Allen was pitched on to assist in this melancholy office, for he was a great friend of Mr. Akerman, the keeper of Newgate. Dr. Johnson never went to see Dr. Dodd. He said to me, "It would have done *him* more harm than good to Dodd, who once expressed a desire to see him, but not earnestly."

Dr. Johnson, on the 20th of June, wrote the following letter:

"TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE CHARLES JENKINSON.

"SIR,—Since the conviction and condemnation of Dr. Dodd, I have had, by the intervention of a friend, some intercourse with him, and I am sure I shall lose nothing in your opinion by tenderness and commiseration. Whatever be the crime, it is not easy to have any knowledge of the delinquent, without a wish that his life may be spared; at least when no life has been taken away by him. I will, therefore, take the liberty of suggesting some reasons for which I wish this unhappy being to escape the utmost rigour of his sentence.

"He is, so far as I can recollect, the first clergyman of our church who has suffered publick execution for immorality; and I know not whether it would not be more for the interests of religion to bury such an offender in the obscurity of perpetual exile, than to expose him in a cart, and on the gallows, to all who for any reason are enemies to the clergy.

"The supreme power has, in all ages, paid some attention to the voice of the people; and that voice does not least deserve

to be heard when it calls out for mercy. There is now a very general desire that Dodd's life should be spared. More is not wished; and, perhaps, this is not too much to be granted.

"If you, sir, have any opportunity of enforcing these reasons, you may, perhaps, think them worthy of consideration: but whatever you determine, I most respectfully entreat that you will be pleased to pardon for this intrusion, sir, your most obedient and most humble servant, "SAM. JOHNSON."

It has been confidently circulated, with invidious remarks, that to this letter no attention whatever was paid by Mr. Jenkinson (afterwards Earl of Liverpool), and that he did not even deign to show the common civility of owning the receipt of it. I could not but wonder at such conduct in the noble lord, whose own character and just elevation in life, I thought, must have impressed him with all due regard for great abilities and attainments. As the story had been much talked of, and apparently from good authority, I could not but have animadverted upon it in this work, had it been as was alleged; but from my earnest love of truth, and having found reason to think that there might be a mistake, I presumed to write to his lordship, requesting an explanation; and it is with the sincerest pleasure that I am enabled to assure the world that there is no foundation for it, the fact being, that owing to some neglect, or accident, Johnson's letter never came to Lord Liverpool's hands. I should have thought it strange indeed, if that noble lord[1] had undervalued my illustrious friend[1]; but instead of this being the case, his lordship, in the very polite

[1] [It would not be surprising if it had been so treated. Mr. Jenkinson was at this time Secretary at War, and was obnoxious to popular odium from an unfounded imputation of being the channel of a secret influence over the king. To request, therefore, *his* influence with the king on a matter so wholly foreign to his duties and station was a kind of verification of the slander;—and however Lord Liverpool's prudence may have inclined him, at a subsequent period, to answer Mr. Boswell's inquiries, there seems to be some reason why he should have been offended at the liberty taken with him by Dr. Johnson.—ED.]

answer with which he was pleased immediately to honour me, thus expresses himself: "I have always respected the memory of Dr. Johnson, and admire his writings; and I frequently read many parts of them with pleasure and great improvement."

All applications for the royal mercy having failed, Dr. Dodd prepared himself for death; and, with a warmth of gratitude, wrote to Dr. Johnson as follows:

"25th June, midnight.

"Accept, thou *great* and *good* heart, my earnest and fervent thanks and prayers for all thy benevolent and kind efforts in my behalf.—Oh! Dr. Johnson! as I sought your knowledge at an early hour in life, would to Heaven I had cultivated the love and acquaintance of so excellent a man!—I pray God most sincerely to bless you with the highest transports—the infelt satisfaction of *humane* and benevolent exertions!—And admitted, as I trust I shall be, to the realms of bliss before you, I shall hail *your* arrival there with transports, and rejoice to acknowledge that you was my comforter, my advocate, and my *friend!* God *be ever* with *you!*"

Dr. Johnson lastly wrote to Dr. Dodd this solemn and soothing letter:

"TO THE REVEREND DR. DODD.

"26th June, 1777.

"DEAR SIR,—That which is appointed to all men is now coming upon you. Outward circumstances, the eyes and the thoughts of men, are below the notice of an immortal being about to stand the trial for eternity, before the Supreme Judge of heaven and earth. Be comforted: your crime, morally or religiously considered, has no very deep dye of turpitude. It corrupted no man's principles; it attacked no man's life. It involved only a temporary and reparable injury. Of this, and of all other sins, you are earnestly to repent; and may God, who knoweth our frailty, and desireth not our death, accept your repentance, for the sake of his son Jesus Christ, our Lord!

"In requital of those well-intended offices which you are pleased so emphatically to acknowledge, let me beg that you make in your devotions one petition for my eternal welfare.—I am, dear sir, your most affectionate servant,

"SAM. JOHNSON."

Under the copy of this letter I found written, in Johnson's own hand, "Next day, June 27, he was executed." [That Dr. Johnson should have desired one prayer from Dr. Dodd, who was himself such an atrocious offender, has been very much condemned; but we ought to consider, that Dr. Johnson might, perhaps, have had sufficient reason to believe Dodd to be a sincere penitent, which, indeed, was the case; and, besides, his mind was so softened with pity and compassion for him, so impressed with the awful idea of his situation, the last evening of his life, that he probably did not think of his former transgressions, or thought, perhaps, that he ought not to remember them, when the offender was so soon to appear before the Supreme Judge of heaven and earth.

Reyn. Recoll.

Dr. Johnson told Miss Reynolds that Dodd, on reading this letter, gave it into the hands of his wife, with a strong injunction never to part with it; that he had slept during the night, and when he awoke in the morning, he did not immediately recollect that he was to suffer, and when he did, he expressed the utmost horrour and agony of mind—outrageously vehement in his speech and in his looks—till he went into the chapel, and on his coming out of it his face expressed the most angelic peace and composure.]

Hawk. p. 529-30.

[Johnson was deeply concerned at the failure of the petitions; and asked Sir J. Hawkins at the time, if the request contained in them was not such an one as ought to have been granted to the prayer of twenty-three thousand subjects: to which Hawkins answered, that the subscription of popular petitions was a thing of course, and that, therefore, the difference between twenty and twenty thousand names was inconsiderable. He further censured the clergy very severely, for not interposing in his behalf, and said, "that their

inactivity arose from a paltry fear of being reproached with partiality towards one of their own order." Hawk. p. 530.

But although he thus actively assisted in the solicitations for pardon, yet, in his private judgment, he thought Dodd unworthy of it; having been known to say, that had he been the adviser of the king, he should have told him that, in pardoning Dodd, his justice, in consigning the Perreaus [1] to their sentence, would have been called in question.]

To conclude this interesting episode with an useful application, let us now attend to the reflections of Johnson at the end of the "Occasional Papers," concerning the unfortunate Dr. Dodd.

"Such were the last thoughts of a man whom we have seen exulting in popularity and sunk in shame. For his reputation, which no man can give to himself, those who conferred it are to answer. Of his publick ministry the means of judging were sufficiently attainable. He must be allowed to preach well, whose sermons strike his audience with forcible conviction. Of his life, those who thought it consistent with his doctrine did not originally form false notions. He was at first what he endeavoured to make others; but the world broke down his resolution, and he in time ceased to exemplify his own instructions.

"Let those who are tempted to his faults tremble at his punishment; and those whom he impressed from the pulpit with religious sentiments endeavour to confirm them, by considering the regret and self-abhorrence with which he reviewed in prison his deviations from rectitude [2]."

Johnson gave us this evening, in his happy discriminative manner, a portrait of the late Mr. Fitzherbert [3] of Derbyshire. "There was," said he, "no sparkle, no brilliancy in Fitzherbert; but I never knew a man who was so generally acceptable. He made every body quite easy, overpowered nobody by

[1] [See *ante*, p. 337.—Ed.]

[2] See Dr. Johnson's final opinion concerning Dr. Dodd, *sub* April 18, 1783.—Malone.

[3] [See *ante*, v. i. p. 51, and v. ii. p. 471. *n.*—Ed.]

the superiority of his talents, made no man think worse of himself by being his rival, seemed always to listen, did not oblige you to hear much from him, and did not oppose what you said. Every body liked him; but he had no *friends*, as I understand the word, nobody with whom he exchanged intimate thoughts. People were willing to think well of every thing about him. A gentleman was making an affecting rant, as many people do, of great feelings about 'his dear son,' who was at school near London; how anxious he was lest he might be ill, and what he would give to see him. 'Can't you,' said Fitzherbert, 'take a postchaise and go to him?' This, to be sure, *finished* the affected man, but there was not much in it[1]. However, this was circulated as wit for a whole winter, and I believe part of a summer too; a proof that he was no very witty man. He was an instance of the truth of the observation, that a man will please more upon the whole by negative qualities than by positive; by never offending, than by giving a great deal of delight. In the first place, men hate more steadily than they love; and if I have said something to hurt a man once, I shall not get the better of this by saying many things to please him." [Of Mrs. Fitzherbert[2] he always spoke with esteem and tenderness, and with a veneration very difficult to deserve. "That woman," said he, "loved her husband as we hope and desire to be loved by our guardian angel. Fitzherbert was a gay, good-

Piozzi, p. 122.

[1] Dr. Gisborne, physician to his majesty's household, has obligingly communicated to me a fuller account of this story than had reached Dr. Johnson. The affected gentleman was the late John Gilbert Cooper, esq. authour of a Life of Socrates, and of some poems in Dodsley's collection. Mr. Fitzherbert found him one morning, apparently, in such violent agitation, on account of the indisposition of his son, as to seem beyond the power of comfort. At length, however, he exclaimed, "I 'll write an elegy." Mr. Fitzherbert, being satisfied by this of the sincerity of his emotions, slily said, "Had not you better take a postchaise, and go and see him?" It was the shrewdness of the insinuation which made the story be circulated.—BOSWELL.

[2] [See *ante*, v. i. p. 51.—ED.]

humoured fellow, generous of his money and of his meat, and desirous of nothing but good, cheerful society among people distinguished in *some* way—in *any way*, I think; for Rousseau and St. Austin would have been equally welcome to his table and to his kindness. The lady, however, was of another way of thinking: her first care was to preserve her husband's soul from corruption; her second to keep his estate entire for their children: and I owed my good reception in the family to the idea she had entertained, that I was fit company for Fitzherbert, whom I loved extremely. 'They dare not,' said she, 'swear, and take other conversation-liberties, before *you*.' Mrs. Piozzi asked if her husband returned her regard. "He felt her influence too powerfully," replied Dr. Johnson: "no man will be fond of what forces him daily to feel himself inferior. She stood at the door of her paradise in Derbyshire, like the angel with the flaming sword, to keep the devil at a distance. But she was not immortal, poor dear! she died, and her husband felt at once afflicted and released." Mrs. Piozzi inquired if she was handsome. "She would have been handsome for a queen," replied the panegyrist: "her beauty had more in it of majesty than of attraction, more of the dignity of virtue than the vivacity of wit." The friend of this lady, Miss Boothby, succeeded her in the management of Mr. Fitzherbert's family, and in the esteem of Dr. Johnson; "Though," he said, "she pushed her piety to bigotry, her devotion to enthusiasm; that she somewhat disqualified herself for the duties of *this* life by her perpetual aspirations after the *next*:" such was, however, the purity of her mind, he said, and such the graces of her manner, that Lord Lyttelton and he used to strive for her preference with an emulation that occasioned hourly disgust, and

Piozzi, p. 123.

Piozzi, p. 124. ended in lasting animosity. "You may see," said he to Mrs. Piozzi when the Poets' Lives were printed, "that dear Boothby is at my heart still. She *would* delight in that fellow Lyttelton's company in spite of all that I could do; and I cannot forgive even his memory the preference given by a mind like hers." Mrs. Piozzi heard Baretti say, that when this lady died, Dr. Johnson was almost distracted with his grief; and that the friends about him had much ado to calm the violence of his emotions [1].]

Tuesday, September 16, Dr. Johnson having mentioned to me the extraordinary size and price of some cattle reared by Dr. Taylor, I rode out with our host, surveyed his farm, and was shown one cow which he had sold for a hundred and twenty guineas, and another for which he had been offered a hundred and thirty. Taylor thus described to me his old schoolfellow and friend, Johnson: "He is a man of a very clear head, great power of words, and a very gay imagination; but there is no disputing with him. He will not hear you, and, having a louder voice than you, must roar you down."

In the afternoon I tried to get Dr. Johnson to like the Poems of Mr. Hamilton of Bangour [2], which I had brought with me: I had been much pleased with them at a very early age: the impression still remained on my mind; it was confirmed by the opinion of my friend the Honourable Andrew Erskine, himself both a good poet and a good critick, who thought Hamilton as true a poet as ever wrote, and that his not having fame was unaccountable. Johnson, upon repeated occasions, while I was at Ashbourne, talked slight-

[1] [See, on the subject of Miss Boothby, *ante*, vol. i. p. 51, and *post*, the note on the account of the Life of Lyttelton, *sub* 1781, where the attachment between her and Dr. Johnson is more fully explained. See also the general appendix, where a selection of the lady's letters and all Dr. Johnson's to her are given.—Ed.]

[2] [See *ante*, v. ii. p. 278.—Ed.]

ingly of Hamilton. He said there was no power of thinking in his verses, nothing that strikes one, nothing better than what you generally find in magazines; and that the highest praise they deserved was, that they were very well for a gentleman to hand about among his friends. He said the imitation of *Ne sit ancillæ tibi amor*, &c. was too solemn: he read part of it at the beginning. He read the beautiful pathetick song, "Ah, the poor shepherd's mournful fate," and did not seem to give attention to what I had been used to think tender elegant strains, but laughed at the rhyme, in Scotch pronunciation, *wishes* and *blushes*, reading *wushes*—and there he stopped. He owned that the epitaph on Lord Newhall was pretty well done. He read the "Inscription in a Summer-house," and a little of the Imitations of Horace's Epistles; but said he found nothing to make him desire to read on. When I urged that there were some good poetical passages in the book, "Where," said he, "will you find so large a collection without some?" I thought the description of Winter might obtain his approbation:

> "See Winter, from the frozen north,
> Drives his iron chariot forth!
> His grisly hand in icy chains
> Fair Tweeda's silver flood constrains," &c.

He asked why an "*iron* chariot?" and said "icy chains" was an old image. I was struck with the uncertainty of taste, and somewhat sorry that a poet whom I had long read with fondness was not approved by Dr. Johnson. I comforted myself with thinking that the beauties were too delicate for his robust perceptions. Garrick maintained that he had not a taste for the finest productions of genius: but I was sensible, that when he took the trouble to analyse critically, he generally convinced us that he was right.

In the evening the Reverend Mr. Seward, of

Lichfield, who was passing through Ashbourne in his way home, drank tea with us. Johnson described him thus: "Sir, his ambition is to be a fine talker; so he goes to Buxton, and such places, where he may find companies to listen to him. And, sir, he is a valetudinarian, one of those who are always mending themselves. I do not know a more disagreeable character than a valetudinarian, who thinks he may do any thing that is for his ease[1], and indulges himself in the grossest freedoms: sir, he brings himself to the state of a hog in a sty."

Dr. Taylor's nose happening to bleed, he said it was because he had omitted to have himself blooded four days after a quarter of a year's interval. Dr. Johnson, who was a great dabbler in physick, disapproved much of periodical bleeding. "For," said he, "you accustom yourself to an evacuation which nature cannot perform of herself, and therefore she cannot help you, should you from forgetfulness or any other cause omit it; so you may be suddenly suffocated. You may accustom yourself to other periodical evacuations, because, should you omit them, nature can supply the omission; but nature cannot open a vein to blood you[2]." "I do not like to take an emetick," said Taylor, "for fear of breaking some small vessels." "Poh!" said Johnson, "if you have so many things that will break, you had better break your neck at once, and there's an end on't. You will break no small vessels" (blowing with high derision). [Though Dr. Johnson was commonly affected even to agony at the thoughts of a friend's dying, he troubled himself very little with the complaints they might make to him about ill health. "Dear doctor," said he one day to a common

Piozzi, p. 144.

[1] [See *ante*, p. 366, 27th March, 1776.—ED.]

[2] [Nature, however, may supply the evacuation by an hemorrhage.—KEARNEY.]

acquaintance [1], who lamented the tender state of his *inside*, "do not be like the spider, and spin conversation thus incessantly out of thy own bowels."] Piozzi, p. 145.

I mentioned to Dr. Johnson, that David Hume's persisting in his infidelity when he was dying shocked me much. JOHNSON. "Why should it shock you, sir? Hume owned he had never read the New Testament with attention. Here then was a man who had been at no pains to inquire into the truth of religion, and had continually turned his mind the other way. It was not to be expected that the prospect of death would alter his way of thinking, unless God should send an angel to set him right." I said I had reason to believe that the thought of annihilation gave Hume no pain. JOHNSON. "It was not so, sir. He had a vanity in being thought easy. It is more probable that he should assume an appearance of ease, than that so very improbable a thing should be, as a man not afraid of going (as, in spite of his delusive theory, he cannot be sure but he may go) into an unknown state, and not being uneasy at leaving all he knew. And you are to consider, that upon his own principle of annihilation he had no motive to speak the truth." [He would never hear Hume mentioned with any temper. "A man," said he, "who endeavoured to persuade his friend, who had the stone, to shoot himself!"] The horrour of death, which I had always observed in Dr. Johnson, appeared strong to-night. I ventured to tell him, that I had been, for moments in my life, not afraid of death; therefore I could suppose another man in that state of mind for a considerable space of time. He said, "he never had a moment in which death was not terrible to him." He added, that it had been observed, that scarce any man dies in publick but Hawk. Apoph. p. 205.

[1] [Dr. Delap of Lewes. See *ante*, vol. i. p. 514; but it is there incorrectly stated that he was *rector of Lewes*; he only resided there.—ED.]

with apparent resolution; from that desire of praise which never quits us. I said, Dr. Dodd seemed to be willing to die, and full of hopes of happiness. "Sir," said he, "Dr. Dodd would have given both his hands and both his legs to have lived. The better a man is, the more afraid is he of death, having a clearer view of infinite purity." He owned, that our being in an unhappy uncertainty as to our salvation was mysterious; and said, "Ah! we must wait till we are in another state of being to have many things explained to us." Even the powerful mind of Johnson seemed foiled by futurity. But I thought, that the gloom of uncertainty in solemn religious speculation, being mingled with hope, was yet more consolatory than the emptiness of infidelity. A man can live in thick air, but perishes in an exhausted receiver.

Dr. Johnson was much pleased with a remark which I told him was made to me by General Paoli: "That it is impossible not to be afraid of death; and that those who at the time of dying are not afraid, are not thinking of death, but of applause, or something else, which keeps death out of their sight: so that all men are equally afraid of death when they see it; only some have a power of turning their sight away from it better than others."

On Wednesday, September 17, Dr. Butter, physician at Derby, drank tea with us; and it was settled that Dr. Johnson and I should go on Friday and dine with him. Johnson said, "I am glad of this." He seemed weary of the uniformity of life at Dr. Taylor's.

Talking of biography, I said, in writing a life, a man's peculiarities should be mentioned, because they mark his character. JOHNSON. "Sir, there is no doubt as to peculiarities: the question is, whether a man's vices should be mentioned; for instance, whether it should be mentioned that Addison and

Parnell drank too freely; for people will probably more easily indulge in drinking from knowing this; so that more ill may be done by the example, than good by telling the whole truth." Here was an instance of his varying from himself in talk; for when Lord Hailes and he sat one morning calmly conversing in my house at Edinburgh, I well remember that Dr. Johnson maintained, that "If a man is to write a *Panegyrick*, he may keep vices out of sight; but if he professes to write a *Life*, he must represent it really as it was:" and when I objected to the danger of telling that Parnell drank to excess, he said, that "it would produce an instructive caution to avoid drinking, when it was seen, that even the learning and genius of Parnell could be debased by it." And in the Hebrides he maintained, as appears from the "Journal[1]," that a man's intimate friend should mention his faults, if he writes his life.

[On another occasion, when accused of mentioning ridiculous anecdotes in the "Lives of the Poets," he said, he should not have been an exact biographer if he had omitted them. "The business of such a one," said he, "is to give a complete account of the person whose life he is writing, and to discriminate him from all other persons by any peculiarities of character or sentiment he may happen to have."] Hawk. Apoph. p. 198.

He had this evening, partly, I suppose, from the spirit of contradiction to his whig friend, a violent argument with Dr. Taylor, as to the inclinations of the people of England at this time towards the Royal Family of Stuart. He grew so outrageous as to say, "that if England were fairly polled, the present king would be sent away to-night, and his adherents hanged to-morrow." Taylor, who was as violent a whig as

[1] [*Ante*, vol. ii. p. 462, 22d Sept. 1773.—BOSWELL.]

Johnson was a tory, was roused by this to a pitch of bellowing. He denied loudly what Johnson said; and maintained that there was an abhorrence against the Stuart family, though he admitted that the people were not much attached to the present king[1]. JOHNSON. "Sir, the state of the country is this: the people, knowing it to be agreed on all hands that this king has not the hereditary right to the crown, and there being no hope that he who has it can be restored, have grown cold and indifferent upon the subject of loyalty, and have no warm attachment to any king. They would not, therefore, risk any thing to restore the exiled family. They would not give twenty shillings a-piece to bring it about. But if a mere vote could do it, there would be twenty to one; at least there would be a very great majority of voices for it. For, sir, you are to consider, that all those who think a king has a right to his crown as a man has to his estate, which is the just opinion, would be for restoring the king who certainly has the hereditary right, could he be trusted with it; in which there would be no danger now, when laws and every thing else are so much advanced: and every king will govern by the laws. And you must also consider, sir, that there is nothing on the other side to oppose to this: for it is not alleged by any one that the present family has any inherent right: so that the whigs could not have a contest between two rights."

Dr. Taylor admitted, that if the question as to hereditary right were to be tried by a poll of the people of England, to be sure the abstract doctrine would be given in favour of the family of Stuart; but he said,

[1] Dr. Taylor was very ready to make this admission, because the party with which he was connected was not in power. There was then some truth in it, owing to the pertinacity of factious clamour. Had he lived till now, it would have been impossible for him to deny that his majesty possesses the warmest affection of his people.—BOSWELL.

the conduct of that family, which occasioned their expulsion, was so fresh in the minds of the people, that they would not vote for a restoration. Dr. Johnson, I think, was contented with the admission as to the hereditary right, leaving the original point in dispute, viz. what the people upon the whole would do, taking in right and affection; for he said, people were afraid of a change, even though they think it right. Dr. Taylor said something of the slight foundation of the hereditary right of the house of Stuart. "Sir," said Johnson, "the house of Stuart succeeded to the full right of both the houses of York and Lancaster, whose common source had the undisputed right. A right to a throne is like a right to any thing else. Possession is sufficient, where no better right can be shown. This was the case with the Royal Family of England, as it is now with the King of France: for as to the first beginning of the right we are in the dark."

[But though thus a tory, and almost a *jacobite*, Dr. Johnson was not so besotted in his notions, as to abet what is called the patriarchial scheme, as delineated by Sir Robert Filmer and other writers on government; nor, with others of a more sober cast, to acquiesce in the opinion that, because submission to governors is, in general terms, inculcated in the Holy Scriptures, the resistance of tyranny and oppression is, in all cases, unlawful: he seemed rather to adopt the sentiments of Hooker on the subject, as explained by Hoadly, and, by consequence, to look on submission to lawful authority as a moral obligation; he, therefore, condemned the conduct of James the Second during his short reign; and, had he been a subject of that weak and infatuated monarch, would, Sir John Hawkins was persuaded, have resisted any invasion of his right, or unwarrantable exertion of

Ed.

Hawk. p. 504.

Hawk. p. 505. power, with the same spirit as did the president and fellows of Magdalen college, or those conscientious divines the seven bishops. This disposition, as it leads to whiggism, one would have thought, might have reconciled him to the memory of James's successor, whose exercise of the regal authority among us merited better returns than were made him; but, it had no such effect: he never spoke of King William but in terms of reproach, and, in his opinion of him, seemed to adopt all the prejudices of jacobite bigotry and rancour. He, however, was not so unjust to the minister who most essentially contributed to the

p. 514, 515. establishment of the reigning family. Of Sir Robert Walpole, notwithstanding that he had written against him in the early part of his life, he had a high opinion: he said of him, that he was a fine fellow, and that his very enemies deemed him so before his death: he honoured his memory for having kept this country in peace many years, as also for the goodness and placability of his temper; of which Pulteney, earl of Bath, thought so highly, that, in a conversation with Johnson, he said, that Sir Robert was of a temper so calm and equal, and so hard to be provoked, that he was very sure he never felt the bitterest invectives against him for half an hour. To the same purpose Johnson related the following anecdote, which he said he had from Lord North: Sir Robert having got into his hands some treasonable letters of his inveterate enemy, Will. Shippen, one of the heads of the jacobite faction, he sent for him, and burned them before his face. Some time afterwards, Shippen had occasion to take the oaths to the government in the house of commons, which, while he was doing, Sir Robert, who stood next him, and knew his principles to be the same as ever, smiled: "Egad, Robin," said Shippen, who had observed him, "that 's hardly fair."

To party opposition Dr. Johnson ever expressed great aversion; and, of the pretences of *patriots*, always spoke with indignation and contempt. He partook of the short-lived joy that infatuated the public, when Sir Robert Walpole ceased to have the direction of the national councils, and trusted to the professions of Mr. Pulteney and his adherents, who called themselves the country-party, that all elections should thenceforward be free and uninfluenced, and that bribery and corruption, which were never practised but by courtiers and their agents, should be no more. A few weeks, nay, a few days, convinced Johnson, and indeed all England, that what had assumed the appearance of patriotism, was personal hatred and inveterate malice in some, and in others, an ambition for that power, which, when they had got it, they knew not how to exercise. A change of men, and in some respect of measures, took place: Mr. Pulteney's ambition was gratified by a peerage; the wants of his associates were relieved by places, and seats at the public boards; and, in a short time, the stream of government resumed its former channel, and ran with a current as even as it had ever done. Hawk. p. 506-7.

Upon this developement of the motives, the views, and the consistency of the above-mentioned band of *patriots*, Johnson once remarked to me, that it had given more strength to government than all that had been written in its defence, meaning thereby, that it had destroyed all confidence in men of that character.]

APPENDIX.

No. I.

In justice to the ingenious Dr. Blacklock, I publish the following letter from him, relative to a passage in the Journal of a Tour to the Hebrides. *See vol. ii. p.* 282. —Boswell.

"TO JAMES BOSWELL, ESQ.

"Edinburgh, Nov. 12, 1785.

"Dear sir,—Having lately had the pleasure of reading your account of the journey which you took with Dr. Samuel Johnson to the Western Isles, I take the liberty of transmitting my ideas of the conversation which happened between the doctor and myself concerning lexicography and poetry, which, as it is a little different from the delineation exhibited in the former edition of your journal, cannot, I hope, be unacceptable; particularly since I have been informed that a second edition of that work is now in contemplation, if not in execution: and I am still more strongly tempted to encourage that hope, from considering that, if every one concerned in the conversations related were to send you what they can recollect of these colloquial entertainments, many curious and interesting particulars might be recovered, which the most assiduous attention could not observe, nor the most tenacious memory retain. A little reflection, sir, will convince you, that there is not an axiom in Euclid more intuitive nor more evident than the doctor's assertion that poetry was of much easier execution than lexicography. Any mind, therefore, endowed with common sense, must have been extremely absent from itself, if it discovered the least astonishment from hearing that a poem might be written with much more facility than the same quantity of a dictionary.

"The real cause of my surprise was what appeared to me much more paradoxical, that he could write a sheet of dictionary *with as much pleasure* as a sheet of poetry. He acknowledged, indeed, that the latter was much easier than the former. For in the one case, books and a desk were requisite; in the other, you might compose when lying in bed, or walking in the fields, &c. He did not, however, descend to explain, nor to this moment can I comprehend, how the labours of a mere philologist, in the most refined sense of that term, could give equal pleasure with the exercise of a mind replete with elevated conceptions and pathetic ideas, while taste, fancy, and intellect were deeply enamoured of nature, and in full exertion. You may likewise, perhaps, remember, that when I complained of the ground which scepticism in religion and morals was continually gaining, it did nbt appear to be on my own account, as my private opinions upon these important subjects had long been inflexibly determined. What I then deplored, and still deplore, was the unhappy influence which that gloomy hesitation had, not only upon particular characters, but even upon life in general; as being equally the bane of action in our present state, and of such consolations as we might derive from the hopes of a future.

"I have the pleasure of remaining with sincere esteem and respect, dear sir, your most obedient humble servant,

"THOMAS BLACKLOCK."

I am very happy to find that Dr. Blacklock's apparent uneasiness on the subject of scepticism was not on his own account (as I supposed), but from a benevolent concern for the happiness of mankind. With respect, however, to the question concerning poetry, and composing a dictionary, I am confident that my state of Dr. Johnson's position is accurate. One may misconceive the motive by which a person is induced to discuss a particular topick (as in the case of Dr. Blacklock's speaking of scepticism); but an assertion, like that made by Dr. Johnson, cannot be easily mistaken. And, indeed, it seems not very probable, that he who so pathetically laments the *drudgery* to which the unhappy lexicographer is doomed, and is known to have written his splendid imitation of Juvenal with astonishing rapidity, should have had "as much pleasure in writing a sheet of a dictionary as a sheet of poetry." Nor can I concur with the ingenious writer of the foregoing letter, in thinking it an axiom as evident as any in Euclid, that "poetry is of easier execution than lexicography." I have no doubt that Bailey, and the "mighty blunderbuss of law," Jacob, wrote ten pages of their respective dictionaries with more ease than they could have written five pages of poetry.

If this book should again be reprinted, I shall, with the utmost readiness, correct any errours I may have committed, in stating con-

versations, provided it can be clearly shown to me that I have been inaccurate. But I am slow to believe (as I have elsewhere observed) that any man's memory, at the distance of several years, can preserve facts or sayings with such fidelity as may be done by writing them down when they are recent: and I beg it may be remembered, that it is not upon *memory*, but upon what was *written at the time*, that the authenticity of my journal rests.—BOSWELL.

No. II.

[WHILE this volume was passing through the press, but after pp. 21 and 171 had been printed, Mr. Langton favoured the Editor with several interesting papers (which had belonged to his grandfather, Mr. Bennet Langton), and, amongst them, a copy of the *Verses on Inch-Kenneth*, in Dr. Johnson's own hand-writing, dated 2d Dec. 1773, by which it appears that the line which the Editor ventured to consider as inferior to the rest,

"Sint pro legitimis pura labella sacris,"

was manufactured by Mr. Langton from two variations which Dr. Johnson had, it seems, successively rejected,

Sint pro legitimis pectora pura sacris,

and

Legitimas faciunt pura labella preces;

so that we may safely restore the reading which Johnson appears finally to have approved,

"Legitimas faciunt pectora pura preces."

Mr. Langton's copy agrees with that in p. 21, except only that "duas *cepit* casa" is "duas *tenuit* casa"—and "procul esse *jubet*" is "procul esse *velit*." How it happened that the copy sent by Johnson to Boswell in 1775 should be so mutilated and curtailed from a copy written so early as Dec. 1773, is not to be explained.—ED.]

No. III.

[ARGUMENT against Dr. Memis's complaint that he was styled "*doctor of medicine*" instead of "*physician*," —*referred to in p.* 247.]

"There are but two reasons for which a physician can decline the title of *doctor of medicine*—because he supposes himself disgraced by the doctorship, or supposes the doctorship disgraced by himself. To be disgraced by a title which he shares in common with every illustrious name of his profession, with Boerhaave, with Arbuthnot, and with Cullen, can surely diminish no man's reputation. It is, I suppose, to the doctorate, from which he shrinks, that he owes his right of practising physick. A doctor of medicine is a physician under the protection of the laws, and by the stamp of authority. The physician who is not a doctor usurps a profession, and is authorised only by himself to decide upon health and sickness, and life and death. That this gentleman is a doctor, his diploma makes evident; a diploma not obtruded upon him, but obtained by solicitation, and for which fees were paid. With what countenance any man can refuse the title which he has either begged or bought, is not easily discovered.

"All verbal injury must comprise in it either some false position, or some unnecessary declaration of defamatory truth. That in calling him doctor, a false appellation was given him, he himself will not pretend, who at the same time that he complains of the title would be offended if we supposed him to be not a doctor. If the title of doctor be a defamatory truth, it is time to dissolve our colleges; for why should the publick give salaries to men whose approbation is reproach? It may likewise deserve the notice of the publick to consider what help can be given to the professors of physick, who all share with this unhappy gentleman the ignominious appellation, and of whom the very boys in the street are not afraid to say, *There goes the doctor.*

"What is implied by the term doctor is well known. It distinguishes him to whom it is granted, as a man who has attained such knowledge of his profession as qualifies him to instruct others. A doctor of laws is a man who can form lawyers by his precepts. A doctor of medicine is a man who can teach the art of curing diseases. This is an old axiom which no man has yet thought fit to deny. *Nil dat quod non habet.* Upon this principle to be doctor implies

skill, for *nemo docet quod non didicit.* In England, whoever practises physick, not being a doctor, must practise by a licence; but the doctorate conveys a licence in itself.

"By what accident it happened that he and the other physicians were mentioned in different terms, where the terms themselves were equivalent, or where in effect that which was applied to him was the most honourable, perhaps they who wrote the paper cannot now remember. Had they expected a lawsuit to have been the consequence of such petty variation, I hope they would have avoided it [1]. But, probably, as they meant no ill, they suspected no danger, and, therefore, consulted only what appeared to them propriety or convenience."

No. IV.

[ARGUMENT in favour of the Corporation of Stirling, —*referred to in page* 247.]

"There is a difference between majority and superiority; majority is applied to number, and superiority to power; and power, like many other things, is to be estimated *non numero sed pondere.* Now though the greater *number* is not corrupt, the greater *weight* is corrupt so that corruption predominates in the borough, taken *collectively,* though, perhaps, taken *numerically,* the greater part may be uncorrupt. That borough, which is so constituted as to act corruptly, is in the eye of reason corrupt, whether it be by the uncontrollable power of a few, or by an accidental pravity of the multitude. The objection, in which is urged the injustice of making the innocent suffer with the guilty, is an objection not only against society, but against the possibility of society. All societies, great and small, subsist upon this condition; that as the individuals derive advantages from union, they may likewise suffer inconveniences; that as those who do nothing, and sometimes those who do ill, will have the honours and emoluments of general virtue and general prosperity, so those likewise who do nothing, or perhaps do well, must be involved in the consequences of predominant corruption."

[1] In justice to Dr. Memis, though I was against him as an advocate, I must mention, that he objected to the variation very earnestly, before the translation was printed off.

No. V.

[NOTE on Cibber's Lives of the Poets,—*referred to in page 395.*]

In the Monthly Review for May, 1792, there is such a correction of the above passage, as I should think myself very culpable not to subjoin. "This account is very inaccurate. The following statement of facts we know to be true, in every material circumstance: Shiels was the principal collector and digester of the materials for the work; but as he was very raw in authourship, an indifferent writer in prose, and his language full of Scotticisms, [Theoph.] Cibber, who was a clever, lively fellow, and then soliciting employment among the booksellers, was engaged to correct the style and diction of the whole work, then intended to make only four volumes, with power to alter, expunge, or add, as he liked. He was also to supply *notes* occasionally, especially concerning those dramatick poets with whom he had been chiefly conversant. He also engaged to write several of the Lives; which (as we are told) he accordingly performed. He was farther useful in striking out the jacobitical and tory sentiments, which Shiels had industriously interspersed wherever he could bring them in; and as the success of the work appeared, after all, very doubtful, he was content with twenty-one pounds for his labour, besides a few sets of the books to disperse among his friends. Shiels had nearly seventy pounds, beside the advantage of many of the best Lives in the work being communicated by friends to the undertaking; and for which Mr. Shiels had the same consideration as for the rest, being paid by the sheet for the whole. He was, however, so angry with his whiggish supervisor (THE. like his father, being a violent stickler for the political principles which prevailed in the reign of George the Second) for so unmercifully mutilating his copy, and scouting his politicks, that he wrote Cibber a challenge; but was prevented from sending it by the publisher, who fairly laughed him out of his fury. The proprietors, too, were discontented in the end, on account of Mr. Cibber's unexpected industry; for his corrections and alterations in the proof-sheets were so numerous and considerable, that the printer made for them a grievous addition to his bill; and, in fine, all parties were dissatisfied. On the whole, the work was productive of no profit to the undertakers, who had agreed, in case of success, to make Cibber a present of some addition to the twenty guineas which he had received, and for which his receipt is now in the booksellers'

hands. We are farther assured, that he actually obtained an additional sum; when, he, soon after (in the year 1758), unfortunately embarked for Dublin, on an engagement for one of the theatres there; but the ship was cast away, and every person on board perished. There were about sixty passengers, among whom was the Earl of Drogheda, with many other persons of consequence and property.

"As to the alleged design of making the compilement pass for the work of old Mr. Cibber, the charges seem to have been founded on a somewhat uncharitable construction. We are assured that the thought was not harboured by some of the proprietors, who are still living; and we hope that it did not occur to the first designer of the work, who was also the printer of it, and who bore a respectable character.

"We have been induced to enter circumstantially into the foregoing detail of facts relating to the Lives of the Poets, compiled by Messrs. Cibber and Shiels, from a sincere regard to that sacred principle of truth, to which Dr. Johnson so rigidly adhered, according to the best of his knowledge; and which, we believe, *no consideration* would have prevailed on him to violate. In regard to the matter, which we now dismiss, he had, no doubt, been misled by partial and wrong information: Shiels was the doctor's amanuensis; he had quarrelled with Cibber; it is natural to suppose that he told his story in his own way; and it is certain that *he* was not 'a very sturdy moralist.'

"This explanation appears to me satisfactory. It is, however, to be observed, that the story told by Johnson does not rest solely upon my record of his conversation; for he himself has published it in his Life of Hammond, where he says, "the manuscript of Shiels is now in my possession." Very probably he had trusted to Shiels's word, and never looked at it so as to compare it with 'The Lives of the Poets,' as published under Mr. Cibber's name. What became of that manuscript I know not. I should have liked much to examine it. I suppose it was thrown into the fire in that impetuous combustion of papers, which Johnson I think rashly executed when *moribundus*."—BOSWELL.

No. VI.

[ARGUMENT in favour of Mr. James Thompson, minister of Dumfermline,—*referred to in p.* 425.]

"Of the censure pronounced from the pulpit, our determination must be formed, as in other cases, by a consideration of the act itself, and the particular circumstances with which it is invested.

"The right of censure and rebuke seems necessarily appendant to the pastoral office. He, to whom the care of a congregation is intrusted, is considered as the shepherd of a flock, as the teacher of a school, as the father of a family. As a shepherd tending not his own sheep but those of his Master, he is answerable for those that stray, and that lose themselves by straying. But no man can be answerable for losses which he has not power to prevent, or for vagrancy which he has not authority to restrain.

"As a teacher giving instruction for wages, and liable to reproach, if those whom he undertakes to inform make no proficiency, he must have the power of enforcing attendance, of awakening negligence, and repressing contradiction.

"As a father, he possesses the paternal authority of admonition, rebuke, and punishment. He cannot, without reducing his office to an empty name, be hindered from the exercise of any practice necessary to stimulate the idle, to reform the vicious, to check the petulant, and correct the stubborn.

"If we inquire into the practice of the primitive church, we shall, I believe, find the ministers of the word exercising the whole authority of this complicated character. We shall find them not only encouraging the good by exhortation, but terrifying the wicked by reproof and denunciation. In the earliest ages of the church, while religion was yet pure from secular advantages, the punishment of sinners was publick censure and open penance; penalties inflicted merely by ecclesiastical authority, at a time while the church had yet no help from the civil power, while the hand of the magistrate lifted only the rod of persecution, and when governours were ready to afford a refuge to all those who fled from clerical authority.

"That the church, therefore, had once a power of publick censure is evident, because that power was frequently exercised. That it borrowed not its power from the civil authority is likewise certain, because civil authority was at that time its enemy.

"The hour came at length, when, after three hundred years of struggle and distress, Truth took possession of imperial power, and the civil laws lent their aid to the ecclesiastical constitutions. The magistrate from that time co-operated with the priest, and clerical sentences were made efficacious by secular force. But the state, when it came to the assistance of the church, had no intention to diminish its authority. Those rebukes and those censures which were lawful before, were lawful still. But they had hitherto operated only upon voluntary submission. The refractory and contemptuous were at first in no danger of temporal severities, except what they might suffer from the reproaches of conscience, or the detestation of their fellow Christians. When religion obtained the support of law,

if admonitions and censures had no effect, they were seconded by the magistrates with coercion and punishment.

"It therefore appears from ecclesiastical history, that the right of inflicting shame by publick censure has been always considered as inherent in the church; and that this right was not conferred by the civil power; for it was exercised when the civil power operated against it. By the civil power it was never taken away; for the Christian magistrate interposed his office, not to rescue sinners from censure, but to supply more powerful means of reformation; to add pain where shame was insufficient; and when men were proclaimed unworthy of the society of the faithful, to restrain them by imprisonment from spreading abroad the contagion of wickedness.

"It is not improbable that from this acknowledged power of publick censure grew in time the practice of auricular confession. Those who dreaded the blast of publick reprehension were willing to submit themselves to the priest by a private accusation of themselves, and to obtain a reconciliation with the church by a kind of clandestine absolution and invisible penance; conditions with which the priest would, in times of ignorance and corruption, easily comply, as they increased his influence, by adding the knowledge of secret sins to that of notorious offences, and enlarged his authority, by making him the sole arbiter of the terms of reconcilement.

"From this bondage the Reformation set us free. The minister has no longer power to press into the retirements of conscience, to torture us by interrogatories, or put himself in possession of our secrets and our lives. But though we have thus controlled his usurpations, his just and original power remains unimpaired. He may still see, though he may not pry; he may yet hear, though he may not question. And that knowledge which his eyes and ears force upon him it is still his duty to use, for the benefit of his flock. A father who lives near a wicked neighbour may forbid a son to frequent his company. A minister who has in his congregation a man of open and scandalous wickedness may warn his parishioners to shun his conversation. To warn them is not only lawful, but not to warn them would be criminal. He may warn them one by one in friendly converse, or by a parochial visitation. But if he may warn each man singly, what shall forbid him to warn them all together? Of that which is to be made known to all, how is there any difference whether it be communicated to each singly, or to all together? What is known to all must necessarily be publick. Whether it shall be publick at once, or publick by degrees, is the only question. And of a sudden and solemn publication the impression is deeper, and the warning more effectual.

"It may easily be urged, if a minister be thus left at liberty to delate sinners from the pulpit, and to publish at will the crimes of a

parishioner, he may often blast the innocent, and distress the timorous. He may be suspicious, and condemn without evidence; he may be rash, and judge without examination; he may be severe, and treat slight offences with too much harshness; he may be malignant and partial, and gratify his private interest or resentment under the shelter of his pastoral character.

"Of all this there is possibility, and of all this there is danger. But if possibility of evil be to exclude good, no good ever can be done. If nothing is to be attempted in which there is danger, we must all sink into hopeless inactivity. The evils that may be feared from this practice arise not from any defect in the institution, but from the infirmities of human nature. Power, in whatever hands it is placed, will be sometimes improperly exerted; yet courts of law must judge, though they will sometimes judge amiss. A father must instruct his children, though he himself may often want instruction. A minister must censure sinners, though his censure may be sometimes erroneous by want of judgment, and sometimes unjust by want of honesty.

"If we examine the circumstances of the present case, we shall find the sentence neither erroneous nor unjust; we shall find no breach of private confidence, no intrusion into secret transactions. The fact was notorious and indubitable; so easy to be proved, that no proof was desired. The act was base and treacherous, the perpetration insolent and open, and the example naturally mischievous. The minister, however, being retired and recluse, had not yet heard what was publickly known throughout the parish; and on occasion of a publick election, warned his people, according to his duty, against the crimes which publick elections frequently produce. His warning was felt by one of his parishioners as pointed particularly at himself. But instead of producing, as might be wished, private compunction and immediate reformation, it kindled only rage and resentment. He charged his minister, in a publick paper, with scandal, defamation, and falsehood. The minister, thus reproached, had his own character to vindicate, upon which his pastoral authority must necessarily depend. To be charged with a defamatory lie is an injury which no man patiently endures in common life. To be charged with polluting the pastoral office with scandal and falsehood was a violation of character still more atrocious, as it affected not only his personal but his clerical veracity. His indignation naturally rose in proportion to his honesty, and, with all the fortitude of injured honesty, he dared this calumniator in the church, and at once exonerated himself from censure, and rescued his flock from deception and from danger. The man whom he accuses pretends not to be innocent; or at least only pretends; for he declines a trial. The crime of which he is accused has frequent opportunities and strong

temptations. It has already spread far, with much depravation of private morals, and much injury to publick happiness. To warn the people, therefore, against it was not wanton and officious, but necessary and pastoral.

"What then is the fault with which this worthy minister is charged? He has usurped no dominion over conscience. He has exerted no authority in support of doubtful and controverted opinions. He has not dragged into light a bashful and corrigible sinner. His censure was directed against a breach of morality, against an act which no man justifies. The man who appropriated this censure to himself is evidently and notoriously guilty. His consciousness of his own wickedness incited him to attack his faithful reprover with open insolence and printed accusations. Such an attack made defence necessary; and we hope it will be at last decided that the means of defence were just and lawful."

No. VII.

[DR. JOHNSON'S Letters to Mrs. Thrale, giving an Account of the Journey to the Hebrides.

As these letters have been thought the best Dr. Johnson ever wrote, and been by some persons preferred even to his elaborate account of the "Journey," it is thought that they will be acceptable to the reader in this place, as they could not have been introduced into the text.]

"12th August, 1773.

"We left London on Friday the 6th, not very early, and travelled without any memorable accident through a country which I had seen before. In the evening I was not well, and was forced to stop at Stilton, one stage short of Stamford, where we intended to have lodged.

"On the 7th, we passed through Stamford and Grantham, and dined at Newark, where I had only time to observe that the market-place was uncommonly spacious and neat. In London we should call it a square, though the sides were neither straight nor parallel. We came at night to Doncaster, and went to church in the morning, where Chambers found the monument of Robert of Doncaster, who says on his stone something like this: 'What I gave, that I have; what I spent, that I had; what I left, that I lost.' So saith Robert of Doncaster, who reigned in the world sixty-seven years, and all that time lived not one. Here we were invited to dinner, and therefore made no great haste away.

"We reached York however that night. I was much disordered

with old complaints. Next morning we saw the Minster, an edifice of loftiness and elegance equal to the highest hopes of architecture. I remember nothing but the dome of St. Paul's that can be compared with the middle walk. The Chapter-house is a circular building, very stately, but I think excelled by the Chapter-house of Lincoln.

"I then went to see the ruins of the Abbey, which are almost vanished, and I remember nothing of them distinct.

"The next visit was to the jail, which they call the castle; a fabrick built lately, such is terrestrial mutability, out of the materials of the ruined abbey. The under jailor was very officious to show his fetters, in which there was no contrivance. The head jailor came in, and seeing me look I suppose fatigued, offered me wine, and when I went away would not suffer his servant to take money. The jail is accounted the best in the kingdom, and you find the jailor deserving of his dignity.

"We dined at York, and went on to Northallerton, a place of which I know nothing, but that it afforded us a lodging on Monday night, and about two hundred and seventy years ago gave birth to Roger Ascham.

"Next morning we changed our horses at Darlington, where Mr. Cornelius Harrison, a cousin-german of mine, was perpetual curate. He was the only one of my relations who ever rose in fortune above penury, or in character above neglect.

"The church is built crosswise, with a fine spire, and might invite a traveller to survey it, but I perhaps wanted vigour, and thought I wanted time.

"The next stage brought us to Durham, a place of which Mr. Thrale bad me take particular notice. The bishop's palace has the appearance of an old feudal castle built upon an eminence, and looking down upon the river, upon which was formerly thrown a drawbridge, as I supposed to be raised at night, lest the Scots should pass it.

"The cathedral has a massiness and solidity such as I have seen in no other place; it rather awes than pleases, as it strikes with a kind of gigantick dignity, and aspires to no other praise than that of rocky solidity and indeterminate duration. I had none of my friends resident, and therefore saw but little. The library is mean and scanty.

"At Durham, beside all expectation, I met an old friend: Miss Fordyce is married there to a physician. We met, I think, with honest kindness on both sides. I thought her much decayed, and having since heard that the banker had involved her husband in his extensive ruin, I cannot forbear to think that I saw in her withered features more impression of sorrow than of time.

"Qua terra patet, fera regnat Erinnys."—Ovid, Met. i. 241.

"He that wanders about the world sees new forms of human misery, and if he chances to meet an old friend, meets a face darkened with troubles.

"On Tuesday night we came hither; yesterday I took some care of myself, and to-day I am quite polite. I have been taking a view of all that could be shown me, and find that all very near to nothing. You have often heard me complain of finding myself disappointed by books of travels; I am afraid travel itself will end likewise in disappointment. One town, one country, is very like another. Civilized nations have the same customs, and barbarous nations have the same nature. There are indeed minute discriminations both of places and of manners, which perhaps are not wanting of curiosity, but which a traveller seldom stays long enough to investigate and compare. The dull utterly neglect them, the acute see a little, and supply the rest with fancy and conjecture.

"I shall set out again to-morrow, but I shall not, I am afraid, see Alnwick, for Dr. Percy is not there. I hope to lodge to-morrow night at Berwick, and the next at Edinburgh, where I shall direct Mr. Drummond, bookseller at Ossian's-head, to take care of my letters.

"15th August.

"Thus far I had written at Newcastle. I forgot to send it. I am now at Edinburgh; and have been this day running about. I run pretty well."

"Edinburgh, 17th August, 1773.

"On the 13th I left Newcastle, and in the afternoon came to Alnwick, where we were treated with great civility by the duke. I went through the apartments, walked on the wall, and climbed the towers. That night we lay at Belford, and on the next night came to Edinburgh. On Sunday (15th) I went to the English chapel. After dinner, Dr. Robertson came in, and promised to show me the place. On Monday I saw their public buildings. The cathedral, which I told Robertson I wished to see because it had once been a church, the courts of justice, the parliament-house, the advocate's library, the repository of records, the college and its library, and the palace, particularly the old tower where the king of Scotland seized David Rizzio in the queen's presence. Most of their buildings are very mean; and the whole town bears some resemblance to the old part of Birmingham.

"Boswell has very handsome and spacious rooms; level with the ground on one side of the house, and on the other four stories high.

"At dinner on Monday were the Duchess of Douglas, an old lady who talks broad Scotch with a paralytick voice, and is scarce understood by her own countrymen; the Lord Chief Baron, Sir Adolphus Oughton, and many more. At supper there was such a conflux of

company that I could scarcely support the tumult. I have never been well in the whole journey, and am very easily disordered.

"This morning I saw at breakfast Dr. Blacklock, the blind poet, who does not remember to have seen light, and is read to by a poor scholar in Latin, Greek, and French. He was originally a poor scholar himself. I looked on him with reverence. To-morow our journey begins; I know not when I shall write again. I am but poorly."

"Bamff, 25th August, 1773.

"August 18th, I passed with Boswell the Frith of Forth, and began our journey. In the passage we observed an island, which I persuaded my companions to survey. We found it a rock somewhat troublesome to climb, about a mile long, and half a mile broad. In the middle were the ruins of an old fort, which had on one of the stones, 'Marie Re. 1564.' It had been only a blockhouse one story high. I measured two apartments, of which the walls were entire, and found them twenty-seven feet long, and twenty-three broad. The rock had some grass and many thistles; both cows and sheep were grazing. There was a spring of water. The name is Inchkeith. Look on your maps. This visit took about an hour. We pleased ourselves with being in a country all our own, and then went back to the boat, and landed at Kinghorn, a mean town; and travelling through Kirkaldie, a very long town meanly built, and Cowpar, which I could not see because it was night, we came late to St. Andrew's, the most ancient of the Scotch universities, and once the see of the primate of Scotland. The inn was full, but lodgings were provided for us at the house of the professor of rhetorick, a man of elegant manners, who showed us in the morning the poor remains of a stately cathedral, demolished in Knox's reformation, and now only to be imaged by tracing its foundation, and contemplating the little ruins that are left. Here was once a religious house. Two of the vaults or cellars of the sub-prior are even yet entire. In one of them lives an old woman, who claims an hereditary residence in it, boasting that her husband was the sixth tenant of this gloomy mansion, in a lineal descent, and claims by her marriage with this lord of the cavern an alliance with the Bruces. Mr. Boswell stayed awhile to interrogate her, because he understood her language. She told him, that she and her cat lived together; that she had two sons somewhere, who might perhaps be dead; that when there were quality in the town notice was taken of her, and that now she was neglected, but did not trouble them. Her habitation contained all that she had; her turf for fire was laid in one place, and her balls of coal dust in another, but her bed seemed to be clean. Boswell asked her if she never heard any noises, but she could tell him of nothing supernatural, though

she often wandered in the night among the graves and ruins, only she had sometimes notice by dreams of the death of her relations. We then viewed the remains of a castle on the margin of the sea, in which the archbishops resided, and in which Cardinal Beatoun was killed.

"The professors who happened to be resident in the vacation made a public dinner, and treated us very kindly and respectfully. They showed us their colleges, in one of which there is a library that for luminousness and elegance may vie at least with the new edifice at Streatham. But learning seems not to prosper among them; one of their colleges has been lately alienated, and one of their churches lately deserted. An experiment was made of planting a shrubbery in the church, but it did not thrive.

"Why the place should thus fall to decay I know not; for education, such as is here to be had, is sufficiently cheap. Their term, or as they call it their session, lasts seven months in the year, which the students of the highest rank and greatest expense may pass here for twenty pounds; in which are included board, lodging, books, and the continual instruction of three professors.

"20th. We left St. Andrew's, well satisfied with our reception, and crossing the Frith of Tay came to Dundee, a dirty, despicable town. We passed afterwards through Aberbrothwick, famous once for an abbey, of which there are only a few fragments left; but those fragments testify that the fabrick was once of great extent, and of stupendous magnificence. Two of the towers are yet standing, though shattered; into one of them Boswell climbed, but found the stairs broken: the way into the other we did not see, and had not time to search; I believe it might be ascended, but the top I think is open.

"We lay at Montrose, a neat place, with a spacious area for the market, and an elegant town-house.

"21st. We travelled towards Aberdeen, another university, and in the way dined at Lord Monboddo's, the Scotch judge, who has lately written a strange book about the origin of language, in which he traces monkeys up to men, and says that in some countries the human species have tails like other beasts. He inquired for these long-tailed men of Banks, and was not well pleased that they had not been found in all his peregrination. He talked nothing of this to me, and I hope we parted friends; for we agreed pretty well, only we disputed in adjusting the claims of merit between a shopkeeper of London and a savage of the American wildernesses. Our opinions were, I think, maintained on both sides without full conviction. Monboddo declared boldly for the savage, and I, perhaps for that reason, sided with the citizen.

"We came late to Aberdeen, where I found my dear mistress's letter, and learned that all our little people were happily recovered of the measles. Every part of your letter was pleasing.

"There are two cities of the name of Aberdeen. The old town, built about a mile inland, once the see of a bishop, which contains the King's college and the remains of the cathedral, and the new town, which stands for the sake of trade upon a frith or arm of the sea, so that ships rest against the key.

"The two cities have their separate magistrates, and the two colleges are in effect two universities, which confer degrees on each other.

"New Aberdeen is a large town, built almost wholly of that granite which is used for the new pavement in London, which, hard as it is, they square with very little difficulty. Here I first saw the women in plaids. The plaid makes at once a hood and cloak, without cutting or sewing, merely by the manner of drawing the opposite sides over the shoulders. The maids at the inns run over the house barefoot, and children, not dressed in rags, go without shoes or stockings. Shoes are indeed not yet in universal use; they came late into this country. One of the professors told us, as we were mentioning a fort built by Cromwell, that the country owed much of its present industry to Cromwell's soldiers. They taught us, said he, to raise cabbage and make shoes. How they lived without shoes may yet be seen; but in the passage through villages, it seems to him that surveys their gardens that when they had not cabbage they had nothing.

"Education is here of the same price as at St. Andrew's, only the session is but from the 1st of November to the 1st of April. The academical buildings seem rather to advance than decline. They showed their libraries, which were not very splendid; but some manuscripts were so exquisitely penned, that I wished my dear mistress to have seen them. I had an unexpected pleasure, by finding an old acquaintance now professor of physick in the King's college. We were on both sides glad of the interview, having not seen nor perhaps thought on one another for many years; but we had no emulation, nor had either of us risen to the other's envy, and our old kindness was easily renewed. I hope we shall never try the effect of so long an absence."

"Inverness, 28th Aug., 1773.

"August 23d. I had the honour of attending the Lord Provost of Aberdeen, and was presented with the freedom of the city, not in a gold box, but in good Latin. Let me pay Scotland one just praise! There was no officer gaping for a fee. This could have been said of no city on the English side of the Tweed. I wore my patent of freedom *pro more* in my hat, from the new town to the old, about a mile. I then dined with my friend the professor of physick at his

house, and saw the King's college. Boswell was very angry that the Aberdeen professors would not talk. When I was at the English church in Aberdeen I happened to be espied by Lady Di. Middleton, whom I had sometime seen in London. She told what she had seen to Mr. Boyd, Lord Errol's brother, who wrote us an invitation to Lord Errol's house, called Slane's Castle. We went thither on the next day (24th of August), and found a house, not old, except but one tower, built upon the margin of the sea upon a rock, scarce accessible from the sea. At one corner a tower makes a perpendicular continuation of the lateral surface of the rock, so that it is impracticable to walk round: the house inclosed a square court, and on all sides within the court is a piazza or gallery two stories high. We came in as we were invited to dinner, and after dinner offered to go; but Lady Errol sent us word by Mr. Boyd, that if we went before Lord Errol came home we must never be forgiven, and ordered out the coach to show us two curiosities. We were first conducted by Mr. Boyd to Dunbuys, or the yellow rock. Dunbuys is a rock consisting of two protuberances, each perhaps one hundred yards round, joined together by a narrow neck, and separated from the land by a very narrow channel or gully. These rocks are the haunts of sea fowl, whose clang, though this is not their season, we heard at a distance. The eggs and the young are gathered here in great numbers at the time of breeding. There is a bird here called a coote, which though not much bigger than a duck, lays a larger egg than a goose. We went then to see the Buller or Boulloir of Buchan; Buchan is the name of the district, and the Buller is a small creek or gulf, into which the sea flows through an arch of the rock. We walked round it, and saw it black at a great depth. It has its name from the violent ebullition of the water, when high winds or high tides drive it up the arch into the basin. Walking a little further I spied some boats, and told my companions that we would go into the Buller and examine it. There was no danger; all was calm; we went through the arch, and found ourselves in a narrow gulf surrounded by craggy rocks, of height not stupendous, but to a Mediterranean visiter uncommon. On each side was a cave, of which the fisherman knew not the extent, in which smugglers hide their goods, and sometimes parties of pleasure take a dinner."

"Skie, 6th Sept., 1773.

"I am now looking on the sea from a house of Sir Alexander Macdonald, in the Isle of Skie. Little did I once think of seeing this region of obscurity, and little did you once expect a salutation from this verge of European life. I have now the pleasure of going where nobody goes, and seeing what nobody sees. Our design is to visit several of the smaller islands, and then pass over to the south-west of Scotland.

"I returned from the sight of Buller's Buchan to Lord Errol's, and having seen his library, had for a time only to look upon the sea, which rolled between us and Norway. Next morning, August 25, we continued our journey through a country not uncultivated, but so denuded of its woods that in all this journey I had not travelled a hundred yards between hedges, or seen five trees fit for the carpenter. A few small plantations may be found, but I believe scarcely any thirty years old; at least, as I do not forget to tell, they are all posteriour to the union. This day we dined with a country gentleman, who has in his grounds the remains of a Druid's temple, which when it is complete is nothing more than a circle or double circle of stones, placed at equal distances, with a flat stone, perhaps an altar, at a certain point, and a stone taller than the rest at the opposite point. The tall stone is erected I think at the south. Of these circles there are many in all the unfrequented parts of the island. The inhabitants of these parts respect them as memorials of the sepulture of some illustrious person. Here I saw a few trees. We lay at Bamff.

"August 26th We dined at Elgin, where we saw the ruins of a noble cathedral; the chapter-house is yet standing. A great part of Elgin is built with small piazzas to the lower story. We went on to Foris, over the heath where Macbeth met the witches, but had no adventure; only in the way we saw for the first time some houses with fruit trees about them. The improvements of the Scotch are for immediate profit; they do not yet think it quite worth their while to plant what will not produce something to be eaten or sold in a very little time. We rested at Foris.

"A very great proportion of the people are barefoot, and if one may judge by the rest of the dress, to send out boys without shoes into the streets or ways; there are however more beggars than I have ever seen in England; they beg, if not silently, yet very modestly.

"Next day we came to Nairn, a miserable town, but a royal burgh, of which the chief annual magistrate is styled lord provost. In the neighbourhood we saw the castle of the old Thane of Cawdor. There is one ancient tower with its battlements and winding stairs yet remaining; the rest of the house is, though not modern, of later erection.

"On the 28th we went to Fort George, which is accounted the most regular fortification in the island. The major of artillery walked with us round the walls, and showed us the principles upon which every part was constructed, and the way in which it could be defended. We dined with the governor, Sir Eyre Coote, and his officers. It was a very pleasant and instructive day, but nothing puts my honoured mistress out of my mind.

"At night we came to Inverness, the last considerable town in the north, where we stayed all the next day, for it was Sunday, and saw the

ruins of what is called Macbeth's castle. It never was a large house, but was strongly situated. From Inverness we were to travel on horseback.

"August 30th. We set out with four horses. We had two Highlanders to run by us, who were active, officious, civil, and hardy Our journey was for many miles along a military way made upon the banks of Lough Ness, a water about eighteen miles long, but not I think half a mile broad. Our horses were not bad, and the way was very pleasant; the rock out of which the road was cut was covered with birch trees, fern and heath. The lake below was beating its bank by a gentle wind, and the rocks beyond the water on the right stood sometimes horrid and wild, and sometimes opened into a kind of bay, in which there was a spot of cultivated ground yellow with corn. In one part of the way we had trees on both sides for perhaps half a mile. Such a length of shade perhaps Scotland cannot show in any other place.

"You are not to suppose that here are to be any more towns or inns. We came to a cottage which they call the general's hut, where we alighted to dine, and had eggs and bacon, and mutton, with wine, rum and whiskey. I had water.

"At a bridge over the river, which runs into the Ness, the rocks rise on three sides, with a direction almost perpendicular, to a great height; they are in part covered with trees, and exhibit a kind of dreadful magnificence—standing like the barriers of nature placed to keep different orders of being in perpetual separation. Near this bridge is the Fall of Fiers, a famous cataract, of which, by clambering over the rocks, we obtained a view. The water was low, and therefore we had only the pleasure of knowing that rain would make it at once pleasing and formidable; there will then be a mighty flood, foaming along a rocky channel, frequently obstructed by protuberances and exasperated by reverberation, at last precipitated with a sudden descent, and lost in the depth of a gloomy chasm.

"We came somewhat late to Fort Augustus, where the lieutenant-governor met us beyond the gates, and apologised that at that hour he could not by the rules of the garrison admit us otherwise than at a narrow door, which only one can enter at a time. We were well entertained and well lodged, and next morning, after having viewed the fort, we pursued our journey.

"Our way now lay over mountains, which are not to be passed by climbing them directly, but by traversing, so that as we went forward we saw our baggage following us below in a direction exactly contrary. There is in these ways much labour but little danger, and perhaps other places of which very terrifick representations are made are not in themselves more formidable. These roads have all been made by hewing the rock away with pickaxes, or bursting it with

gunpowder. The stones so separated are often piled loose as a wall by the way-side. We saw an inscription importing the year in which one of the regiments made two thousand yards of the road eastward.

"After tedious travel of some hours, we came to what I believe we must call a village, a place where there were three huts built of turf, at one of which we were to have our dinner and our bed, for we could not reach any better place that night. This place is called Enock in Glenmorrison. The house in which we lodged was distinguished by a chimney, the rest had only a hole for the smoke. Here we had eggs, and mutton, and a chicken, and a sausage, and rum. In the afternoon tea was made by a very decent girl in a printed linen. She engaged me so much that I made her a present of Cocker's arithmetic."

"Skie, 14th September, 1773.

"The post, which comes but once a week into these parts, is so soon to go that I have not time to go on where I left off in my last letter. I have been several days in the island of Raarsa, and am now again in the Isle of Skie, but at the other end of it.

"Skie is almost equally divided between the two great families of Macdonald and Macleod, other proprietors having only small districts. The two great lords do not know within twenty square miles the contents of their own territories.

"[1] ——— kept up but ill the reputation of Highland hospitality. We are now with Macleod, quite at the other end of the island, where there is a fine young gentleman and fine ladies. The ladies are studying Earse. I have a cold, and am miserably deaf, and am troublesome to Lady Macleod. I force her to speak loud, but she will seldom speak loud enough.

"Raarsa is an island about fifteen miles long and two broad, under the dominion of one gentleman, who has three sons and ten daughters: the eldest is the beauty of this part of the world, and has been polished at Edinburgh. They sing and dance, and without expense have upon their table most of what sea, air, or earth can afford. I intended to have written about Raarsa, but the post will not wait longer than while I send my compliments to my dear master and little mistresses."

"Skie, 21st September, 1773.

"I am so vexed at the necessity of sending yesterday so short a letter, that I purpose to get a long letter beforehand by writing something every day, which I may the more easily do, as a cold makes me now too deaf to take the usual pleasure in conversation. Lady Macleod is very good to me; and the place at which we now are is equal in strength of situation, in the wilderness of the adjacent

[1] [Sir Alexander Macdonald.—Ed.]

country, and in the plenty and elegance of the domestick entertainment, to a castle in Gothick romances. The sea with a little island is before us. Cascades play within view. Close to the house is the formidable skeleton of an old castle, probably Danish; and the whole mass of building stands upon a protuberance of rock, inaccessible till of late but by a pair of stairs on the sea-side, and secure in ancient times against any enemy that was likely to invade the kingdom of Skie.

"Macleod has offered me an island. If it were not too far off, I should hardly refuse it. My island would be pleasanter than Brighthelmstone, if you and my master could come to it; but I cannot think it pleasant to live quite alone,

Oblitusque meorum, obliviscendus et illis.

That I should be elated by the dominion of an island to forgetfulness of my friends at Streatham I cannot believe, and I hope never to deserve that they should be willing to forget me.

"It has happened that I have been often recognised in my journey where I did not expect it. At Aberdeen I found one of my acquaintance professor of physick; turning aside to dine with a country gentleman, I was owned at table by one who had seen me at a philosophical lecture; at Macdonald's I was claimed by a naturalist, who wanders about the islands to pick up curiosities; and I had once in London attracted the notice of Lady Macleod. I will now go on with my account.

"The Highland girl made tea, and looked and talked not inelegantly. Her father was by no means an ignorant or a weak man. There were books in the cottage, among which were some volumes of Prideaux's Connexion. This man's conversation we were glad of while we staid. He had been *out*, as they call it, in *forty-five*, and still retained his old opinions. He was going to America, because his rent was raised beyond what he thought himself able to pay.

"At night our beds were made, but we had some difficulty in persuading ourselves to lie down in them, though we had put on our own sheets; at last we ventured, and I slept very soundly in the vale of Glenmorrison, amidst the rocks and mountains. Next morning our landlord liked us so well, that he walked some miles with us for our company, through a country so wild and barren, that the proprietor does not, with all his pressure upon his tenants, raise more than four hundred pounds a year for near one hundred square miles, or sixty thousand acres. He let us know that he had forty head of black cattle, an hundred goats, and an hundred sheep, upon a farm that he remembered let at five pounds a year, but for which he now paid twenty. He told us some stories of their march into England.

At last he left us, and we went forward, winding among mountains, sometimes green and sometimes naked, commonly so steep as not easily to be climbed by the greatest vigour and activity. Our way was often crossed by little rivulets, and we were entertained with small streams trickling from the rocks, which after heavy rains must be tremendous torrents.

"About noon we came to a small glen, so they call a valley, which compared with other places appeared rich and fertile; here our guides desired us to stop, that the horses might graze, for the journey was very laborious, and no more grass would be found. We made no difficulty of compliance, and I sat down to take notes on a green bank, with a small stream running at my feet, in the midst of savage solitude, with mountains before me, and on either hand covered with *heath*. I looked around me, and wondered that I was not more affected, but the mind is not at all times equally ready to be put in motion. If my mistress and master and Queeney had been there, we should have produced some reflections among us, either poetical or philosophical; for though solitude be the nurse of woe, conversation is often the parent of remarks and discoveries.

"In about an hour we remounted, and pursued our journey. The lake by which we had travelled for some time ended in a river, which we passed by a bridge, and came to another glen, with a collection of huts, called Auknashealds. The huts were generally built of clods of earth, held together by the intertexture of vegetable fibres, of which earth there are great levels in Scotland, which they call mosses. *Moss* in Scotland is *bog* in Ireland, and moss-trooper is bog-trotter. There was, however, one hut built of loose stones, piled up with great thickness into a strong though not solid wall. From this house we obtained some great pails of milk; and having brought bread with us, were very liberally regaled. The inhabitants, a very coarse tribe, ignorant of any language but Earse, gathered so fast about us, that if we had not had Highlanders with us, they might have caused more alarm than pleasure; they are called the Clan of Macrae.

"We had been told that nothing gratified the Highlanders so much as snuff and tobacco, and had accordingly stored ourselves with both at Fort Augustus. Boswell opened his treasure, and gave them each a piece of tobacco-roll. We had more bread than we could eat for the present, and were more liberal than provident. Boswell cut it in slices, and gave them an opportunity of tasting wheaten bread for the first time. I then got some halfpence for a shilling, and made up the deficiencies of Boswell's distribution, who had given some money among the children. We then directed that the mistress of the stone house should be asked what we must pay her: she, who perhaps had never before sold any thing but cattle, knew not, I believe, well what to

ask, and referred herself to us. We obliged her to make some demand, and one of the Highlanders settled the account with her at a shilling. One of the men advised her, with the cunning that clowns never can be without, to ask more; but she said that a shilling was enough. We gave her half-a-crown, and she offered part of it again. The Macraes were so well pleased with our behaviour, that they declared it the best day they had seen since the time of the old Laird of Macleod, who, I suppose, like us, stopped in their valley as he was travelling to Skie.

"We were mentioning this view of the Highlander's life at Macdonald's, and mentioning the Macraes with some degree of pity, when a Highland lady informed us that we might spare our tenderness, for she doubted not but the woman who supplied us with milk was mistress of thirteen or fourteen milch cows.

"I cannot forbear to interrupt my narrative. Boswell, with some of his troublesome kindness, has informed this family and reminded me that the 18th of September is my birthday. The return of my birthday, if I remember it, fills me with thoughts which it seems to be the general care of humanity to escape. I can now look back upon threescore and four years, in which little has been done, and little has been enjoyed; a life diversified by misery, spent part in the sluggishness of penury, and part under the violence of pain, in gloomy discontent or importunate distress. But perhaps I am better than I should have been if I had been less afflicted. With this I will try to be content.

"In proportion as there is less pleasure in retrospective considerations, the mind is more disposed to wander forward into futurity; but at sixty-four what promises, however liberal, of imaginary good, can futurity venture to make? yet something will be always promised, and some promises will always be credited. I am hoping and I am praying that I may live better in the time to come, whether long or short, than I have yet lived, and in the solace of that hope endeavour to repose. Dear Queeney's day is next. I hope she at sixty-four will have less to regret.

"I will now complain no more, but tell my mistress of my travels.

"After we left the Macraes, we travelled on through a country like that which we passed in the morning. The Highlands are very uniform, for there is little variety in universal barrenness. The rocks, however, are not all naked: some have grass on their sides, and birches and alders on their tops; and in the valleys are often broad and clear streams, which have little depth, and commonly run very quick: the channels are made by the violence of the wintry floods: the quickness of the stream is in proportion to the declivity of the descent, and the breadth of the channel makes the water shallow in a dry season.

"There are red deer and roebucks in the mountains; but we found only goats in the road, and had very little entertainment as we travelled either for the eye or ear. There are, I fancy, no singing birds in the Highlands.

"Towards night we came to a very formidable hill called Rattiken, which we climbed with more difficulty than we had yet experienced, and at last came to Glanelg, a place on the sea-side opposite to Skie. We were by this time weary and disgusted; nor was our humour much mended by our inn, which, though it was built of lime and slate, the Highlander's description of a house which he thinks magnificent, had neither wine, bread, eggs, nor any thing that we could eat or drink. When we were taken up stairs, a dirty fellow bounced out of the bed where one of us was to lie. Boswell blustered, but nothing could be got. At last a gentleman in the neighbourhood, who heard of our arrival, sent us rum and white sugar. Boswell was now provided for in part; and the landlord prepared some mutton-chops, which we could not eat; and killed two hens, of which Boswell made his servant broil a limb, with what effect I know not. We had a lemon and a piece of bread, which supplied me with my supper. When the repast was ended, we began to deliberate upon bed. Mrs. Boswell had warned us that we should *catch something*, and had given us *sheets* for our *security*; for ——— and ———, she said, came back from Skie so scratching themselves I thought sheets a slender defence against the confederacy with which we were threatened, and by this time our Highlanders had found a place where they could get some hay. I ordered hay to be laid thick upon the bed, and slept upon it in my great coat. Boswell laid sheets upon his bed, and reposed in linen like a gentleman. The horses were turned out to grass, with a man to watch them. The hill Rattiken and the inn at Glanelg were the only things of which we, or travellers yet more delicate, could find any pretensions to complain.

"September 2d, I rose rustling from the hay, and went to tea, which I forget whether we found or brought. We saw the Isle of Skie before us, darkening the horizon with its rocky coast. A boat was procured, and we launched into one of the straits of the Atlantick ocean. We had a passage of about twelve miles to the point where ———[1] resided, having come from his seat in the middle of the island to a small house on the shore, as we believe, that he might with less reproach entertain us meanly. If he aspired to meanness, his retrograde ambition was completely gratified; but he did not succeed equally in escaping reproach. He had no cook, nor I suppose much provision, nor had the lady the common decencies of her tea-table: we picked up our sugar with our fingers. Boswell was

[1] [Sir Alexander Macdonald.—Ed.]

very angry, and reproached him with his improper parsimony: I did not much reflect upon the conduct of a man with whom I was not likely to converse as long at any other time.

"You will now expect that I should give you some account of the Isle of Skie, of which, though I have been twelve days upon it, I have little to say. It is an island, perhaps, fifty miles long, so much indented by inlets of the sea that there is no part of it removed from the water more than six miles. No part that I have seen is plain: you are always climbing or descending, and every step is upon rock or mire. A walk upon ploughed ground in England is a dance upon carpets compared to the toilsome drudgery of wandering in Skie. There is neither town nor village in the island, nor have I seen any house but Macleod's, that is not much below your habitation at Brighthelmstone. In the mountains there are stags and roebucks, but no hares and few rabbits; nor have I seen any thing that interested me as a zoologist, except an otter, bigger than I thought an otter could have been.

"You are perhaps imagining that I am withdrawn from the gay and the busy world into regions of peace and pastoral felicity, and am enjoying the reliques of the golden age; that I am surveying Nature's magnificence from a mountain, or remarking her minuter beauties on the flowery bank of a winding rivulet; that I am invigorating myself in the sunshine, or delighting my imagination with being hidden from the invasion of human evils and human passions in the darkness of a thicket; that I am busy in gathering shells and pebbles on the shore, or contemplative on a rock, from which I look upon the water, and consider how many waves are rolling between me and Streatham.

"The use of travelling is to regulate imagination by reality, and instead of thinking how things may be, to see them as they are. Here are mountains which I should once have climbed; but to climb steeps is now very laborious, and to descend them dangerous; and I am now content with knowing that by scrambling up a rock I shall only see other rocks, and a wider circuit of barren desolation. Of streams we have here a sufficient number; but they murmur not upon pebbles, but upon rocks. Of flowers, if Chloris herself were here, I could present her only with the bloom of heath. Of lawns and thickets, he must read that would know them, for here is little sun and no shade. On the sea I look from my window, but am not much tempted to the shore; for since I came to this island, almost every breath of air has been a storm, and, what is worse, a storm with all its severity, but without its magnificence; for the sea is here so broken into channels, that there is not a sufficient volume of water either for lofty surges or a loud roar.

"On September 6th we left Macdonald's to visit Raarsa, the island

which I have already mentioned. We were to cross part of Skie on horseback—a mode of travelling very uncomfortable, for the road is so narrow, where any road can be found, that only one can go, and so craggy that the attention can never be remitted; it allows, therefore, neither the gayety of conversation, nor the laxity of solitude; nor has it in itself the amusement of much variety, as it affords only all the possible transpositions of bog, rock, and rivulet. Twelve miles, by computation, make a reasonable journey for a day.

"At night we came to a tenant's house, of the first rank of tenants, where we were entertained better than at the landlord's. There were books, both English and Latin. Company gathered about us, and we heard some talk of the second-sight, and some talk of the events of *forty-five*, a year which will not soon be forgotten among the islanders. The next day we were confined by a storm. The company, I think, increased, and our entertainment was not only hospitable but elegant. At night, a minister's sister, in very fine brocade, sung Earse songs: I wished to know the meaning, but the Highlanders are not much used to scholastick questions, and no translations could be obtained.

"Next day, September 8th, the weather allowed us to depart; a good boat was provided for us, and we went to Raarsa under the conduct of Mr. Malcolm Macleod, a gentleman who conducted Prince Charles through the mountains in his distresses. The prince, he says, was more active than himself; they were, at least, one night without any shelter.

"The wind blew enough to give the boat a kind of dancing agitation, and in about three or four hours we arrived at Raarsa, where we were met by the laird and his friends upon the shore. Raarsa, for such is his title, is master of two islands; upon the smaller of which, called Rona, he has only flocks and herds. Rona gives title to his eldest son. The money which he raises annually by rent from all his dominions, which contain at least fifty thousand acres, is not believed to exceed two hundred and fifty pounds; but as he keeps a large farm in his own hands, he sells every year great numbers of cattle, which add to his revenue, and his table is furnished from the farm and from the sea, with very little expense, except for those things this country does not produce, and of those he is very liberal. The wine circulates vigorously, and the tea, chocolate, and coffee, however they are got, are always at hand.

"We are this morning trying to get out of Skie."

"Skie, 24th September, 1773.

"I am still in Skie. Do you remember the song?

Every island is a prison
Strongly guarded by the sea?

We have at one time no boat, and at another may have too much wind; but of our reception here we have no reason to complain. We are now with Colonel Macleod, in a more pleasant place than I thought Skie could afford. Now to the narrative.

"We were received at Raarsa on the sea-side, and after clambering with some difficulty over the rocks—a labour which the traveller, wherever he reposes himself on land, must in these islands be contented to endure—we were introduced into the house, which one of the company called the Court of Raarsa, with politeness which not the Court of Versailles could have thought defective. The house is not large, though we were told in our passage that it had eleven fine rooms; nor magnificently furnished, but our utensils were most commonly silver. We went up into a dining-room about as large as your blue room, where we hat something given us to eat, and tea and coffee.

"Raarsa himself is a man of no inelegant appearance, and of manners uncommonly refined. Lady Raarsa makes no very sublime appearance for a sovereign, but is a good housewife, and a very prudent and diligent conductress of her family. Miss Flora Macleod is a celebrated beauty, has been admired at Edinburgh, dresses her head very high, and has manners so lady-like that I wish her head-dress was lower. The rest of the nine girls are all pretty; the youngest is between Queeney and Lucy. The youngest boy of four years old runs barefoot, and wandered with us over the rocks to see a mill. I believe he would walk on that rough ground without shoes ten miles in a day.

"The Laird of Raarsa has sometimes disputed the chieftainry of the clan with Macleod of Skie; but being much inferior in extent of possessions, has, I suppose, been forced to desist. Raarsa and its provinces have descended to its present possessor through a succession of four hundred years without any increase or diminution. It was indeed lately in danger of forfeiture, but the old laird joined some prudence with his zeal, and when Prince Charles landed in Scotland made over his estate to his son, the present laird, and led one hundred men of Raarsa into the field, with officers of his own family. Eighty-six only came back after the last battle. The prince was hidden, in his distress, two nights at Raarsa; and the king's troops burnt the whole country, and killed some of the cattle.

"You may guess at the opinions that prevail in this country: they are, however, content with fighting for their king; they do not drink for him. We had no foolish healths. At night, unexpectedly to us who were strangers, the carpet was taken up, the fiddler of the family came up, and a very vigorous and general dance was begun. As I told you, we were two-and-thirty at supper: there were full as many dancers; for though all who supped did not dance, some danced

of the young people who did not sup. Raarsa himself danced with his children; and old Malcolm, in his filibeg, was as nimble as when he led the prince over the mountains. When they had danced themselves weary, two tables were spread, and I suppose at least twenty dishes were upon them. In this country some preparations of milk are always served up at supper, and sometimes in the place of tarts at dinner. The table was not coarsely heaped, but at once plentiful and elegant. They do not pretend to make a loaf; there are only cakes, commonly of oats or barley, but they made me very nice cakes of wheat flour. I always sat at the left hand of Lady Raarsa, and young Macleod of Skie, the chieftain of the clan, sat on the right.

"After supper a young lady, who was visiting, sung Earse songs, in which Lady Raarsa joined prettily enough, but not gracefully: the young ladies sustained the chorus better. They are very little used to be asked questions, and not well prepared with answers. When one of the songs was over, I asked the princess that sat next me, 'What is that about?' I question if she conceived that I did not understand it. 'For the entertainment of the company,' said she. 'But, madam, what is the meaning of it?' 'It is a love-song.' This was all the intelligence that I could obtain, nor have I been able to procure the translation of a single line of Earse.

"At twelve it was bedtime. I had a chamber to myself, which, in eleven rooms to forty people, was more than my share. How the company and the family were distributed is not easy to tell. Macleod the chieftain, and Boswell, and I, had all single chambers on the first floor. There remained eight rooms only for at least seven-and-thirty lodgers. I suppose they put up temporary beds in the dining-room, where they stowed all the young ladies. There was a room above stairs with six beds, in which they put ten men. The rest in my next."

"Ostich in Skie, 30th September, 1773.

"I am still confined in Skie. We were unskilful travellers, and imagined that the sea was an open road which we could pass at pleasure; but we have now learned, with some pain, that we may still wait for a long time the caprices of the equinoctial winds, and sit reading or writing as I now do, while the tempest is rolling the sea, or roaring in the mountains. I am now no longer pleased with the delay. You can hear from me but seldom, and I cannot at all hear from you. It comes into my mind that some evil may happen, or that I might be of use while I am away. But these thoughts are vain: the wind is violent and adverse, and our boat cannot yet come. I must content myself with writing to you, and hoping that you will sometime receive my letter. Now to my narrative.

"September 9th, having passed the night as is usual, I rose, and

found the dining-room full of company. We feasted and talked, and when the evening came it brought musick and dancing. Young Macleod, the great proprietor of Skie, and head of his clan, was very distiguishable—a young man of nineteen, bred awhile at St. Andrew's, and afterwards at Oxford, a pupil of G. Strahan. He is a young man of a mind as much advanced as I have ever known, very elegant of manners, and very graceful in his person. He has the full spirit of a feudal chief; and I was very ready to accept his invitation to Dunvegan. All Raarsa's children are beautiful. The ladies all, except the eldest, are in the morning dressed in their hair. The true Highlander never wears more than a riband on her head till she is married.

"On the third day Boswell went out with old Malcolm to see a ruined castle, which he found less entire than was promised, but he saw the country. I did not go, for the castle was perhaps ten miles off, and there is no riding at Raarsa, the whole island being rock or mountain, from which the cattle often fall and are destroyed. It is very barren, and maintains, as near as I could collect, about seven hundred inhabitants, perhaps ten to a square mile. In these countries you are not to suppose that you shall find villages or enclosures. The traveller wanders through a naked desert, gratified sometimes, but rarely, with the sight of cows, and now and then finds a heap of loose stones and turf in a cavity between rocks, where a being born with all those powers which education expands, and all those sensations which culture refines, is condemned to shelter itself from the wind and rain. Philosophers there are who try to make themselves believe that this life is happy; but they believe it only while they are saying it, and never yet produced conviction in a single mind: he whom want of words or images sunk into silence, still thought, as he thought before, that privation of pleasure can never please, and that content is not to be much envied when it has no other principle than ignorance of good.

"This gloomy tranquillity, which some may call fortitude, and others wisdom, was, I believe, for a long time to be very frequently found in these dens of poverty. Every man was content to live like his neighbours, and never wandering from home saw no mode of life preferable to his own, except at the house of the laird, or the laird's nearest relations, whom he considered as a superiour order of beings, to whose luxuries or honours he had no pretensions. But the end of this reverence and submission seems now approaching: the Highlanders have learned that there are countries less bleak and barren than their own, where, instead of working for the laird, every man may till his own ground, and eat the produce of his own labour. Great numbers have been induced by this discovery to go every year for some time past to America. Macdonald and Macleod of Skie

have lost many tenants and many labourers, but Raarsa has not yet been forsaken by a single inhabitant.

"Rona is yet more rocky and barren than Raarsa; and though it contains perhaps four thousand acres, is possessed only by a herd of cattle and the keepers.

"I find myself not very able to walk upon the mountains, but one day I went out to see the walls yet standing of an ancient chapel. In almost every island the superstitious votaries of the Romish church erected places of worship, in which the drones of convents or cathedrals performed the holy offices, but by the active zeal of protestant devotion almost all of them have sunk into ruin[1]. The chapel at Raarsa is now only considered as the burying-place of the family, and I suppose of the whole island.

"We would now have gone away and left room for others to enjoy the pleasures of this little court, but the wind detained us till the 12th, when, though it was Sunday, we thought it proper to snatch the opportunity of a calm day. Raarsa accompanied us in his six-oared boat, which he said was his coach and six. It is indeed the vehicle in which the ladies take the air and pay their visits, but they have taken very little care for accommodations. There is no way in or out of the boat for a woman but by being carried; and in the boat thus dignified with a pompous name there is no seat but an occasional bundle of straw. Thus we left Raarsa, the seat of plenty, civility, and cheerfulness.

"We dined at a publick-house at Port Re, so called because one of the Scottish kings landed there in a progress through the western isles. Raarsa paid the reckoning privately. We then got on horseback, and by a short but very tedious journey came to Kingsburgh, at which the same king lodged after he landed. Here I had the honour of saluting the far-famed Miss Flora Macdonald, who conducted the prince, dressed as her maid, through the English forces from the island of Lewes; and, when she came to Skie, dined with the English officers, and left her maid below. She must then have been a very young lady; she is now not old, of a pleasing person, and elegant behaviour. She told me that she thought herself honoured by my visit, and I am sure that whatever regard she bestowed on me was liberally repaid. 'If thou likest her opinions, thou wilt praise her virtue.' She was carried to London, but dismissed without a trial, and came down with Malcolm Macleod, against whom sufficient evidence could not be procured. She and her husband are poor, and are going to try their fortune in America. Sic rerum volvitur orbis!

"At Kingsburgh we were very liberally feasted, and I slept in the bed on which the prince reposed in his distress: the sheets which he

[1] [Is it necessary to point out the irony here?—Ed.]

used were never put to any meaner offices, but were wrapped up by the lady of the house, and at last, according to her desire, were laid round her in her grave. These are not whigs!

"On the 13th, travelling partly on horseback where we could not row, and partly on foot where we could not ride, we came to Dunvegan, which I have described already. Here, though poor Macleod had been left by his grandfather overwhelmed with debts, we had another exhibition of feudal hospitality. There were two stags in the house, and venison came to the table every day in its various forms. Macleod, besides his estate in Skie—larger I suppose than some English counties—is proprietor of nine inhabited isles; and of his islands uninhabited I doubt if he very exactly knows the number. I told him that he was a mighty monarch. Such dominions fill an Englishman with envious wonder; but when he surveys the naked mountain, and treads the quaking moor, and wanders over the wild regions of gloomy barrenness, his wonder may continue, but his envy ceases. The unprofitableness of these vast domains can be conceived only by the means of positive instances. The heir of *Col*, an island not far distant, has lately told me how wealthy he should be if he could let *Rum*, another of his islands, for twopence halfpenny an acre; and Macleod has an estate, which the surveyor reports to contain eighty thousand acres, rented at six hundred pounds a year.

"While we were at Dunvegan, the wind was high and the rain violent, so that we were not able to put forth a boat to fish in the sea, or to visit the adjacent islands, which may be seen from the house; but we filled up the time as we could, sometimes by talk, sometimes by reading. I have never wanted books in the isle of Skie.

"We were visited one day by the laird and lady of Muck, one of the western islands, two miles long, and three quarters of a mile high. He has half his island in his own culture, and upon the other half live one hundred and fifty dependents, who not only live upon the product, but export corn sufficient for the payment of their rent.

"Lady Macleod has a son and four daughters: they have lived long in England, and have the language and manners of English ladies. We lived with them very easily. The hospitality of this remote region is like that of the golden age. We have found ourselves treated at every house as if we came to confer a benefit.

"We were eight days at Dunvegan, but we took the first opportunity which the weather afforded, after the first days, of going away, and on the 21st went to Ulinish, where we were well entertained, and wandered a little after curiosities. In the afternoon an interval of calm sunshine courted us out to see a cave on the shore famous for its echo. When we went into the boat, one of our companions was asked in Earse, by the boatmen, who they were that came with him? He gave us characters, I suppose, to our advantage, and was asked,

in the spirit of the Highlands, whether I could recite a long series of ancestors? The boatmen said, as I perceived afterwards, that they heard the cry of an English ghost. This, Boswell says, disturbed him. We came to the cave, and clambering up the rocks came to an arch, open at one end, one hundred and eighty feet long, thirty broad in the broadest part, and about thirty high. There was no echo; such is the fidelity of report; but I saw what I had never seen before, muscles and whilks in their natural state. There was another arch in the rock, open at both ends.

"Sept. 23d, we removed to Talisker, a house occupied by Mr. Macleod, a lieutenant-colonel in the Dutch service. Talisker has been long in the possession of gentlemen, and therefore has a garden well cultivated; and, what is here very rare, is shaded by trees: a place where the imagination is more amused cannot easily be found. The mountains about it are of great height, with waterfalls succeeding one another so fast, that as one ceases to be heard another begins. Between the mountains there is a small valley extending to the sea, which is not far off, beating upon a coast very difficult of access.

"Two nights before our arrival, two boats were driven upon this coast by the tempest: one of them had a pilot that knew the passage, the second followed, but a third missed the true course, and was driven forward, with great danger of being forced into the vast ocean, but however gained at last some other island. The crews crept to Talisker, almost lifeless with wet, cold, fatigue, and terrour; but the lady took care of them. She is a woman of more than common qualifications: having travelled with her husband, she speaks four languages.

"You find that all the islanders, even in these recesses of life, are not barbarous. One of the ministers who has adhered to us almost all the time is an excellent scholar. We have now with us the young laird of *Col*, who is heir, perhaps, to two-hundred square miles of land. He has first studied at Aberdeen, and afterwards gone to Hertfordshire to learn agriculture, being much impressed with desire of improvement: he likewise has the notions of a chief, and keeps a piper. At Macleod's the bagpipe always played while we were dining.

"*Col* has undertaken, by the permission of the waves and wind, to carry us about several of the islands, with which he is acquainted enough to show us whatever curious is given by nature or left by antiquity; but we grew afraid of deviating from our way home, lest we should be shut up for months upon some little protuberance of rock, that just appears above the sea, and perhaps is scarcely marked upon a map.

"You remember the Doge of Genoa, who, being asked what struck him most at the French court, answered, "Myself." I cannot think

many things here more likely to affect the fancy than to see Johnson ending his sixty-fourth year in the wilderness of the Hebrides.

"Mr. Thrale probably wonders how I live all this time without sending to him for money. Travelling in Scotland is dear enough, dearer in proportion to what the country affords than in England; but residence in the isles is unexpensive. Company is, I think, considered as a supply of pleasure, and a relief of that tediousness of life which is felt in every place, elegant or rude. Of wine and punch they are very liberal, for they get them cheap; but as there is no custom-house on the island, they can hardly be considered as smugglers. Their punch is made without lemons or any substitute.

"Their tables are very plentiful; but a very nice man would not be pampered. As they have no meat but as they kill it, they are obliged to live while it lasts upon the same flesh. They kill a sheep, and set mutton boiled and roast on the table together. They have fish both of the sea and of the brooks; but they can hardly conceive that it requires any sauce. To sauce in general they are strangers: now and then butter is melted, but I dare not always take, lest I should offend by disliking it. Barley-broth is a constant dish, and is made well in every house. A stranger, if he is prudent, will secure his share, for it is not certain that he will be able to eat any thing else.

"Their meat being often newly killed is very tough, and, as nothing is sufficiently subdued by the fire, is not easily to be eaten. Carving is here a very laborious employment, for the knives are never whetted. Table-knives are not of long subsistence in the Highlands: every man, while arms were a regular part of dress, had his knife and fork appendant to his dirk. Knives they now lay upon the table, but the handles are apt to show that they have been in other hands, and the blades have neither brightness nor edge.

"Of silver there is no want; and it will last long, for it is never cleaned. They are a nation just rising from barbarity; long contented with necessaries, now somewhat studious of convenience, but not yet arrived at delicate discriminations. Their linen is however both clean and fine. Bread, such as we mean by that name, I have never seen in the isle of Skie. They have ovens, for they bake their pies; but they never ferment their meal, nor mould a loaf. Cakes of oats and barley are brought to the table, but I believe wheat is reserved for strangers. They are commonly too hard for me, and therefore I take potatoes to my meat, and am sure to find them on almost every table.

"They retain so much of the pastoral life, that some preparation of milk is commonly one of the dishes both at dinner and supper. Tea is always drank at the usual times; but in the morning the table is

polluted with a plate of slices of strong cheese. This is peculiar to the Highlands: at Edinburgh there are always honey ands weetmeats on the morning tea-table.

"Strong liquors they seem to love. Every man, perhaps woman, begins the day with a dram; and the punch is made both at dinner and supper.

"They have neither wood nor coal for fuel, but burn peat or turf in their chimneys. It is dug out of the moors or mosses, and makes a strong and lasting fire—not always very sweet, and somewhat apt to smoke the pot.

"The houses of inferior gentlemen are very small, and every room serves many purposes. In the bed-rooms, perhaps, are laid up stores of different kinds; and the parlour of the day is a bed-room at night. In the room which I inhabited last, about fourteen feet square, there were three chests of drawers, a long chest for larger clothes, two closet cupboards, and the bed. Their rooms are commonly dirty, of which they seem to have little sensibility; and if they had more, clean floors would be difficultly kept where the first step from the door is into the dirt. They are very much inclined to carpets, and seldom fail to lay down something under their feet—better or worse, as they happen to be furnished.

"The Highland dress being forbidden by law is very little used: sometimes it may be seen; but the English traveller is struck with nothing so much as the *nudité des pieds* of the common people.

"Skie is the greatest island, or the greatest but one, among the Hebrides. Of the soil I have already given some account: it is generally barren, but some spots are not wholly unfruitful. The gardens have apples and pears, cherries, strawberries, raspberries, currants, and gooseberries; but all the fruit that I have seen is small. They attempt to sow nothing but oats and barley. Oats constitute the bread corn of the place. Their harvest is about the beginning of October; and being so late, is very much subject to disappointments from the rains that follow the equinox. This year has been particularly disastrous. Their rainy season lasts from autumn to spring. They have seldom very hard frosts; nor was it ever known that a lake was covered with ice strong enough to bear a skater. The sea round them is always open. The snow falls, but soon melts; only in 1771 they had a cold spring, in which the island was so long covered with it, that many beasts, both wild and domestick, perished, and the whole country was reduced to distress, from which I know not if it is even yet recovered.

"The animals here are not remarkably small; perhaps they recruit their breed from the main land. The cows are sometimes without horns. The horned and unhorned cattle are not accidental variations, but different species: they will, however, breed together.

"October 3d. The wind is now changed, and if we snatch the moment of opportunity, an escape from this island is become practicable. I have no reason to complain of my reception, yet I long to be again at home.

"You and my master may perhaps expect, after this description of Skie, some account of myself. My eye is, I am afraid, not fully recovered; my ears are not mended; my nerves seem to grow weaker, and I have been otherwise not as well as I sometimes am, but think myself lately better. This climate, perhaps, is not within my degree of healthy latitude."

"Mull, 15th October, 1773.

"October 3d. After having been detained by storms many days at Skie, we left it, as we thought, with a fair wind; but a violent gust, which Bos. had a great mind to call a tempest, forced us into *Coll*, an obscure island, on which

—— nulla campis
Arbor æstivâ recreatur aurâ.

There is literally no tree upon the island: part of it is a sandy waste, over which it would be really dangerous to travel in dry weather and with a high wind. It seems to be little more than one continued rock, covered from space to space with a thin layer of earth. It is, however, according to the Highland notion, very populous, and life is improved beyond the manners of Skie; for the huts are collected into little villages, and every one has a small garden of roots and cabbage. The laird has a new house built by his uncle, and an old castle inhabited by his ancestors. The young laird entertained us very liberally: he is heir, perhaps, to three hundred square miles of land, which, at ten shillings an acre, would bring him ninety-six thousand pounds a year. He is desirous of improving the agriculture of his country; and, in imitation of the czar, travelled for improvement, and worked with his own hands upon a farm in Hertfordshire, in the neighbourhood of your uncle, Sir Thomas Salusbury. He talks of doing useful things, and has introduced turnips for winter fodder. He has made a small essay towards a road.

"Coll is but a barren place. Description has here few opportunities of spreading her colours. The difference of day and night is the only vicissitude. The succession of sunshine to rain, or of calms to tempests, we have not known: wind and rain have been our only weather.

"At last, after about nine days, we hired a sloop; and having lain in it all night, with such accommodations as these miserable vessels can afford, were landed yesterday on the isle of Mull, from which we expect an easy passage into Scotland. I am sick in a ship, but recover by lying down.

"Inverary, 23d October, 1773.

"My last letters were written from Mull, the third island of the Hebrides in extent. There is no post, and I took the opportunity of a gentleman's passage to the main land.

"In Mull we were confined two days by the weather: on the third we got on horseback; and after a journey difficult and tedious, over rocks naked and valleys untracked, through a country of barrenness and solitude, we came, almost in the dark, to the sea-side, weary and dejected, having met with nothing but water falling from the mountains that could raise any image of delight. Our company was the young laird of Col and his servant. Col made every Maclean open his house where we came, and supply us with horses when we departed; but the horses of this country are small, and I was not mounted to my wish.

"At the sea-side we found the ferry-boat departed; if it had been where it was expected, the wind was against us, and the hour was late, nor was it very desirable to cross the sea in darkness with a small boat. The captain of a sloop that had been driven thither by the storms saw our distress, and as we were hesitating and deliberating, sent his boat, which, by Col's order, transported us to the isle of *Ulva*. We were introduced to Mr. Macquarry, the head of a small clan, whose ancestors have reigned in Ulva beyond memory, but who has reduced himself, by his negligence and folly, to the necessity of selling this venerable patrimony.

"On the next morning we passed the strait of *Inch Kenneth*, an island about a mile in length, and less than half a mile broad; in which Kenneth, a Scottish saint, established a small clerical college, of which the chapel walls are still standing. At this place I beheld a scene which I wish you, and my master, and Queeney had partaken.

"The only family on the island is that of Sir Allan, the chief of the ancient and numerous clan of Maclean; the clan which claims the second place, yielding only to Macdonald in the line of battle. Sir Allan, a chieftain, a baronet, and a soldier, inhabits in this insulated desart a thatched hut with no chambers. Young Col, who owns him as his chief, and whose cousin was his lady, had, I believe, given him some notice of our visit; he received us with the soldier's frankness and the gentleman's elegance, and introduced us to his daughters, two young ladies, who have not wanted education suitable to their birth, and who, in their cottage, neither forgot their dignity, nor affected to remember it. Do not you wish to have been with us?

"Sir Allan's affairs are in disorder by the fault of his ancestors; and while he forms some scheme for retrieving them, he has retreated hither.

"When our salutations were over, he showed us the island. We

walked uncovered into the chapel, and saw in the reverend ruin the effects of precipitate reformation. The floor is covered with ancient grave-stones, of which the inscriptions are not now legible; and without, some of the chief families still continue the right of sepulture. The altar is not yet quite demolished; beside it, on the right side, is a bas relief of the Virgin with her child, and an angel hovering over her. On the other side still stands a hand-bell, which, though it has no clapper, neither presbyterian bigotry nor barbarian wantonness has yet taken away. The chapel is thirty-eight feet long, and eighteen broad. Boswell, who is very pious, went into it at night to perform his devotions, but came back in haste, for fear of spectres. Near the chapel is a fountain, to which the water, remarkably pure, is conveyed from a distant hill, through pipes laid by the Romish clergy, which still perform the office of conveyance, though they have never been repaired since popery was suppressed.

"We soon after went in to dinner, and wanted neither the comforts nor the elegancies of life. There were several dishes, and variety of liquors. The servants live in another cottage; in which, I suppose, the meat is dressed.

"Towards evening Sir Allan told us, that Sunday never passed over him like another day. One of the ladies read, and read very well, the evening service; and 'paradise was opened in the wild.'

"Next day, 18th, we went and wandered among the rocks on the shore, while the boat was busy in catching oysters, of which there is a great bed. Oysters lie upon the sand, one, I think, sticking to another, and cockles are found a few inches under the sand.

"We then went in the boat to *Sondiland*, a little island very near. We found it a wild rock, of about ten acres; part naked, part covered with sand, out of which we picked shells; and part clothed with a thin layer of mould, on the grass of which a few sheep are sometimes fed. We then came back and dined. I passed part of the afternoon in reading, and in the evening one of the ladies played on her harpsichord, and Boswell and Col danced a reel with the other.

"On the 19th, we persuaded Sir Allan to launch his boat again, and go with us to Icolmkill, where the first great preacher of christianity to the Scots built a church, and settled a monastery. In our way we stopped to examine a very uncommon cave on the coast of *Mull*. We had some difficulty to make our way over the vast masses of broken rocks that lie before the entrance, and at the mouth were embarrassed with stones, which the sea had accumulated, as at Brighthelmstone; but as we advanced, we reached a floor of soft sand, and as we left the light behind us, walked along a very spacious cavity, vaulted over head with an arch almost regular, by which a mountain was sustained, at least a very lofty rock. From this magnificent cavern went a narrow passage to the right hand, which we entered with a

candle, and though it was obstructed with great stones, clambered over them to a second expansion of the cave, in which there lies a great square stone, which might serve as a table. The air here was very warm, but not oppressive, and the flame of the candle continued pyramidal. The cave goes onward to an unknown extent, but we were now one hundred and sixty yards under ground; we had but one candle, and had never heard of any that went further and came back; we therefore thought it prudent to return.

"Going forward in our boat, we came to a cluster of rocks, black and horrid, which Sir Allan chose for the place where he would eat his dinner. We climbed till we got seats. The stores were opened, and the repast taken.

"We then entered the boat again; the night came upon us; the wind rose; the sea swelled; and Boswell desired to be set on dry ground: we however pursued our navigation, and passed by several little islands, in the silent solemnity of faint moonshine, seeing little, and hearing only the wind and the water. At last we reached the island, the venerable seat of ancient sanctity; where secret piety reposed, and where fallen greatness was reposited. The island has no house of entertainment, and we manfully made our bed in a farmer's barn. The description I hope to give you another time."

"Inverary, 23d October, 1773.

"Yesterday we landed, and to-day came hither. We purpose to visit Auchenleck, the seat of Mr. Boswell's father, then to pass a day at Glasgow, and return to Edinburgh.

"About ten miles of this day's journey were uncommonly amusing. We travelled with very little light, in a storm of wind and rain; we passed about fifty-five streams that crossed our way, and fell into a river that, for a very great part of our road, foamed and roared beside us; all the rougher powers of nature, except thunder, were in motion, but there was no danger. I should have been sorry to have missed any of the inconveniences, to have had more light or less rain, for the co-operation crowded the scene and filled the mind."

"Inverary, 26th Oct. 1773.

"The duke kept us yesterday, or we should have gone forward. Inverary is a stately place. We are now going to Edinburgh by Lochlomond, Glasgow, and Auchenleck."

"Glasgow, 28th Oct. 1773.

"I have been in this place about two hours. On Monday, 25th, we dined with the Duke and Duchess of Argyle, and the duke lent me a horse for my next day's journey.

"26th. We travelled along a deep valley between lofty mountains, covered only with barren heath; entertained with a succession of cataracts on the left hand, and a roaring torrent on the right. The

duke's horse went well; the road was good, and the journey pleasant, except that we were incommoded by perpetual rain. In all September we had, according to Boswell's register, only one day and a half of fair weather; and October perhaps not more. At night we came to the house of Sir James Cohune, who lives upon the banks of Lochlomond; of which the Scotch boast, and boast with reason.

"27th. We took a boat to rove upon the lake, which is in length twenty-four miles, in breadth from perhaps two miles to half a mile. It has about thirty islands, of which twenty belong to Sir James. Young Cohune went into the boat with us, but a little agitation of the water frighted him to shore. We passed up and down, and landed upon one small island, on which are the ruins of a castle; and upon another much larger, which serves Sir James for a park, and is remarkable for a large wood of eugh trees.

"We then returned, very wet, to dinner, and Sir James lent us his coach to Mr. Smollet's, a relation of Dr. Smollet, for whom he has erected a monumental column on the banks of the Leven, a river which issues from the Loch. This was his native place. I was desired to revise the inscription.

"When I was upon the deer island, I gave the keeper who attended me a shilling, and he said it was too much. Boswell afterwards offered him another, and he excused himself from taking it because he had been rewarded already.

"This day I came hither, and go to Auchenleck on Monday."

"Auchenleck, 3d Nov. 1773.

"August 23d. Mrs. [Boswell] has the mien and manners of a gentlewoman; and such a person and mind as would not be in any place either admired or contemned. She is in a proper degree inferior to her husband; she cannot rival him, nor can he ever be ashamed of her.

"Little Miss [Veronica Boswell], when I left her, was like any other miss of seven months. I believe she is thought pretty; and her father and mother have a mind to think her wise.

"I have done thinking of[1] * * * * * whom we now call Sir Sawney. He has disgusted all mankind by injudicious parsimony, and given occasion to so many stories, that * * * * * has some thoughts of collecting them, and making a novel of his life. Scrambling I have not willingly left off; the power of scrambling has left me; I have however been forced to exert it on many occasions. I am, I thank God, better than I was. I am grown very much superior to wind and rain; and am too well acquainted both with mire and with rocks to be afraid of a Welsh journey. I had rather have Bardsey and Macleod's island, though I am told much of the beauty

[1] [Sir A. Macdonald.—Ed.]

of my new property, which the storms did not suffer me to visit. Boswell will praise my resolution and perseverance; and I shall in return celebrate his good humour and perpetual cheerfulness. He has better faculties than I had imagined; more justness of discernment; and more fecundity of images. It is very convenient to travel with him, for there is no house where he is not received with kindness and respect.

"I will now continue my narrative.

"Oct. 29th was spent in surveying the city and college of Glasgow. I was not much pleased with any of the professors. The town is opulent and handsome.

30th. We dined with the Earl of Loudon, and saw his mother the countess, who at ninety-three has all her faculties, helps at table, and exerts all the powers of conversation that she ever had. Though not tall, she stoops very much. She had lately a daughter, Lady Betty, whom at seventy she used to send after supper early to bed, for girls must not use late hours while she sat up to entertain the company.

"31st. Sunday, we passed at Mr. Campbell's, who married Mr. Boswell's sister.

"Nov. 1st. We paid a visit to the Countess of Eglington, a lady who for many years gave the laws of elegance to Scotland. She is in full vigour of mind, and not much impaired in form. She is only eighty-three. She was remarking that her marriage was in the year eight; and I told her my birth was in nine. Then, says she, I am just old enough to be your mother, and I will take you for my son. She called Boswell, the boy: yes madam, said I, we will send him to school. He is already, said she, in a good school; and expressed her hope of his improvement. At last night came, and I was sorry to leave her.

"2d. We came to Auchenleck. The house is like other houses in this country built of stone, scarcely yet finished, but very magnificent and very convenient. We purpose to stay here some days; more or fewer as we are used. I shall find no kindness such as will suppress my desire of returning home."

"Edinburgh, 12th Nov. 1773.

"We came hither on the ninth of this month. I long to come under your care, but for some days cannot decently get away. They congratulate our return as if we had been with Phipps or Banks; I am ashamed of their salutations."

END OF VOL. III.

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